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VOL. XXXV, No. 4

# METHODIST REVIEW

(BIMONTHLY)

WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., Editor

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# METHODIST REVIEW

JULY, 1919

## SIR JOHN PENTLAND MAHAFFY—IRISHMAN

THE most learned Irishman of our day has put out to sea from Dublin's lovely bay, out to sea, the greater mystical sea, out to meet his Pilot. Not in our day shall we see his like for learning, for the brilliance of his conversation, for the soundness, breadth, and scope of his scholarship, or for the geniality of his nature. His college, Trinity College, Dublin, incomparable nursery of distinguished Irishmen, has long had nobody to match him, though it has no reason to blush when it calls the roll of those that still live and work, from Professor Joly, within her doors, to Charles, Canon of Westminster, without them. Some there are who know Trinity's glory and do not forget that at one time she numbered among her students Oliver Goldsmith and Edmund Burke, and are able to call from memory's stores others only less famous than these immortals; but they will be puzzled in a roll of a century to match Mahaffy's name. A biographer will surely be found to tell the story of his life, but it is long to wait for that, and I cannot forbear offering a passing tribute to his noble memory, with just a word to the simple annals of his career.

John Pentland Mahaffy was born at Chaponnaire, by the side of Vevey, on the banks of Lake Geneva in Switzerland, February 26, 1839, as the youngest child of the Rev. Nathaniel B. Mahaffy and Elizabeth Pentland, his wife, both Irish. If there be a lovelier spot in which to open one's eyes for the first time it is well, but the shores of that lake of unearthly beauty would serve the aspirations of most men. And Mahaffy loved it, and

all Switzerland for it, all his life, and was often in that little country which has done so much for the world. But Mahaffy was not Swiss, though born in Switzerland, and would probably have said gaily at any time that birth in a stable did not make a man a horse! He was an Irishman, intensely, enthusiastically an Irishman, for his blood was Irish and his education as well—and loyalty is almost a contagious disease in the green island and, besides that, is incurable. He was delicate in his youth and was moved about from place to place and very carefully nurtured, spending time in Switzerland, in Germany, and in the nooks and crannies of the sunny Mediterranean basin. It seemed strange in his manhood when his big, powerful body, almost burly in size, was conceived as the matured result of a frail boyhood—but the doctors have often been deceived in the same way from the days of Isaac Newton until now. These early peregrinations gave him French, Italian, Greek, and especially German, as spoken languages, and perhaps some of us know how immensely valuable an endowment is this gift of easy use of foreign tongues. I have never heard German spoken by a foreigner with such impeccable accuracy, ease, elegance and rich tone color as he spoke it. It fairly rippled off his tongue, and though I never heard him speak any of the others I fancy he did them well, though he once told me not so well as German. His education was classical, and this is here set down as a witness to an excellent way from which there are sad departures in our time. Let it be devoutly hoped that at this time of ignorance God will wink, as he is said, on high authority, to have done in respect of an earlier period. Mahaffy took his degree as Bachelor of Arts at Trinity College, Dublin, and the master's degree in 1863, and was elected Fellow of his college in the next year. From that day until this he has never been separated from alma mater. Oh, how he loved her! The deep blue eyes would dance as he spoke of her, the rich voice would grow tender as he recounted her glories, the big hand would sweep the air as he pointed to this or that feature in buildings or the fair park in Dublin's very center where Trinity has been so royally housed since the days of good Queen Bess. There was perhaps no learned office in the gift of the college which he did not



fill, for he was assistant regius professor of Greek, and then professor of Ancient History, precentor of the college chapel, junior dean, junior proctor, vice-provost, and at long last provost. At long last, I say, for he was seventy-five years old when the Prime Minister of Great Britain and Ireland advised the King to make him provost. That was the proudest day of his life, for he had come into his own. He should have been seated in the palace long before, but there was comfort, not to say joy, in the thought that it came at last, and while he was still able to enjoy the honor for five years. There he had lived his life and there it was fitting that he should sit acknowledged as head and chief, as master and king, in a glorious republic of letters.

The intellectual output of those years is nothing short of marvelous. There is no need here to attempt a bibliography of his writings, but it does not exceed the limits of a decent propriety to make a sort of casual mention of a few of them—enough at least to point a moral. The first of his books appeared in 1866 and was a translation of Kuno Fischer's *Commentary on Kant's Kritik of Pure Reason*, a book which still appears to be counted of much value among students of philosophy, and gave an indication of Mahaffy's philosophical bent of mind, evidenced again in 1871, when he issued *Kant's Critical Philosophy for English Readers*. These were both by-products, for his serious study was devoted early to and maintained continuously in the broad field of the classics, in which an acknowledged mastery was early achieved and fame secured. The earliest products of these pursuits were *Prolegomena to Ancient History* (1871) and *Social Life in Greece from Homer to Menander* (1874). The former may scarcely be said to survive, but the latter has become almost a piece of common household property. It is a book of many charms, not the least being its freedom from cant, hysterics and pedantic illuminations. The preface gave its note and color in the words: "I have endeavored to take homely and common sense views, and have thus arrived at many results opposed to what I consider sentimentalism or pedantry. These results are in all cases supported by direct references to the Greek texts themselves, on which I have relied in preference to modern authority." Here

the first sentence explains the man and the second displays the independent scholar working at first hand with original authorities. The book is well sprinkled with "wise saws and modern instances," as when, having quoted a remark of Xenophon's concerning a Greek wife well trained in matters of cookery, he adds: "I call attention to this curious remark, showing how the society of Xenophon had already felt what our middle classes are only of late beginning to find out, namely, that a competent knowledge of cookery in the mistress of the house is necessary for comfort and culture. There are certainly more respectable houses in Ireland disgraced by their dinner table than in any other way, and I hold with the Greeks, that rudeness in this particular is a good index of general want of refinement." He seemed proud that his Greek Antiquities (1876) had become a school text-book not only in Britain, but even in France, Russia, and Hungary, for a teacher does like to think at times that he speaks to a larger company of pupils than gathers in his classroom. In this same year appeared his Rambles and Studies in Greece, a charming intermingling of learning and of human interest, with many passages that seem redolent of the very air and steel-bright sunshine of Greece. One might have supposed that he had written much of it on the charmed soil, yet I find in a presentation copy of it, written in Mahaffy's bold hand the legend: "This book was written, not from any notes, taken on the spot at the time of my visit, but always from memory in my study afterwards, hence eventually *currente calamo*." Just four years later came his big History of Classical Greek Literature, which went through several editions and was praised by Jebb—one could ask no more than that. My list is already considerable, and is in danger of becoming formidable. I must leave some, nay, several, of his books unmentioned at all, for there are about thirty of them, to seize the opportunity of reminding the reader that it was Mahaffy who wrote the fourth volume of Petrie's History of Egypt, devoted to the Ptolemaic Dynasty, which has many of the virtues and excellencies of the volumes which Petrie wrote, and to them added a grace and ease of expression sufficient to tempt a reader. It was also from the same pen that came the capital book The Greek World under

Roman Sway (1890), a book in which he took an honorable pride, for in a presentation copy he wrote: "The chapters in this book upon Dion and Plutarch are, I think, the best work I have done." And when it went out of print he took pains to make it over, "in a maturer and better form, and with much new material super-added," under the title *The Silver Age of the Greek World* (1906). It gives one a glance into his travels to observe that the preface is dated, "On the yacht 'Niagara,' off the coast of Sicily, April 6, 1906."

It seems strange that a man who could write so popularly was also able to decipher, for the first time, a mass of Greek papyri filling three big volumes, and published by the Royal Irish Academy during the years 1891-1905.

It is a magnificent record of hard intellectual labor, begun early and prolonged almost to the end, and the honor which ought now to be paid the departed hero of letters and science is not diminished if it be recorded that the conditions were favorable. When the period of childhood was passed, Mahaffy had splendid health, the *mens sana in corpore sano*, and to this was added the immeasurable advantage of ample means. Mahaffy was no poor scholar daily anxious about his bread. The college emoluments were good, far superior to those which American universities can offer, and to these in his case were added private means sufficient, amply sufficient, to give ease of mind. He had beautiful lodgings in the college, a handsome, even stately, home in North Great Georges Street, Dublin, and besides these two a beautiful summer home on the Hill of Howth, whose rose gardens command an entrancing view of Dublin Bay, with the city's towers and spires in a softened haze beyond the blue waters. He owned property in County Monaghan, where he sat upon the grand jury, and was high sheriff in the years 1901-1902. This was indeed a life not of poverty but of plenty, and it would not have been like him to utter any cant phrases about the unspeakable joys of a life of learned penury. He had read Johnson and remembered the well-known saying, "When I was running about this town a very poor fellow, I was a great arguer for the advantages of poverty," and was glad enough not to have suffered want, but to have had travel

and books and the reasonable comforts of a gentleman all his life. He played cricket for his college, and then in the Gentlemen of Ireland he was a marksman of repute and shot in the Irish Eight at Wimbledon; he was a sportsman in the field with the gun, and could land his salmon with the best of them. When he was in America to deliver the Lowell Lectures he defended the British system of sport against the arguments of Signor Ferrero, and even when the heat of immediate disputation had passed away wrote, "I will confess that even if to-day, when I am old, anyone were to offer me the choice of spending to-morrow in a noble picture gallery, or at a splendid concert, or in an antique city, with its palaces and churches, or of going out in pursuit of sea-trout or salmon, or snipe or grouse, with good hope of success—though the artistic pleasures would be to me a certainty which I have been trained all through a long life to understand and enjoy, though the sport must be an uncertainty and might result in a blank day—I should at once take the day's sport in the country" (*The Outlook*, 93: 461). Therein spoke the sportsman of the older Irish type, and to the enthusiasm thus expressed his rooms in Dublin and at Howth bore vivid ocular testimony, for they were richly adorned with trophies of the chase in many lands or of cricket, his dearly loved cricket, at home. Let not the reader with no more feeling for sport than the witness who now writes forget that this sportsman was not a man who gave his precious life to sport. He was not primarily a sportsman but a gentleman and a scholar who lived a life of leisure, but a life of leisure devoted to the hardest intellectual labor, as his long list of writings will show. His education had made him a scholar and the sport was mere byplay, scarce to be reckoned in counting up the travail of the years. It was an aristocratic education, as he said himself, and he was glad and grateful for it, counting such "an education which requires years of care and much relaxation" as "the condition of a higher and better life." And he capped it with this: "There is a well-known Irish definition of a gentleman—'the man that never done a hand's turn for himself, nor anybody else'—which has this element of truth, that it expresses how essential leisure is to the higher life of men."



There is a widespread American tradition that all successful American politicians are Irish in the direct or indirect line, which is supported by instances sufficiently widespread and frequent, especially in American municipalities, as to be almost true. Mahaffy had the political instinct in large degree. As has already appeared he had sat on the grand jury and acted as high sheriff of his county, but he was also profoundly interested in the whole complex and vexed questions of Irish politics. He had long been a convinced Unionist, strongly opposed to Home Rule. The foolish and criminal rebellion which destroyed £2,000,000 of property in Dublin set his teeth harder against it in any form. When order was restored he spoke sharply in a personal letter to me of the failures and stupidities of the British government in general, and of Birrell in particular, concluding with the stinging words: "My dear sir, you may be fit for a democracy, but I can assure you that we are not." He had written strongly in answering the question which he propounded in *Blackwood's* (192: pp. 153ff.), "Will Home Rule be Rome Rule?"—which he answered in the positive, arguing that, whatever might later happen, there would certainly for a long time be priestly domination in the dear island. His only hope for Ireland was for the distant future, if Home Rule were established, that changes such as Italy, and to a lesser degree Spain, had experienced might ultimately ensue.

Mahaffy was taught music in his youth, a boon of inestimable value, and became not merely an executant of power and proficiency, almost a virtuoso indeed, but walked the heights as an original composer, writing *Te Deums* and services complete for the Church of England, or rather of Ireland, and these were often played and sung in the beautiful chapel of his college, where he held the office of precentor for a number of years.

He will long be remembered as a scholar, a sportsman, a musician, but in nothing more vividly than in his amazing capacity as host or guest. He loved men, human society, the companionship of high-minded men and women of gentleness, grace, and goodness. His smile of welcome made his guest at home, his smile of gratitude made his host glad and put his fellow

guests at ease. He went nowhere, indeed, that he did not become at once a man of mark, if not already known to be eminent in word and works and character. In his own college at formal academic dinners he reigned supreme; at familiar lunch parties in the Common Room of Trinity College his talk swung easily from grave to gay and back again, nor was there one to match him. At Queen's College, Oxford, of which he was Honorary Fellow, he was often a guest of Professor Sayce, and at dinner others were invited to the High Table to listen to that astonishing outpouring of brilliant talk. It was rich in clever turns of English undefiled, it sparkled with epigram, scintillated with apt quotation of Horace or of Shakespeare, sent waves of merriment round the board by some felicitous flash of Irish wit, or moved the whole company into a surge of emotion by some deep play of humor. It was at Queen's, long years ago, that I first met him, invited to the feast by his much loved and greatly admired friend Professor Sayce. Sayce was the more learned, Mahaffy the more brilliant; Sayce refined, delicate, smaller of stature; Mahaffy big, powerful, strong of voice, masterful in manner. After the roar that Mahaffy sent rolling round the table, it was the quiet voice of Sayce that sometimes added a fresh point from some remote or recondite field, and he was never overawed. But Mahaffy could quiet the most of those who heard him, nor was he much given to the "brilliant flash of silence" which Napier once joyously credited to Lord Macaulay. The historic example of Mahaffy's power was at a great dinner at Queen's of which the revered Thomas Hodge Grose, then senior tutor, once told me—would that I had been present! The Fellows had wished to honor the American Minister, James Russell Lowell, justly admired in Great Britain for the richness and beauty of his talk, and thinking that they needed a famous conversationalist to pit against him had invited Mahaffy to slip over from Dublin and "grace the festive board." He was placed opposite the guest of honor, and the Fellows awaited with lively anticipation the friendly contest, an Irishman to match an American. The soup was placed upon the table and Mahaffy began to speak. The dinner went on, and it was the same voice, it was Dublin, and not

Boston, that was pouring out a flood of words, sparkling, incisive, or smooth and elegant. There were bits of classic phrase aptly fitted to a new use, there were stories told inimitably, wit, humor, argument, denial, agreement. Lowell said "yes," or "no," he laughed, his eyes danced with pleasure, or looked deep and solemn, but he talked none. The plan had failed. Lowell was indeed a conversationalist of the first rank, but he had met the greatest talker whom he had ever heard and he had no wish to lose any of it by a participation of his own. When the dinner was over, Lowell slipped quietly over to Mr. Grose, saying: "Mr. Grose, would you do me a favor?" "Certainly, your Excellency; name it." "Please convey to Mr. Mahaffy the expression of my unbounded admiration. I have never heard anything like it." Glad to go upon such an embassy, Mr. Grose delivered to Mahaffy the American Minister's message, only to receive the laughing reply: "Poor Lowell, never to have heard a cultivated Irishman talk before!" He accepted the compliment for his race and not for himself. Mahaffy was perhaps the greatest talker of his day among all those who speak the greatest of modern languages. He should have been followed from table to table by a man such as Charlotte Brontë described—"a fine, lively, sensible, unaffected, honest, manly, good humored character," and such indeed was James Boswell. If Mahaffy had had a Boswell we should have now another book to increase "the stock of harmless pleasure" and add to the "gayety of nations." I know not how much, if any indeed, of Mahaffy's talk has been preserved, but somebody may have been clever enough to do it. I did not, though I heard him repeatedly in Oxford and in Dublin, for I was too full of the enjoyment of the moment to trouble about the delectation of the people of to-morrow. Mahaffy took conversation seriously and thought it well worth study and even analyzed its principles, writing upon it a book both interesting and clever—*The Principles of the Art of Conversation* (1887). It is dedicated with sly humor: "To my silent friends."

So his life flowed on with many honors, with repeated distinctions, scholastic, national, or royal. But wherever he went, whether to Greece or to Germany, to France or to Italy, to Oxford

and Queen's College, to Scotland and the University of Saint Andrews, to Holland and the University of Utrecht, it was always to Dublin that his heart turned back and thither went he gladly, for that was home. He had there two learned institutions to which he was deeply bound. He was honored with membership in many learned societies in many parts, among them the Imperial Academy of Vienna, the Royal Academy of Berlin, the famous Lincei of Rome, the Academy of Sciences at Utrecht, the Parnassus at Athens, but what were they all to him in comparison with the Royal Irish Academy, of which he became president in 1911! Few of them have any right to dispute with this Dublin Academy for renown from the days of the immortal decipherer, Edward Hincks, until now. Besides the Academy was his college, Trinity College of Dublin. His was the great happiness of lifelong association with this famous seat of learning, "ancient, liberal, and humane." Without her portals Goldsmith and Burke, within them the walls are heavy with the portraits of famous sons of later days. To Trinity College was he ever loyal, his pride never cold, his service never weary. It was fitting that his last book should be a description of her treasures of silver (The Plate in Trinity College, Dublin, 1919). The announcement of that book made my eyes to dance, for I remembered how when I dined as an honorary member of the College at a state dinner he had repeatedly called the servants to pause that I might be taught, with his enthusiastic words, to admire some splendid piece of ancient plate. Happy Trinity to have trained a son so distinguished, to have cared so royally for his wishes and his needs, not parsimoniously, but generously, not a stepmother, but a mother indeed during his whole life. Happy Mahaffy to have lived in a large place, not "cribbed and cabined in," but in a society traditionally devoted to learning from the days of Queen Elizabeth until now. It was a happy union—a great home of learning and a great man.

Robert W. Rogers.



## A NEW ENGLAND MYSTIC

IN this age of tumult, when so many old ideals are shattered and so many new ones proved false or futile, it is probable that there may be but little interest in the work of an obscure New England thinker of the last century. Yet the impartial critic will sometimes look backward with a certain regret to that older day, between 1830 and 1880, and admit that he finds then more original thinking and more good writing than in any other similar period in our literary history. Among the group of thinkers who made those years memorable a distinctive position must be accorded to Bronson Alcott; he was preeminently our New England mystic.

Mysticism is foreign to our practical American temper. We demand that our knowledge shall be clear and definite. Some profound and familiar truths, indeed, we accept on their own evidence, confessing that they are not susceptible of clear statement before the understanding. We know that we only disguise our own ignorance in such words as "force," "being," "spirit." But we are content to use them without clear definition and are impatient of any attempt to fathom their meaning by any process of introspection. The mystic, on the contrary, cannot rest satisfied with the admission that such transcendental truths are beyond the grasp of our intellect; to him they seem precisely the kind of truths best worth knowing. He is constantly striving after some higher mode of knowledge, some spiritual apprehension, something which he may experience though he cannot express. He often finds his highest satisfaction in a mental state that transcends pure intellectual apprehension, and delights, like old Sir Thomas Browne, to lose himself in mystery and "pursue his reason to an 'O Altitudo.'" This was certainly true of Alcott. He was obsessed by one or two great truths and spent his life trying to utter them. He talked like an oracle, talked endlessly, and his listeners felt for the hour as if in the power of some strange inspiration. And the better the listener, the more potent

this influence upon him. Yet he never was able to reduce this high Delphic talk to plain statement in print. "Alcott has," said Emerson, "the greatest passion both of mind and temper in his discourse; but when the conversation is ended all is over." Other thinkers, like Coleridge, have influenced their contemporaries, as Alcott did, mostly by personal interviews and conversation; but Coleridge, though he never elaborated any philosophical system, did leave a body of writings from which set consistent opinions, philosophical, religious, and critical, may readily be educed. But when you look to-day for Alcott's works you find only three or four thin volumes, like the *Tablets* and *Table Talk*, made up of gnomic sentences and paragraphs without much system or connection. It is perhaps less surprising that he should have found difficulty in the attempt to apply his ideas in practice; yet it was the dream of some of his best years to do just that. It is the purpose of this paper to give a brief account of his two principal attempts, with some indication of the philosophic principles that prompted them and the results he hoped to attain by them.

Although he was to be the most transcendental of New England transcendentalists, Alcott was not of the New England Brahmin type. His birthplace was the rural Connecticut town of Wolcott; his father was a small farmer; his mental training, for several years after graduating from the cross-roads country school-house, was mostly gained while working in Mr. Hoadley's clock factory or peddling tinware in Virginia. But he managed to read a good deal and to think more, and he early began to show his remarkable power of conversation. Several hospitable Virginia gentlemen found him no ordinary peddler, and welcomed him to homes of culture where he found good books and good talk. During the last of four annual visits to the South he passed some months among people of a yet different type, the Quakers of North Carolina. Here he read, during a long illness, the writings of Penn and George Fox, Barclay's *Apology*, Law's *Serious Call*, all of which strengthened and fixed the mystical tendency in his thinking.

It was two years later that he found his career. He taught

for a little time in the public schools of Wolcott, and in the fall of 1825 he opened in the adjoining town of Cheshire a school of his own. The most characteristic work of his life had begun; he was really a teacher the rest of his days. At first this Cheshire school differed little from the ordinary Connecticut common school of the period, but Alcott's ideals of the purpose and methods of education were already taking shape, and he at once began to embody them in his school. Two great principles decided all his teaching: first, that the moral culture of the pupil ought always to accompany his intellectual training; second, that all education should mean, as the word implies, the bringing out of the native capacity of the child, or, to use Alcott's own phrase, "the production and exercise of original thought." The child is educated not by what is imparted from without to his merely receptive mind, rather by what he learns for himself and from himself. In accordance with these principles the teaching in the Cheshire school took the form of suggestive and interesting conversation; the curiosity of the pupil was constantly stimulated; he was taught to define for himself the meaning of all words he used or found in his reading, and to find out facts and truths—especially truths—for himself. A small well-chosen library was placed at his disposal. Some of the books were beyond the full appreciation of children, but it was a part of Alcott's plan always to make the child's mind look up. In the government of the school special effort was made to develop the child's sense of personal responsibility and the power of moral judgment. Two superintendents were appointed, at intervals, from the pupils themselves, whose duty it was to oversee the schoolroom, record all misdemeanors, and sometimes to take charge of the room in the absence of the teacher.

The Cheshire school soon attracted the favorable attention of educators not only in Connecticut but in adjoining States. The Boston Recorder, at that time the most influential paper in Boston, in the summer of 1827 went so far as to say that "Mr. Alcott's school in Cheshire is the best common school in Connecticut, perhaps in the United States." A Society for the Improvement of Common Schools at its annual meeting, in

Hartford, in 1827, elected Alcott to membership, and appointed a committee to examine the principles and methods of the new school. But while there were flattering notices from educational experts there was growing dissatisfaction at home. It is not easy to introduce new ideas into an old community. Plain Cheshire folk probably looked with some suspicion upon such a departure from their traditional conception of what a schoolmaster ought to do and thought the new sort of education their children were getting a doubtful substitute for practical drill in the three Rs, enforced upon stupidity or laziness by the occasional use of the birch. Whatever the causes, confidence in the school declined. The number of pupils fell from eighty to thirty, and after about two years of trial Alcott gave it up.

But he had by no means abandoned his educational ideals. His story for the next half dozen years is the record of various not very successful attempts to put them into practice, and in 1834 he opened the famous Temple School, which must always be associated with his name. Several years earlier he had made his first extended stay in Boston and gained the friendship of Emerson and Channing. One day in the summer of 1828 he writes in his journal, with fine enthusiasm, after listening to a sermon by Channing: "There is a city in our world upon which the sun of righteousness has risen—a sun which beams in its full meridian splendor there. . . . It is the city that is set upon a hill that cannot be hid. It is Boston, whose morality is of a purer and more absolute kind than that of any other city in America. And Channing is its moral teacher." It was to Boston, then, that Alcott, after two rather discouraging attempts in Philadelphia, resolved to return for his last great experiment as a schoolmaster. His plan had the support of a number of eminent friends, Channing, Emerson, Mrs. Elizabeth Hoar, Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, Miss Bliss—afterward Mrs. George Bancroft—and the Peabody sisters, one of whom afterward married Nathaniel Hawthorne, another Horace Mann, and the third, Miss Elizabeth, was Alcott's personal assistant in the school. He secured a commodious room in the Masonic Temple, and opened the famous Temple School in September, 1834, with about twenty pupils under ten years of age.



That time was the beginning of a new era in New England thought. The most prominent figure in Boston just then, as Alcott saw, was William Ellery Channing. Though a Unitarian in theology, Channing was a transcendentalist in philosophy—our first transcendentalist, as a recent writer has called him; “our bishop” was Emerson’s phrase. Two years before, in 1832, Emerson had definitely left the Unitarian pulpit, and two years later, 1836, he published *Nature*, the first great epoch-making deliverance of the new spiritual philosophy. In the same year was held the first meeting of the little group of thinkers, Emerson, Hedge, Freeman Clarke, Ripley, and Alcott, who, with wide differences of individual opinion, were so far agreed upon the supreme importance of the truths that transcend mere intellectual apprehension that they could not repudiate the name applied to them, The Transcendental Club. Within two or three years more some dozen others were more or less closely associated with them—Theodore Parker, Orestes Bronson, Jones Very, Thoreau, Margaret Fuller—and in 1841 the movement had an organ, *The Dial*, edited by Ripley and Margaret Fuller. Alcott was at once recognized as in some respects the most prominent figure of the group. It is probably true, indeed, that he gave inspiration to the movement rather than any clear guidance or teaching. He had not read very deeply in the new German philosophy of Kant, Jacobi, and Fichte, which at that time was just beginning to filter into New England thought largely through the influence of Coleridge; his teachers were rather the Greeks, Plato, Pythagoras, and especially Plotinus, whom he read in Taylor’s translation. For English philosophy he never cared much, save for the work of some of the Cambridge Neo-Platonists, like Henry More—whom he greatly resembled—and for Coleridge. It was not until later that he became interested in the German mystics, like Jacob Boehme. But, first and last, his reading seemed to intensify the few convictions he held to be primary and fundamental, rather than to broaden and systematize his thinking. Margaret Fuller said of him once, “Alcott has only a few thoughts; I could count them all.” And a hostile critic in a Boston paper pronounced his series of Orphic sayings in *The Dial* to be mere

repetitions, "a train of cars with only one passenger." All his thinking centered about the two questions, "What am I?" and "Whence am I?" and he did not always see the difficulties and doubts that beset those questions. To the first he had a clear and positive answer: I am Spirit, a person that thinks and loves, and wills, entirely distinct from, and separable from, this "machine which is to me," as Hamlet says. So much we know; though, so far as I can see, he did not go quite so far as Berkeley in denying substantial reality to body. To the question, Whence? his answer was equally positive, but not equally clear. He could not conceive of the human spirit as really beginning at birth any more than as perishing at death. Some form of preexistence is implied in the very idea of spirit. Yet he would not dogmatize on the subject, or commit himself either to any Oriental schemes of transmigration or to the fantastic assertions of the mystics. He only held that what we know as our spirit must in some sense come from the Universal and Absolute Spirit we call God. Such a change and union with a material body would seem in some sense to be a descent; he often called it, borrowing the term from Plotinus, "genesis by lapse." This notion of the origin of personality was at the foundation of Alcott's theory of education. If our spirit came from the absolute and perfect Spirit, it would seem that it must have, at least in some potential form, traces of the perfection of its original. "To conceive," said Alcott, "a child's acquirements as originating in nature, dating from his birth into his body, seems an atheism that only a shallow material theology would entertain." He held that the familiar passage in Wordsworth's Ode on the Intimations of Immortality is not only noble poetry but the truest philosophy. It was with this conviction that he opened the Temple School.

Here, even more than in the earlier Cheshire school, it was Alcott's effort to bring out the native content of the child mind. The attention of the pupils was fixed not so much upon things as upon thoughts. In the two afternoon hours the older scholars were given a little elementary Latin and practical arithmetic, but all the forenoon hours were occupied with "conversations" intended to educe the original, untutored ideas of the children. Sometimes

Alcott would give out lists of simple words to be spelled, or would spell them himself to make sure the children recognized the words, and would then require the children to define them, not giving any formal dictionary meaning, but stating as well as they could what the words stood for in their own thought. Different statements of meaning were compared; sometimes, when the pupil merely repeated some other word, he could be shown that he had at the moment no definite thought in his mind. The words were sometimes names of sensible qualities often used figuratively of moral qualities or actions, as "black," for example; then the questioning would bring out the native sense of moral analogy in the pupil, at the same time directly cultivating his imagination. The words were always short and familiar: but usually the most familiar words are the most profound—names for what everybody knows and nobody can tell. But it was precisely Alcott's theory that such primal conceptions as "mind," "spirit," "know," "feel," "good," "bad," all lie potentially clear in the child mind, and that he should be taught to recognize them, name them, and perceive their relations to conduct. The hours of every Wednesday forenoon were given to "Conversations on Spirit as Displayed in the Life of Christ." He chose the life of Jesus, partly because His life and sayings are familiar and accessible to everyone, and partly because He claimed—as Channing did—that, whatever your theological views of Jesus, you will admit that He retained through all his life on earth and exhibited in all his actions those primal spiritual truths coming from God that are—as He said—revealed unto babes, but are too often beclouded by what is deemed the wisdom and prudence of maturer years. In 1835 Miss Elizabeth Peabody, Alcott's assistant, published with his consent a full account of the school, explaining its purpose and methods, and giving as nearly as possible a verbatim report of some of its most interesting exercises. This book, now seldom seen, is a classic in the history of education. Doubtless many readers of Miss Peabody's book will say of Alcott's teaching that he was trying to make children think upon themes inaccessible to the thought of childhood—the nature of spirit, the conception of God, the ultimate ground of duty, the rank of our emotions; in a word, that

he was trying to make mystics of lads and lasses not yet in their teens. In reply to such criticism Alcott always reaffirmed his central principle of the primitive perceptions of childhood. As Emerson put it, he was trying to send children back upon themselves for the answer to every question of a moral character; to show them something holy in their own consciousness. To some of his critics he might also have retorted that his procedure was wiser than that of the Christian people who merely teach young people their catechism, and thus secure an idle assent to statements corresponding to nothing in the child's mind—the rarest way to produce indifference or hypocrisy. It cannot be denied, however, that in some of his attempts to secure from young children the analysis of their thought or feeling he imposed too far upon the natural and healthy reserve of the child mind; especially when his questioning touched the emotions or affections. It is certain that such a school could not be a model for general imitation; for not one man in ten thousand would be competent to conduct it.

In fact the Temple School soon had to meet adverse criticism. Many parents began to think their children should be learning a little more Latin rather than puzzling their brains over juvenile psychology. Even some of his friends thought Mr. Alcott too visionary for a practical schoolmaster. The first pronounced and public attack grew out of his Wednesday morning conversations, which, for some time, he had been continuing on Sunday forenoons. Early in 1837 he published some of them, as reported by Miss Peabody, under the title, "Conversations with Children on the Gospels." The critics who previously had known little or nothing about Mr. Alcott's work woke up to find that he had been teaching in his school some very dangerous philosophy and religion. The orthodox people who believed in the sturdy doctrine of the condition of every man wherein by nature he is inclined to only evil, "and that continually," found a very dangerous heresy in Alcott's first principles of education; and many who could hardly be accounted orthodox felt that the life and teaching of Jesus had been rather too freely used to support the freakish psychology of Mr. Bronson Alcott. The public press joined in

the outcry, one paper quoting the verdict of a Harvard professor that "one third of Mr. Alcott's book was absurd, one third blasphemous, and one third obscene," and that "such must be the opinion of all those who diligently read and soberly reflect." The same paper, on another date, suggested that this teacher should be "brought before the honorable judge of our municipal court." Alcott himself probably never understood these charges. He declared that he never had any intention of supporting or denying any particular doctrine of the person of Jesus, but was only drawing from His life such lessons as members of any denomination must find in His humanity. But the controversy ruined the school. He had opened in 1834 with about twenty pupils and the number had risen at one time to forty, but before the end of 1837 it had fallen to ten. The end came next year in a characteristic way. He had admitted to his school a colored girl. This was too much for the respectable citizens of Boston who, a few years before, had dragged Garrison through their streets with a halter around his neck. They protested; and as Alcott angrily refused to alter his ways they took their children out; it was insufferable that the spirit of Jesus should be illustrated in the psychology of a negress! Mr. Alcott found his school reduced to his own daughter and the colored girl, and he shut up the doors. It was in June, 1839.

The whole story is an interesting chapter in the history of education. While no one now-a-days would approve Mr. Alcott's extreme introspective methods, there can be no question that his school had considerable influence upon the development of common school education in Massachusetts. It is significant that Miss Peabody's sister, Miss Mary Peabody, was afterward Mrs. Horace Mann, so prominent in the discussions on common school education for the next twenty years. Mr. W. T. Harris, the warm admirer of Alcott and the best expositor of Alcott's philosophy, was superintendent of schools in Saint Louis, president of the National Educational Association, and for many years chairman of the Boston Schoolmasters' Club.

In the next half dozen years there is little of external incident to record in the life of Alcott. After the failure of his school

he removed to Concord to be near his friends, Emerson, Thoreau, and the Ripley and Hoar families. He rented a house with an acre of ground and pleased himself with thinking that he might now support his family in simple independence upon his own acre; but farming proved less interesting than philosophy, and no more lucrative. He was impatient of inactivity and seemed passing into a pronounced individualism, doubting the value of almost every established institution. In 1840 he refused to pay his town tax on the ground that he "could not support a government not based upon the law of love." Emerson tried to persuade him to put his philosophic notions into print, but he would not write. It was not until the spring of 1843 that he found opportunity to make another famous experiment, this time by founding not a school but a community.

The story of the Temple School had got over to England and excited so much interest among a small group of educators there that they entered into correspondence with Mr. Alcott and named for him a school they were establishing near London, Alcott House. From them came an urgent invitation that the Boston philosopher should visit England to give them the benefit of his experience. Emerson and a few friends quietly furnished the means for his passage, and in May, 1842, Alcott sailed for England, "with ten sovereigns in his red pocketbook," says Mr. Sanborn, "and a bill of twenty pounds on Baring Brothers." He was in England through the summer, holding high converse with his new friends on all topics; and his enthusiasm was so contagious and convincing that when he came back to Concord in October he brought with him three of them—a Mr. Charles Lane and his son and a Mr. Wright—with a scheme for what they called a New Eden, to be planted in a region more hospitable than England. They talked endlessly through the winter. In the spring Mr. Lane, who fortunately had one thousand pounds to venture in the enterprise, bought a little farmhouse with some acres of picturesque but not very fertile land, and in June the colonists moved in. Besides Alcott and his three friends there were Mrs. Alcott and her four girls, and within two or three weeks eight other members had joined the little community. There were never at



any one time more than a dozen members besides the Alcott family. The farm was located in the town of Harvard, about thirty miles from Boston; they gave it the attractive name of Fruitlands.

It is difficult for one carrying a fair amount of common sense to appreciate the purposes and hopes of the Fruitlands enthusiasts. The best account of the plan is given by Louisa Alcott in her half-humorous story, "Transcendental Wild Oats." They did not plan a large community, their ideal was rather that of a large family. Unlike the more famous Brook Farm association, organized two years before, Fruitlands was not to be a socialistic experiment, with certain romantic and idyllic attractions; it was rather almost monastic in plan and methods. Alcott and Lane hoped, by abandoning the selfish motives which govern an artificial society, by the discipline of manual labor combined with moral studies, by the exclusion of everything that might suggest bodily indulgence, to attain soundness of judgment and clear spiritual vision. They refused animal food, not only because they held we have no right to destroy life, but also because it is repulsive and degrading to eat a dead animal. Even milk and eggs were forbidden—the milk belonged to the calf, the eggs contained the promise and potency of future life. Their food was to be fruits, grains, and vegetables, and of the latter they preferred those that grow upward, into the air, not downward into the ground. The ground itself was to be fertilized, not with manure, which, said Mr. Alcott, is filthy in idea and practice, a base, corrupting, and unjust mode of forcing nature, but by turning under growing crops—a method obviously impracticable the first year. The reformers objected to employing enforced labor, either of man or beast, and at first proposed to prepare the land for planting solely with the spade; but as that was found to be too laborious, as well as too slow for the season that had well begun, a farmer from a nearby town, who was a kind of half-way convert, was asked to come over with his oxen—really, one ox yoked with a cow—and plow the land for sowing. Ample provision was made for intellectual culture. Mr. Alcott had brought over from England a pretty large library of mystic phi-

losophy and theology, and certain hours every day were to be given to reading and meditation, accompanied by discussions and conversations in which Alcott was, of course, the leader. There were certain indications, indeed, that Lane, who was inclined to be despotic, occasionally intimated that more manual and less spiritual assistance would be welcome.

The family was to be open to all who evinced spiritual sympathy with its purposes, but there were no additions after the first month. Some of the brotherhood were very odd characters. One of them had once been in a mad-house and was pronounced by Lane "still not a spiritual being, at least not consciously and wishfully so." Another, one Samuel Bowen, convinced that most of the ills of life are due to the enervating effects of clothing, troubled the family and scandalized the neighborhood by casting off the linen tunic, which was the family uniform, and walking over the hillsides at night in almost Adamic simplicity. As the season advanced, Lane and Alcott, troubled to find that some of the family were leaving and no new ones taking their places, made a trip to New York in search of recruits, but they got none. "The number of really living persons among the 300,000 inhabitants of New York," said Lane, "is very small." So long as summer lasted, and there seemed a prospect of securing sustenance from the kindly fruits of the earth, life at Fruitlands went on in a high and hopeful calm. Alcott especially, as his daughter says, "simply reveled in the 'Newness,' fully believing that his dream was to be beautifully realized, and not only little Fruitlands, but, in time, the whole earth was to be turned into a Happy Valley." Perhaps the only skeptic of the group was Mrs. Alcott, the real martyr of Fruitlands. But as cold weather came on, the sky changed. The crops, carelessly planted and ignorantly tended, seemed likely to fail altogether. The community had no money and no credit. One after another the members left, until, by New Year's, only Lane and his son were left. Lane himself now began to blame Mrs. Alcott for lack of confidence in higher things, and blamed Alcott for weakly listening to his wife. That blame was unjust, for Alcott never consented to give up his scheme. Finally, when even Lane and his son had deserted to a Shaker Community

in an adjoining town, Alcott in despair shut himself up in his room and faced the end. For days he would neither eat nor drink, while his faithful wife watched by his side. At last, one night, too feeble to rise, he consented to take food, and next morning, in the chill of a January day, the reformer and his family rode on an ox sled to a hospitable house near by where they remained until they could get back to Concord. Lane, anxious to recover at least part of the money he had put into Fruitlands, sold the farm and returned to England. The New Eden had lasted only about seven months.

The remainder of Alcott's career was without striking incident, though it was not half over. In Concord he came to know, as he had never known before, the charm of home and friends. Emerson, and Hawthorne, and Thoreau, and Ellery Channing were his near neighbors; Freeman Clarke, George William Curtis and his brother Burrill were frequent visitors. In such companionship he lived five years, reading, thinking, talking endlessly, but, except a few articles in the *Dial*, writing nothing. He would seem to have had no clearly visible means of support; and, probably for that reason, in 1848, he went back to Boston, where Mrs. Alcott found employment in a benevolent society and the daughters began to teach. For two or three winters, following the example of Emerson, he gave public lectures, or, as he preferred to call them, "conversations" in a number of Western cities, which were often well attended, and proved of considerable financial assistance. But in the summer of 1857 the family were back again in Concord, where they belonged. The remaining twenty-five years of his life were passed in a high serenity among his old friends. He published two or three little books made up of scraps of his reflections, but the most fortunate work of his later years was the founding of the Concord Summer School of Philosophy, which gave a permanent opportunity for that platonic form of instruction in which he always delighted. He died in 1888.

It is not easy to-day to form any accurate estimate of Alcott's influence. If he had any consistent scheme of philosophical opinions he never put it into print. To most of his contem-

poraries he seemed a curious visionary, with no hold on practical life, obsessed by one or two ideas that he could not express and probably did not himself very clearly understand. His daughter Louisa evidently had him in mind when she said that her idea of a philosopher was a man up in a balloon with his family tugging at the ropes to keep him down. Even his admirers were forced to admit that his talk seemed sometimes sheer inspiration without definite intellectual content, and now and then voted him—as Emerson, in a fit of impatience, once did—“a tedious archangel.” Yet we must remember that some of the best minds in New England spoke in what seemed extravagant terms of this man and of their obligation to him. And the few ideas which he was always trying to enforce are just those ideas that, in the material progress of the last seventy-five years, our American thought has most needed to remember. He renders no small service to mankind who can assert with high and convincing confidence the one great central truth: that we are spirit. After all, whatever else they may have said or written, that is the one great teaching of the leaders in English philosophy and literature for the last century—Coleridge, Carlyle, Emerson, Browning. Alcott, whatever his limitations, belonged to their class; rendered that service.

C. J. Winchester -

## THE SCOTTISH PARAPHRASES

To do justice to the Scottish Paraphrases one must keep in mind that they were Scottish, and eighteenth century Scottish at that. Otherwise one will be mistakenly critical of their theology on the one hand and of their lyrical barrenness on the other. The twentieth century worshiper after the conventional evangelical fashion, with his unequal and uncertain grasp of even rudimentary religious ideas, his uncritical but unchallengeable approval of smoothly flowing verse and his aboriginal passion for tunes with a "punch" in them, can only, and justly, be impatient with the stark dogmatism, the crude versifications, the staid, not to say stern music of the Scottish service of praise during the period under review.

It is the first distinction of the Paraphrases, however, that they reflect admirably the theological temper of their day. The eighteenth century appears to have been a poor century for religion everywhere. During the first half of the century the blight of an arid and irritating scholasticism lay heavily upon Protestant and Catholic theology alike. The theologians had small concern for the fear or love of God and even less for the character and destiny of man. Out of no great quantity of matter, but by infinite agitation of wit, they developed a frenzy for quarreling scientifically upon issues concerning which even the Son of Man professed a reverent agnosticism. The temper of the leaders passed upon their followers. In Scotland controversy became epidemic, independency became a disease. The whole country just seems to have abandoned itself to a debauch of polemical chaffering, perversely disregarding anything like spiritual perspective, and quite as keen about the merits of mint, anise, and cummin as about the weightier matters of the law. Two movements of more hopeful character appeared in this century: the Moderate movement and the Wesleyan movement. The Wesleyan movement had little effect in Scotland, being identified with "Enthusiasm," to the Scotch a symbol of Antichrist. Moderatism was a Scotch product and came in a reaction from

the rigor of the old theology. In some of its most popular aspects it seems to have been an amiable synchronism of the odds and ends of age-long latitudinarianism, with a voluble passion for the obvious in religion and morals.

Such a potter of conflicting opinion does not augur well for an inspiring service of praise, and yet it was during the active period of these controversies that the movement for the Paraphrase augmentation of the church's psalmody was formally begun. Up to this time the manual of praise in public worship had been "The Psalms of David in Metre," the groundwork of which was furnished by Francis Rous and the finishing touches, which were not always mindful about the groundwork, by a committee of the General Assembly. This version, published in 1650, was "allowed by the authority of the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland and appointed to be sung in Congregations and Families." It claimed to be "newly translated and diligently compared with the original text and former translations," and it was officially guaranteed to be "more plain, smooth, and agreeable to the text than any heretofore." Such a manual of praise had at least two qualities designed to commend it to the militant Scot of that century: (1) it carried the indisputable authority of Scripture, and (2) it had plain speech for all who set themselves against the Lord's anointed. The version reflects accurately enough both the spirit and letter of the biblical psalter, and there is in the main a sturdy forthright quality in the verse itself; but the glory of the version lies in the devotion of the worshipers, who found in it a spring of comfort in their hours of desolation and a challenge to courage when defeat was impending. It would be easy for us to read with patronizing detachment the rather pedestrian rendering of Psalm 76:

In Judah's land God is well known,  
His name in Israel's great,  
In Salem is his tabernacle,  
In Zion is his seat.  
There arrows of the bow he brake,  
The shield, the sword, the war:  
More glorious thou than hills of prey,  
More excellent by far.



But no Scot of the eighteenth century could read it without quickening pulse and shining eye in thrilling memory that his forebears marched to victory at Drumclog to its uplifting strains.

It was quite natural that to the Scot the psalter should become an object of controversy. At the time of the Reformation Luther's influence was strongly in favor of free hymnody. Calvin's influence, on the other hand, was all in favor of the psalter as a divinely ordained book of praise for a divinely ordained Establishment. During a visit to Geneva John Knox was greatly impressed by the psalm-singing of Calvin's disciples. He made arrangements at once for a suitable translation for the Scottish exiles, and through him and them the use of the Psalter was transferred to the Protestant congregations of Scotland and England, where it received royal patronage and immediate popular acceptance. But the authority of John Calvin or even of John Knox could not make the experience of a Christian subject itself to the testimony of a Jew no matter how superbly endowed, and so in various parts of Scotland unauthorized, but apparently very acceptable, human composites sang their way into the memories and hearts of the devout, and ministered to heavenly-mindedness, both at the fireside and in gatherings for common worship.

Pioneer work in keeping alive and in promoting the thoroughly evangelical desire for a Christian hymnody was done by the Wedderburns in the first half of the sixteenth century and by Mr. Zachary Boyd in the first half of the seventeenth. Verses from both sources seem to have been generally known and liked. During the latter part of the seventeenth century one Patrick Simson, out of ample leisure forced upon him by the displeasure of a sensitive and obdurate Privy Council, precipitated a volume of *Spiritual Songs, or Holy Poems*, covering the Old and New Testament, distributed into six books. The sixth book, according to the advertisement, comprehended "the Songs of the New Testament, together with some other sweet evangelical passages meet to be composed into songs, taken out of John's gospel and the Epistles." This hints at one of the refinements of the Scottish theological conscience, which permitted the versification of biblical songs but demurred at any such treatment of biblical history

and prophecy. The protagonist of the movement in the eighteenth century was not a Scotchman at all, but an Englishman: Isaac Watts (1674-1748). It is amazing that so little attention is given to Watts in the history of theology. Watts, who in a measure anticipated John Keble's work in the free treatment of biblical themes, had to face a perverse and really ignorant generation, a generation which kept itself busy not so much in revising its opinions as in rearranging its prejudices, and which made its prejudices a test of orthodoxy and of the right to live. In many of the infallibles, and these of course the noisiest and most voluble, the testimony of the Holy Spirit became mainly "an inward assurance that their private opinions about the Holy Scripture were irrefragably true, and to be doubted only on the equal penalty of death and damnation." Watts contributed three important discussions to the subject of the manner and matter of public worship—his introduction to "Hymns and Sacred Poems," and to "The Psalms of David Imitated in the Language of the New Testament," and his essay "Toward the Improvement of Psalmody." There can be no doubt that Watts's discussions were both popular and convincing. The overture from the Presbytery of Paisley to the General Assembly of 1747 is practically a résumé of Watts's argument as elaborated in his work on the Psalms; namely, "that the solemn praises of a New Testament Church are too much limited when confined entirely to these Old Testament composites."

The agitation for augmentation of the Psalm book finally took shape in an overture to the General Assembly of 1741 "to turn some passages of the Old and New Testaments into meter to be used in the churches as well as in private families;" which overture was referred to the Assembly's Commission for report at the next annual session of the Assembly. The matter was in the hands of a special committee until the Assembly of 1745, which body, having duly searched for precedents in the matter, decided that the selection made by the committee should be printed and remitted to the several Presbyteries for consideration and report. The Presbyteries were exceedingly backward in reporting, and the political troubles were sufficiently urgent to make

consideration of psalmody a matter of minor consequence. A reprint of the selection of 1745 with amendments and additions was ordered in 1749, but it was only in 1751 that the Assembly had the courage *to permit its use in private families*. In 1755, that is fourteen years after the initial presentation of the movement to the General Assembly, forty-four of the seventy-six Presbyteries had been heard from. Ten Presbyteries were for it, seventeen against it, seven were for the idea but with modifications, and ten had no opinion to offer. Nothing further was attempted until 1775, when application was made for permission to use the selection in public worship. The matter was referred to a committee which later (1776) was authorized to make such a compilation as should deserve the approbation of the Assembly. In 1781 the new collection was submitted to the Assembly, which gave as its opinion that copies thereof should be transmitted to the several Presbyteries of the church in order that they may send up their opinions concerning them to the ensuing General Assembly; and that the venerable assembly should in the meantime allow this collection of sacred poems *to be used in public worship in congregations where the minister finds it for edification*. This is as far as legislation ever got on the subject of the Paraphrases; so that, after forty years wandering in the wilderness of General Assembly and Presbyterial debate, the net result was a grant of tolerance for the use of the Paraphrases in private families and in congregations where the minister judged it for edification, and only till such time as the Presbyteries should make return of their decision for or against. The committee on the final revision included some well-known names, the most notable being John Logan, the poet, Alexander Carlyle, familiarly known as "Jupiter" Carlyle, the famous minister of Inveresk, William Robertson, principal of Edinburgh University and famous historian, and Hugh Blair, whose sermons were best sellers during a period of twenty-five years—actually forcing surly Sam Johnson to say, "I love Blair's sermons, tho' the dog is a Scotchman, and a Presbyterian, and everything he should not be." Logan, Robertson, and Blair are represented in the collection, and Logan, with one William Cameron, seems to have done the

work of shaping the final form to meet the views of the Committee.

The collection contains sixty-seven selections included under the general designation "Translations and Paraphrases in verse," and, as a sort of appendix, five compositions designated "hymns." The distinction in the two-fold classification is not easy to make, since among the hymns is Addison's really matchless paraphrase of the nineteenth psalm, beginning, "The spacious firmament on high." Of the sixty-seven paraphrases Watts furnishes about one third, eleven are unidentified, Logan contributes eight, John Morrison, minister at Canisbay in Caithness-shire and a classical scholar of parts, is credited with seven, and to Philip Doddridge are assigned five. An Irishman, Nahum Tate, is represented by two, and a German, Andreas Ellinger, by one. Of the other contributors, eight in number, the better known are Thomas Blacklock, the blind preacher of Kirkcudbright and friend of Robert Burns, Hugh Blair, and Principal Robertson; less known are Robert Blair, William Cameron, Samuel Martin, John Ogilvie, and Thomas Randall. The rules under which the committee worked, if they had any, can not now be determined. Some of the Presbyteries in their report to the General Assembly furnished a word of warning and a practical suggestion. The warning was that the proposed verses should keep as close to the original as was compatible with clearness; the practical suggestion was that the arrangement should follow the order of the books in the Bible. The paraphrases selected covered sixty-six passages of Scripture—thirty-two from the Old Testament and thirty-four from the New. This of course one might expect from the prevailing theory of inspiration, which regarded the Old and New Testaments as one book of which all the words and every word was immediately dictated. The slight preponderance in favor of the New Testament is to be regarded as a concession to those who were disposed to think, with Watts, that the New Testament had a message for the Christian which the Old Testament could not compass.

The passages selected for paraphrasing are for the most part those which are familiar and even famous. From Genesis were selected the Creation and the incident of Jacob's vow at

Bethel. In the account of creation the paraphrast omits all reference to the creation of woman; and in Jacob's vow he suppresses skillfully Jacob's offer of the tenth of his possessions by way of reciprocating the divine protection. The books of Job and of Isaiah are most heavily drawn upon, there being from the book of Job seven selections and from the book of Isaiah twelve. Job's pathetic soliloquy on the brevity of life furnishes the basis for a familiar stanza:

Few are thy days and full of woe,  
O man of woman born!  
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,  
And shalt to dust return."

Isaiah furnishes the comforting messages of God's protecting love for Israel and the ultimate triumph of Messiah's kingdom. The passages are among the most beautiful in Scripture. For that reason, probably by reason of comparison, the paraphrases seem rather tame and inadequate. The best-remembered stanza is that of Morrison's rendering of "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light":

The race that long in darkness pin'd  
Have seen a glorious light,  
The people dwell in day who dwelt  
In death's surrounding night.

To us a Child of Hope is born,  
To us a Son is given:  
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,  
Him all the hosts of heaven.

The book of Proverbs, which has always had peculiar relish for the Scotch, furnishes four themes, three dealing with the striking personifications of wisdom and one with the sin of indolence. The best remembered, because it speedily became a memory lesson for youth, is Logan's

O happy is the man who hears  
Instruction's warning voice,  
And who celestial Wisdom makes  
His early, only choice.

The book of Ecclesiastes furnishes the theme, always congenial

to a sober people, of life's urgency. Watts's rendering of "The living know that they must die," reflects in a very striking way the somber tone of the original:

As long as life its term extends  
 Hope's blest dominion never ends:  
 For while the lamp holds out to burn  
 The greatest sinner may return.

The living know that they must die  
 And all the dead forgotten lie;  
 Their memory and their name is gone,  
 Alike unknowing and unknown.

In the cold grave to which we haste  
 There are no acts of pardon past:  
 But fixed the doom of all remains  
 And everlasting silence reigns.

The popular books of the New Testament are Luke, John, Romans, Hebrews, and Revelation. The incidents in the life of Jesus include a song of the Nativity, Tate's, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night, all seated on the ground," the Magnificat of Mary, the Nunc Dimittis of Simeon, the institution of the Lord's Supper, and the Crucifixion. The miracles have no representation and the parables but one, that of the Prodigal Son. Renderings are given of the Lord's Prayer, the brazen serpent, the heavenly mansions, the divine peace, and the exhortation to the weary and heavy laden. One of special note deals with the Master's message in the synagogue at Nazareth, which lays down the program of Christianity,

Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes,  
 The Saviour promised long,

with two stanzas much quoted:

He comes from dark'ning scales of vice  
 To clear the inward sight,  
 And on the eyeballs of the blind  
 To pour celestial light.

He comes the broken hearts to bind,  
 The bleeding souls to cure;  
 And with the treasures of his grace  
 T' enrich the humble poor.



From the epistles themes are selected with special emphasis upon the sinfulness of sin, the doom of the wicked, and the only sufficiency of faith. The thrilling passage which closes the eighth chapter of Romans is reduced to this:

Nor death, nor life, nor heaven, nor hell,  
Nor Time's destroying away,  
Can e'er efface us from his heart  
Or make his love decay.

Each future period this will bless  
As it has bless'd the past:  
He loved us from the first of time,  
And loves us to the last.

There is a metrical rendering of Paul's matchless apotheosis of charity which needs a full measure of that grace not to revile it; and of equally disappointing character is the rhyming of Death's Defeat so triumphantly described by Paul in his letter to the Corinthians.

The selections dealing with the life after death are measurably consoling but scarcely uplifting; one has an approach to tenderness in the lines,

Take comfort, Christians! When your friends  
In Jesus fall asleep  
Their better being never ends;  
Why then dejected weep?

Together to their Father's house  
With joyful hearts they go,  
And dwell forever with the Lord  
Beyond the reach of woe.

A few short years of evil past  
We reach the happy shore  
Where death-divided friends at last  
Shall meet to part no more.

Paul in his messages to Timothy furnishes two paraphrases which have had considerable vogue. The words, "I am not ashamed, I know whom I have believed," give us the song:

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord  
Or to defend his cause,  
Maintain the glory of his cross  
And honor all his laws.

The words, "I am now ready to be offered up," furnish this:

My race is run, my warfare's o'er:  
The solemn hour is nigh  
When, offer'd up to God, my soul  
Shall wing its flight on high.

The visions of the Apocalypse furnish what is even now a favorite, though in the form preferred by Watts rather than that of the paraphrast:

Come let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne,  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their hearts are one.

(1) From this review of the contents it must be obvious that the collection had nothing revolutionary about it. The range of thought in the Paraphrases is fundamental but narrow; the majesty and holiness of God, the demerit of sin and of the sinner, atonement through sacrifice, the probationary character of life, the fixed state of the impenitent after death, a providence partial to the elect, and a heaven secure from the eruption of returning prodigals. As these were the themes the Scotch thought about, talked about, preached about, and disputed about, it was inevitable that they should want to sing about them. (2) Moreover, the religious temper which characterizes the Paraphrases is precisely that which characterized the Psalter. One is conscious throughout of God being worshiped at a distance. Where reverence and awe are due they seem to be overdone, if one might so say. No doubt our day sins in the other direction, but surely some way might be devised by which the thought of God could be made impressive without its being made oppressive. Self-restraint is carried to the point of aloofness. (3) This being the character of the book one wonders why so much ado about it. The motives prompting the agitation for a collection of paraphrases are easy to understand and altogether praiseworthy. The popular desire was for a vehicle of expression to voice and enrich a Christian experience which had measurably outgrown the Psalter. But in this particular the Paraphrases make no advance upon the Psalter. As

has just been shown, the selections, so far from interpreting or illustrating Christian experience, are content to reproduce Christian narrative or Christian doctrine in terms as near the original as metrical limitations will permit. The late Professor Clark used to say that faith with many people was built upon the Bible rather than upon God or Christ. In other words, it was the result of a literary or intellectual concept rather than a fellowship of personalities. No attempt is made, as we should say, to apply the Scripture and secure a moving and devout reaction. This is Watts's important contribution to the service of praise and to the common stock of vital piety. This was Charles Wesley's consummate achievement by which he set the whole English-speaking world to singing hymns. And both were of this eighteenth century. It is one of the noticeable things in a comparative study of the Paraphrases of 1781 with their sources in Watts that wherever Watts begins to be personal his Scotch editors tone him down or out. Something of this may be due to the spasm for "moderateness" which passed over the Scotch church at this time, and which deprecated intimacy with the Divine as vulgar ostentation. Whatever the reason, one cannot but feel that through some mischance or other the original motive of producing the Paraphrases—namely, to give Christ's own gospel a free chance at the hearts of men that it might run and be glorified—fell by the wayside, where thorns of spirit-killing prejudice sprang up and choked it. (4) Lastly, it is worth noticing that only a rugged and robust faith could nourish itself upon such scanty fare. But then the Scotch have developed a rugged and robust faith through a constant struggle to define and defend it. And when all has been said in praise of Scotland that needs to be said, or can be said, her most precious gift to the world has been the stanch and sturdy character of her religion. Even our day admires it, though cautiously refraining from imitating it. There is a beautiful instance of the response of the Paraphrases to the faith of a Scots worthy in the life of Dr. George Lawson of Selkirk, one of the most distinguished and trusted leaders of his day. It was the night of the day on which his son died. The family were in great distress, and in his place sat the father, self-

restrained but crushed. Calling them to worship he announced the twenty-ninth Paraphrase, and read with almost overwhelming composure:

Amidst the mighty, where is he  
Who saith, and it is done?  
Each varying scene of changeful life  
Is from the Lord alone.

Why should a living man complain  
Beneath the chastening rod?  
Our sins afflict us; and the cross  
Must bring us back to God.

Before singing he paused, looked around upon the mother and children—who were not careful to restrain sorrow—and said with just a perceptible break in his voice, “We lost our singer this morning, but I know he has begun a song which shall never end,” and then himself began the familiar tune to which the words are wedded.

A man who can courageously and uncomplainingly and with a beautiful loyalty stand by the goodness of God while accepting his boy's death as a judgment upon him (the father) for his (the father's) sins, and give thanks for it, may be lacking in many desirable and even more consistent points of view, but he displays a flaming fearlessness of trust which makes splendid and admirable his narrowness and which becomes the badge of a large and heroic soul. For it is not to be forgotten that a forehead may be narrow and high at the same time. Also, a bit of verse, voicing in crude and unattractive fashion a theology even more crude and unattractive, may be easily vulnerable to the just criticism of taste and truth; but if it has mediated strength and comfort to royal natures in their supreme moments the same just criticism will classify it not as poetical but as sacramental, the ward no longer of science but of sentiment. Let the pride of the Scotch in their Paraphrases be indulged; it is their faith we covet and not their verse.

Charles M. Stuart.

## CAN THE CHURCH HELP SETTLE THE LABOR QUESTION?

By workingman we no longer mean a man who works with his hands. We mean a man who works with his hands under certain conditions. When I say, therefore, that the church has lost its hold upon the workingman I do not mean that it has lost its hold upon working people in general. I can see no evidence that it has lost its hold upon working people in general. It may be losing it, but thus far, if one may judge from appearance, the man who works with his hands has not lost any more love for the church than the man who works with his brains. In the average American community, outside of the districts where labor is concentrated, the day's work is still largely done by church people. There are exceptions, of course, and they are not so few nor so small as might be wished; but they are exceptions. In most sections the traditional devotion of the village artisan to the church has not been seriously impaired, and among farmers of American ancestry the teachings of the church are still supreme. And if the village mechanic, who works ten hours a day, and the farmer, who works all the time he is awake, cannot be called working people, I don't know who deserve that honor.

This, it must be admitted, hardly harmonizes with the loud alarm that is now being raised in the city over the decline of the country church, but the city's somewhat belated concern for the farmer's soul seems to have had its origin partly in our innate desire to return a compliment and partly in a general misunderstanding. The decline of the country church does not necessarily mean that the farmer has gone from God; usually it only means that he has gone to town. Those who sit in the seats of the scornful may say that this is a distinction without a difference, but the distinction is not without importance. In the South, where the grip of organized Christianity is strongest, and where the drift to town, though serious, is not so great, the farmer is the backbone of the church. Even in the cities of the South the working people are glad to number themselves among the Church's best friends.

In Richmond, which disputes with Toronto for the honor of being the most religious city on the continent, more than half the churches are practically workingmen's churches.

The church has not lost its hold upon working people in general. Nevertheless it has lost its hold upon the workingman. It still enjoys the esteem, and to a large degree the affections, of scattered labor, but it has no grip where labor is concentrated and has become a power. There are exceptions here also—most of them in the South—but they are not significant. Concentrated labor is not losing its affection for the church. It has none to lose. It either hates the church or it is indifferent to it. A generation ago the scorn and venom that were vented upon the church came from little groups of atheists; to-day about the only people who take the trouble to spit upon the church are workingmen. Most of the haters, indeed, are of foreign extraction, but the indifference of the American-born workingman is a more serious problem. The foreign workingman hates the church partly because he does not believe in God and partly because he believes that the church is against him. The American workingman is indifferent to the church, not because he does not believe in God, for he does, but partly because he does not believe that the church believes in God and partly because he believes that the church is indifferent to workingmen.

The biggest spiritual blunder of modern times was committed when the church allowed its workingmen to go out to fight their battle alone. This does not mean that the church blundered in not siding with labor against capital. The church had no right to side with labor against capital. It blundered in not siding with the oppressed against tyranny. Christ came to break the chains that bound men. From first to last he stood up for the oppressed against the oppressor. The workingman had a right to expect the church to follow in the footsteps of its Master. When he went to battle for freedom it was the business of the church to go with him. The church did not go with him. It is true that the church had not usually gone with him. While the workingman had always been its best friend, it had seldom shown any marked appreciation of his friendship. In the great



revival periods of Christianity, when the church measured fully up to its job, it had kept steady company with him, but with the exception of these periods there had never been a time when it was not disposed to say to the man in "gay clothing," "Sit thou here in a good place," and to the poor, "Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool." When the workingmen of the church went forth to organize their labor unions the church was not thinking of them with sentiments of esteem. It was hardly thinking of them at all. It was busy strengthening its hold upon the rich and the substantial middle class. It did not take them by the hand as they were going and bid them Godspeed. No pastor walked a little way with them to encourage them for their task, to offer them the sympathy and aid of the church in every effort that they might make for freedom in accordance with the teachings of the church's Master. No pastor offered to counsel with them, to help them base their organization upon the teachings of Jesus, to show them how they could fight tyranny and still regard their fellow men as brothers, to remind them that if they would make their brotherhood acceptable to Christ they must organize it within and in full recognition of the larger brotherhood of man. No pastor offered to provide a meeting-place for them. Only the saloonkeeper thought of that. No pastor offered to preach a sermon in behalf of their movement or expressed a willingness to come to a meeting occasionally and make them a speech. Nobody thought of these things. Nobody thought of anything. It is useless to mince matters. Here in Christian America—we called it Christian America in those days—tens of thousands of workingmen who loved the church as devotedly as their pastors went out to fight their first battle against tyranny burdened by the consciousness that they were going alone, and that even the church, whose teachings had thrust them forth to the struggle, had failed to offer its sympathy or to show any sort of interest in the thing that was on their hearts.

"And while men slept his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat."

That tells the rest of the story. While the church slept, the continental socialist of the God-hating type came over and began to

clear the way for his propaganda among American workmen by poisoning their minds against the church, whose teachings antagonized his own. And the mischief was soon done. It was so well done that when, a few years later, a blatant agitator stood up before an audience of five thousand New York workmen and scornfully demanded to know if anybody in the house still believed in the church, only twenty-eight stood up. To-day the church, once more jarred out of its slumber, is rubbing its eyes and wondering if it is too late to hope. Is it too late to hope that the church may yet win back the workingman?

It is not merely a religious question. At this moment indeed we are interested in it largely for patriotic and economic reasons. That is to say, we are interested in it because it is bound up with the labor question, which is just now a patriotic as well as an economic question. The labor question has got to be settled or this country will not be a fit place to live in. And the labor question, like all other questions involving the material welfare of large sections of humanity, has its spiritual side as well as its material side. And its spiritual side is fundamental. No problem having a spiritual side has ever been solved without the aid of spiritual forces. The labor question hangs fire, not because of the inadequacy of the material forces that are desperately trying to solve its material side, but because there are no adequate spiritual forces at hand to look after its spiritual side. There are sufficient spiritual forces in America to do this work, but they are not available. They are not available because the church, which embraces most of the spiritual forces of the country, is not in a position for its forces to be utilized. The church and capital are indeed facing each other, but the church is looking up to capital—an attitude which makes the use of spiritual forces impossible. And the church and labor are standing with their backs to each other. It makes no difference what our legislators or economic experts may do on the material side of the problem: if the spiritual forces of America are not brought to bear upon its spiritual side the problem will never be solved. And it is difficult to see where these spiritual forces are to come from if not from the church. Either the church must so change its atti-

tude toward capital and labor that its spiritual forces can be utilized for this work, or else there must be a return of the days of miracles so that an adequate supply of such forces can be built up outside of the church.

Assuming that the church can bring itself into a position that will make its spiritual forces available, what could these forces do toward settling the labor problem?

If we are to find the answer to this question we must steer clear of the popular illusion that great problems can be solved only by great means. No great question is ever settled so long as we insist upon approaching it with methods or means of such dimensions, abstruseness, or complexity as will do honor to its magnitude. It is not until we have the courage to turn from the abstruse and complex to the obvious and simple that we begin to make any appreciable progress. The essentials to the solution of a great problem affecting society at large are always the same as the essentials to the solution of our little everyday problems of a similar character. And these essentials were always the obvious and simple, never the abstruse and complex. It is as true as an axiom that all the differences which rise between men can be eventually settled by the perfectly simple and obvious means of bringing their hearts together. Nobody who has learned the art of settling the differences between estranged brothers cares a rap what those differences are if he can only bring them heart to heart so that they will rediscover their kinship. And what is true of bringing two men together is true of bringing two groups of men together, whether the groups form two communities or two nations or two world classes. Where men come heart to heart there is peace. The teaching of Jesus that makes the harmonizing of the hearts of men possible is the brotherhood of man. Not a make-believe brotherhood, not an artificial brotherhood, but an actual brotherhood founded upon the Fatherhood of God. A make-believe brotherhood does not unite men's hearts, neither does an artificial brotherhood. Men are willing to be governed by a fictional brotherhood until it conflicts with their individual interests, and then the fiction will go to the scrapheap. If they are to be really united they must recognize the brotherhood not

as a fiction but as a fact. They must believe that they are really brothers. And there is but one way to make them believe it: you must show them a common Father.

The brotherhood of man as taught by Jesus does not oppose the organization of lesser brotherhoods, but it does oppose their organization outside of itself. All lesser brotherhoods must be organized within the universal brotherhood and in full recognition of its supremacy. Capitalists may organize themselves into a brotherhood for the protection of their own interests, but under the teachings of Jesus they cannot renounce their obligations to the universal brotherhood, whatever their own interests may demand. They cannot organize for their own protection at the expense of others. So workingmen may organize for their mutual uplift, but they have no right to say that they will recognize only workingmen as their brothers. They are members of the universal brotherhood and have no more right to disregard the obligations of brotherhood toward those who are outside of their exclusive brotherhood than they have to disregard its obligations toward those who are inside of it. No set of men, though they be as numerous as the Bolsheviks, can break out of the universal brotherhood, and if they could they would have no right to set up an opposing brotherhood. It is at this point that we come upon the secret of practically all class differences and the conflicts which arise from them. The spiritual forces of the world, under the leadership of Jesus, are trying to bring all men together around a common Father, thus creating an actual universal brotherhood. And the world, including the part that calls Jesus Master and Lord, is pulling steadily against these forces. The segregating customs of our modern civilization are all hampering the progress of democracy. They all tend to make men strangers instead of brothers. We indeed bring groups of men together, but we do it by pulling them apart from the mass. We choose the neighborhood in which we would live with a view to being with people of our own class. We are eternally organizing associations to bind the like together. And thus we are continually getting the like farther and farther away from the unlike. Every day, instead of working for the brotherhood of man by organizing to bring

the like and unlike together that they may recognize their essential kinship, we are pulling apart in groups and making ourselves strangers to every other group. And I know of nothing in this world that is easier to misunderstand than a stranger.

The separation of the classes into opposing brotherhoods is not the only thing that is widening the gulf between capital and labor. There is our city custom of separating the classes into class neighborhoods—a thing that is as inevitable as death and taxes, but, like death and taxes, not to be ignored on that account. In the village there are no class neighborhoods. In Jonesville John Mechanic lives next door to the high and mighty Col. Archibald Winslow, and John's wife thinks nothing of passing a plate of her extra fine hot biscuits over the back fence for the elegant Mrs. Winslow's supper. The geography of Jonesville makes for democracy. But the city—heavens! Here is John Mechanic's cousin Joe, who lives in a workingman's neighborhood over on Southside. Joe has been living over there ever since he was born and he has never had a speaking acquaintance with any other neighborhood. Nor has he ever really known any other sort of people. He knows the postman, but only as the postman, the grocer, but only as the grocer, and he has had occasion in the course of twenty years or so to speak to several employers; but outside of his little fractional world of workingmen there is hardly a man that he knows as a man. There is nothing in his life experience from which he could logically conclude that the world has any real men except workingmen. As for employers, they are another species. He doesn't pretend to know what they are, though he often calls them hogs; he is only sure that they are not men. When Joe comes home from the labor meeting and sits on the porch to smoke and think, he smokes and thinks as a workingman in the atmosphere of workingmen. He thinks of rights as workingmen's rights, of wrongs as wrongs inflicted upon workingmen by employers. He thinks of brotherhood as a brotherhood of labor. He thinks of love as something he owes to his own kind. He thinks of hate as something that he owes to the other kind. And he does all his thinking just as honestly as does Col. Archibald Winslow, who at that very moment is sitting

in his library in Far West End and thinking of his employees in the very same way that his employees are thinking of him.

Plainly what the problem needs is an opportunity for cousin Joe's wife to hand a plate of her extra fine hot biscuits over the back fence occasionally for Col. Archibald Winslow's wife's supper. But that is the same as saying that we should pray for the millennium. A disagreeable truth is like a disagreeable dose of medicine: when one has got to swallow it the sooner it is over the better. And sooner or later we have got to swallow the disagreeable truth that the emphasis of class interests in a class atmosphere can never result in any permanent benefit either to society as a whole or to the class whose interests are emphasized. Class interests must be stressed, but they can safely be stressed only in an atmosphere of democracy or universal brotherhood. A class organization may help the cause of democracy among those who are living in an atmosphere of democracy, like that at Jonesville, but a large majority of the members of our brotherhoods do not live in such an atmosphere, and if nothing is done to bring them into it—if while we are organizing the like we neglect to organize the unlike—if, for example, while we are multiplying labor unions and employers' associations we neglect to bring employers and bosses and workingmen and salesmen and clerks together in an employers' and employees' association, to look after their common interests and thereby create a democratic atmosphere, our class organizations can never do enough for democracy or brotherhood to overcome the harm which their necessary emphasis upon class interests must inevitably do among those who live in an undemocratic atmosphere. You can draw lines between men who recognize a universal brotherhood without pushing them apart, but when you attempt to draw a line between men whose only idea of brotherhood is a brotherhood of their class, your line somehow becomes a gulf.

This, of course, is but a cursory glance at the spiritual side of the problem, but it is sufficient to suggest the part which the church can take in the program for the settlement of the labor question and which it must take if the question is ever settled. The church must return to the footsteps of its Master and estab-



lish a permanent propaganda for the spread of its Master's doctrine of the brotherhood of man. Not our modern doctrine of a make-believe or artificial brotherhood, but the doctrine of an actual living brotherhood proceeding from the Fatherhood of God. And it must proclaim this gospel by practice as well as by precept. By this means, and by this means alone, can the church hope to solve the spiritual side of this problem and thus make possible the solution of its material side. But how can the church bring itself into position for this service? How can it get into a right attitude toward capital and labor so that its spiritual forces can be brought to bear upon them? The problem as to capital is simply a matter of courage: the church only needs to step up from its servility to where it can look capital straight in the face. But the problem as to labor is not so simple. There is not only a vast gulf yawning between the church and labor, but, as I have said, their backs are turned toward each other. How can the church win back the workingman but by the same spiritual means that must be used to bring capital and labor together? I can see no other solution to the problem. It goes without saying that it is largely the preacher's job. To the average workingman the preacher is the church, and nothing that the layman can do will be worth doing if the preacher does not lead the way. But it is the job of the preacher, not of the zealot. Now and then a fiery young parson conceives a sudden passion for the millennium and rushes off down to the shops to tell the workingman that he has come to help him fight the capitalist. The result is the inevitable. The workingman is no fool, and he knows that while the preacher, as brother to all men, has a right to fight for the oppressed, he has no right to side with one class against another as such, and if he receives him at all it is only as a convert to his cause. The preacher may come over to his camp, but he'll be blessed if he is going over to the preacher's. Sometimes a preacher who has lost the fundamentals of his faith undertakes to fill up the aching void with the gospel of an imaginary or artificial brotherhood. He would heal the breach between the classes by bringing them together on the same social level. He would have a series of church receptions where rich and poor could meet

together and make believe that they were brothers until, in accordance with the happy law of our new psychology, the appropriate actions succeeded in producing the appropriate feelings and the make-believe brotherhood became a reality. He also fails, and for an equally simple reason. The preacher who is spending his wits and energies in the enthusiastic pastime of trying to mix oil and water may learn a more profitable rule of psychology from the Great War. If the Red Cross had ignored the law that keeps us from bringing people together on a basis where they have nothing in common, and therefore no points of contact, and had attempted to bring the women of different classes together on a social level, its work here at home would have been a failure. You cannot bring the rich and poor together on a social basis to work together even to win a war, for the reason that when you turn their social sides toward each other there is no point of contact between them; but you can bring them together on a basis of service, because service is a matter of the heart and there is always a point of contact between two classes, however far apart they may appear, when you turn their hearts toward each other. The church will take the first real step toward winning back the workingman when it stops looking up to the capitalist and steps up to where it can look him straight in the face on his own level. Then, and not until then, will the capitalist have a chance to hear the gospel he needs. That is the trouble about many a capitalist who does not recognize the brotherhood of man to-day: he has never really heard of it. You can no more reach the ear of a man with the gospel of brotherhood if you look up at him than you can if you look down upon him. When the leaven of this gospel has begun to work in his capitalistic member the preacher can take another step: he can go down to the shops and preach the same gospel to the workingman. Are not the preachers already going down to the shops? No. The Salvation Army goes; the Y. M. C. A. goes; the city missionary goes; but not the preacher—the preacher who has a church, the preacher who is the church. A few preachers here and there have gone; and where they have kept on going until they were found out—until their hearers discovered that they were bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh

—wonderful things have happened. One could tell of a few cases where labor difficulties have disappeared before the faces of such preachers as the frost before the morning sun.

Of course this is only the beginning of the program, but the preacher who takes these steps will not ask to be shown the rest of the way. He will not only go to the workingman's shop, but he will go to his home, and he will go to every workingman's meeting to which he can get himself invited, and he will go as his Master did—not to side with one class against another, but as a brother to all men: ready to lend a hand to every man who is struggling against oppression and reaching out for a chance to achieve the end of his being. And when they open their hearts to him he will lead them to the Father, in the light of whose face they can discover in every man a brother. Moreover, he will put his preaching into practice. He will plan to bring employers and employees together on a basis of service; he will urge upon them the obligations of brotherhood which demand that neither employers nor employees shall organize a brotherhood for their own interests unless they are willing to come together in a larger brotherhood for their mutual interests. Also, before he invites the workingmen to come to his church he will hurry back and see that it is set in order for their coming. He will see to it that the Sunday morning service means something to the workingman. He will see to it that everything about the church testifies to the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Incidentally he will see to it that a certain old deacon who has been a stench in the nostrils of every workingman in town for forty years is relieved of the duty of taking up the collection, and is no longer called upon after the sermon to make a few remarks upon the obligation of the members to contribute more liberally to the support of the Master's cause.

The other day the newspapers published the news that a strike had been ordered in a certain type of mills scattered over the country, and in this morning's paper I read telegrams from a number of mill centers giving the results of the order. Every telegram except one told of a strike. One simply said that the operatives had gone to work as usual, both sides satisfied. I

happened to know that town. Twenty years or more ago several employers who had developed into splendid patterns of Christian manhood set the pace for the community by putting their mills on a basis of Christian brotherhood. From that day to this both the leading employers and the leading workingmen have been enthusiastically preaching the brotherhood of man as founded upon the Fatherhood of God. You will find the same social distinction in that town that you find everywhere else, but the classes have learned to come together on the basis of service, and when they come they come as brothers. And it is all so natural that nobody notices it. Even in the big uptown church nobody seems to notice when those two noble old souls John Millowner and Joe Workingman start down the center aisle to take up the collection together.

In the name of heaven, how could you have a strike in a town where capital and labor walk down the center aisle to take up the collection together?

Ernest Highlee

PRIEST OR PROPHET?<sup>1</sup>

HUMANITY is on the march. It is marching forward. It is marching, we would fain believe, to victory. We once believed that it was marching steadily forward to inevitable victory. To-day we possess no such easy optimism. Nor had we any reason to possess it before; for humanity has never marched steadily forward, and victory, even when it has come, has not come inevitably. There have been times, long periods indeed, when humanity simply marked time—repeating the same formulas, performing the same rites, seeking the same objectives, making no significant advance on any front—and there have been times when humanity was compelled to make strategic withdrawals from positions where it had become fiercely, though falsely, intrenched. It may be granted that once and again it was only a campaign that was lost, never the war itself; but the period between the fall of Rome and the Renaissance was a long time to wait for the resumption of hostilities. When humanity bungles a campaign it has to return to its base and prepare for a new offensive. When it begins merely to mark time, refusing to take the offensive, it is whipped into action by some terrific catastrophe which shakes the very foundation on which it is standing and releases new forces of spiritual vision and redemptive power. It is evident enough that humanity is on the march—soon or late humanity must march—but in what direction? With what result? It is not the easy question of the rhetorician with but one conclusion. It is the violent, searching question of the prophet with a challenge.

To-day at least one thing is clear: humanity has been seeking a false objective and has been compelled to retreat. One may see in the world war the tragic and horrible result of Germany's mad bid for empire. He will be strangely blind if he see only that. The war would not have come when it did if German intrigue had not touched a match to smoldering passions, but in twentieth century Europe only a miracle such as never occurs

<sup>1</sup> A Convocation Address to the Students of Garrett Biblical Institute, March 19, 1919.

could have prevented eventual war. When nations build their lives on the assumption that the ultimate forces of the universe are material forces, not spiritual, and put their trust in might, not right, war is inevitable. Diplomacy may delay it, but cannot finally prevent it. The awful scourge which plunged a world into grief and terror, scrapped the stored wealth of centuries, slew ten million men and mutilated as many more, had as its immediate cause the deliberate treachery of a single nation; it had as its ultimate cause a treacherous philosophy of life that was shared in greater or less degree by all the nations. Humanity was seeking a false objective; it has been forced to retreat. What will humanity do now: prepare for another offensive, or merely mark time? In some quarters there is evident desire to start a new offensive, with new weapons and new objectives. In certain other quarters there is a desire, just as evident, to mark time; to repeat the same slogans, employ the same methods, perpetuate the same spirit out of which a world war so tragically and inevitably came. One thing seems certain, as certain as anything in the unrevealed future can be: if, after the appalling experience through which the world has just passed, our leaders endeavor merely to mark time, it will not be for long. The alternative to a new war, with new weapons and new objectives, may not be an old war for which preparation is surely but slowly made. It may be revolution—swift, sweeping, mad, blind. One has the feeling which the early Christians had concerning the existing order—that it is passing away. It may disappear gradually, under the touch of new ideas and ideals, or it may disappear suddenly in the crash of a revolution such as the sons of men have never seen. In either case the old order is drawing to a close. Our children will live in a new world; that is certain. What is not certain is the kind of world. Will it be a better, happier, freer world? One asks the question almost wistfully, especially if he has children of his own, or is a lover of the children whom he meets sometimes in the homes of his friends. What does the future hold in store for all the little children who are now alive and for the millions that will soon be born? There are those to whom this is something vastly more than a purely academic



question that can be discussed calmly, without emotion, in the quiet atmosphere of a class room. By putting this question I have stated what seems to me to be the mighty challenge of this hour. And I cannot see how to any thinking man the challenge can appear otherwise than very terrible—unless it shall appear as very glorious. But, whether terrible or glorious, it must be faced by every one who is in a position to influence the thought and activity of mankind. And because to the man who stands in the pulpit there is given a unique opportunity to influence the very springs of life to him the challenge must come with peculiar poignancy. Facing the terrible, glorious challenge of a changing world, a world in which for the first time in fifteen hundred years almost anything may happen, what manner of man ought a minister of Christ's gospel to be?

There is always danger in an alternative as a rhetorical device—the danger of that subtle half truth which is sometimes even more destructive of real values than an outrageous untruth. It is doubtful whether any human being knows enough, or ever will, to pack a whole truth in an alternative. An either—or always leaves a conscientious man with the uncomfortable feeling that there may be something to be said on both sides. And now, having made this frank avowal, I am moved to suggest a bold alternative. As I have tried to face in my own soul the inescapable challenge of a changing world it has seemed to me that the great alternative before every minister of whatever church is just this: priest or prophet? Shall he be a priest, apart from men, or a prophet in the midst of men? Shall he be a priest upholding tradition or a prophet seeking truth? Shall he be a priest restrained by fear or a prophet led on by faith? There have been priests in the school of the prophets and prophets in the vestments of a priest. There have been historic instances where priest and prophet dwelt in the same man in more or less hearty accord. Witness Martin Luther and John Henry Newman. The contrast is never absolute, but it is real, none the less. It exists in all religions; in Christianity as well as in paganism, in Protestantism as well as in Catholicism. It persists through all history.

I. The prophet is a man among men, just one among many; enjoying no special privilege, claiming none, wanting none; finding his chief joy in this: that although at times he may see truth a little in advance of his fellows they also may see it, and rejoice in it, and be saved by it. With the priest it is not so. He is not one among many; he is one above many. He enjoys an access to the world eternal which to the unfrocked multitude is denied. He holds in his hands the keys of heaven and of hell; and men who differ from him do so at their peril. I have neither the time nor the desire to trace the working of this conception in ancient Judaism or in modern Catholicism. It is nearer to my purpose to suggest that in Protestantism also men may be priests in feeling if not in form. The whole clerical profession is exposed to the danger which lies in the conventional belief that clergymen are by ordination more virtuous than other men. And the homage which the learned always receive from the unlearned, the respect which the specialist ever inspires in the less informed, the unconscious flattery which men, and especially women, pay to one who is supposed to be unusually religious, the wondering awe which the uncritical feel in the presence of a man who can *talk* so eloquently about all the splendidly heroic impulses of the human spirit—all this presents a danger so subtle that many a minister has succumbed to it without realizing what has happened. Quite unconsciously he has come to think of himself not as one among many but as one above many; one to whom the many should give unquestioning audience as to one who speaks with an authority to ordinary men denied. Nor is this the only resultant of ecclesiastical self-consciousness and self-laudation. The man in whom this unlovely habit of mind exists will find it difficult not to adopt a patronizing attitude toward the people he addresses. He may adopt such an attitude even toward men who are so much better than he that in their presence he ought to remove his shoes, standing as he is on holy ground. In the quiet of his study he has merely thought about the virtues which, in the dust and din of daily life, they have endeavored to practice. Yet he may stand in the presence of moral and spiritual greatness and think only of his own importance.

And a danger still more subtle confronts him. Full of ecclesiastical self-consciousness and self-importance, he may become blind to the need of cultivating the virtues of which he so eloquently speaks. What a wonderful time the preacher may have in the discussion of such themes as courage, unselfishness, idealism. How trenchant the phrases with which he denounces moral softness and spiritual blindness. With what power of flashing epigram, what wealth of historical allusion, what whiteness of kindling passion he pleads for every great and selfless assertion of the soul. But the great and sickening danger is that, having done so, he may determine his own conduct in the cold light of a calculating prudence. And the sight of eloquent priests urging upon others a courageous unselfishness which they do not require themselves to practice is altogether the most saddening sight under the skies.

II. It would be a dangerous experiment for any man to try to live out of history; to sever every link that binds him to the past; to turn a deaf ear to all that the race has heard, a blind eye to all that the race has seen, a closed mind to all that the race has learned. Inevitably we are linked to the past; and if candor obliges us to acknowledge the relationship wisdom admonishes us to make the most of it. It is simple truth to say that we need all the help which the long experience of the race can give to us. Something more than modesty constrains us to acknowledge that even to-day we know only in part. What we do not know is perhaps far more than what we do know. How vast the universe in which we live. How small, almost infinitesimally small, our own little planet. We stand in a small circle of light. All about us is darkness. As we push out into the darkness in our quest for truth surely we may be grateful for every guidepost with which intellectual pioneers and spiritual frontiersmen have provided us. But that is what the priest never does. He never leaves the little circle of present knowledge and steps out into the darkness of the unknown in heroic quest of truth. For the priest, humanity's guideposts—its traditions, memories, customs, creeds—are not something to progress by; they are merely something to stand by. To the prophet tradition says, "Begin here."

To the priest it says, "Stop here." The face of the prophet is ever forward. The face of the priest turns ever back. The prophet may look forward because for him truth has no external abode. It is like God himself, spaceless and timeless. But the priest must look backward because for him truth has become incarnate. In Judaism the priestly mind found its authority in the law, and especially in the rabbinical refinements of the law. In Roman Catholicism it found its authority in the patristic traditions, the decisions of councils, the pronouncements of popes. In Protestantism it found an authority equally external in the Bible. For the prophet the law reveals God; for the priest the law is God. For the prophet the church is a medium of truth; for the priest the church is truth. For the prophet the Bible contains God's word—a part of his word; for the priest the Bible is God's word—the whole of his word. Augustine went even so far as to say, "I should not believe the gospel if the authority of the church did not so determine me." And the priest in Augustine—there was, of course, a great prophet in him, too—was no more in evidence than is the priest in many a Protestant who virtually takes the position, "I should not believe that a deacon must be the husband of only one wife if the authority of the Bible did not so determine me."

John Henry Newman, who was born a prophet and died a priest, stultified his intellect even to the point of believing that natural phenomena are the result of angelic mediation because this was the teaching of the church. And if there are Catholics who agree to believe whatever the church teaches, however at variance it may be with the whole trend of modern thought, there are Protestants who agree to believe whatever the Bible teaches however widely it may differ from the findings of modern science or the pronouncements of the modern conscience. Even to-day one finds people who so far stultify their moral judgment as to justify in the Israelites what they condemn in the Germans, applauding the destruction of Jericho even while deploring the burning of Louvain. And one wonders whether on German soil, under the skillful direction of German exegetes, they would not have accepted the whole German position on biblical authority.

During the third year of the war I picked up a religious paper, published by one of the greater denominations, and in it I found an article written in repudiation of the modern movement for world-wide peace. "In contradiction to the word of God," the author declared, "statesmen, politicians, and even so-called ministers of the gospel persist in hoping and planning for permanent world peace." He granted that "every Christian man, and, for that matter, every humane person, would rejoice in the prospect of enduring peace if such condition were possible or sanctioned by Holy Writ." But he asserted, without a scintilla of doubt, that "the possibility of world-wide peace is forever excluded by the nature of humanity itself and by the express declaration of God's unfailing word." I found myself thinking of a striking cartoon that appeared in one of our great "dailies" soon after the war began. It presented a battlefield on which line after line of uniformed men and boys were being mowed down by that dread reaper whose name is Death; and overhead the black sky was frightfully illuminated by the red glare of burning villages. Underneath the cartoon appeared the question, "Must it ever be thus?" This religious leader replies that it must ever be thus; for so he interprets what is for him an external, infallible authority!

Down through the centuries the priestly mind remains the same. It bears now one name, now another, and, again, another still. But under whatever name it goes by it remains the same; demanding always and everywhere some visible, external authority, worshiping tradition rather than truth.

III. A third distinction between priest and prophet is now apparent; for it is evident that the priest is inspired by fear, the prophet by faith. With many a priest in the Catholic church the question is not whether the doctrine of papal infallibility is true, but whether it *needs* to be true in the interest of uniformity of belief and practice. What would happen if the doctrine were declared untrue? And with many a priest in the Protestant church the question is not whether the Bible is infallible, but whether it *needs* to be infallible in the interest of orthodoxy. What would happen if men's confidence in the Bible as an

infallible teacher were shaken? Ever in the background of the priestly mind is the grim specter of fear. But the kind of fear which I have especially in mind, and with which I would contrast faith, is not the crass and sordid thing to which I have just referred. I am thinking of something far more subtle and refined—the half-conscious, hardly confessed fear that in any really bold attempt to explore life's undiscovered secrets the spirit's horizon may disappear, and God himself be lost. Within the bounds of the accepted tradition there is certainty and peace; beyond its borders there is—one knows not what. Therefore let us remain where we are, giving heed to the voice of a hallowed and authoritative tradition, nursing the soul on the ritual of piety, saying to the too-inquiring mind, "Peace, be still." That is ever the cry of the priest, and it is the cry of fear. How different the voice of the prophet. Listen to it as it comes ringing down the centuries:

"I hate, I despise your feast days; I will take no delight in your holy days. But let justice roll down as waters and righteousness as a mighty stream."

"Ye have heard that it was said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you, Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you; that ye may be sons of your Father who is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust. For if ye love them that love you what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only what do ye more than others? do not even the Gentiles the same? Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect."

"There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither bond nor free; there is neither male nor female; for we are all one in Christ Jesus."

"Recant I cannot and will not; for it is hazardous and dishonorable to act against one's own conscience. Here I stand. God help me."

In the first case the prophet is daring to secure a new emphasis; in the second he is daring to create a new ethic; in the



third, he is endeavoring to affirm a new internationalism; in the fourth he is endeavoring to obtain a new seat of religious authority. In each case he must pass by tradition and walk an unbeaten path. He does so with what inner tumult no man knoweth, but with a courage that never falters, and by reason of his holy adventuresomeness humanity leaps forward into the light. The new emphasis gives a new vitality to the life of the spirit, the new ethic sends a new life coursing down the veins of the centuries, the new internationalism saves Christianity from becoming a localized sect and it becomes to-day the hope of the race, from the new seat of religious authority comes a new freedom for the soul of mankind.

"Forward" is the cry of the prophet—and the cry of the prophet is the cry of faith. For what, after all, is faith? In those unforgettable days I spent at "Drew" there was one hymn which we sang so often that it came to be known as the "Drew" hymn:

"Faith of our fathers! living still  
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;  
O how our hearts beat high with joy  
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!  
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!  
We will be true to thee till death!"

To what were we pledging ourselves to be true till death? I am not sure but that in the thought of the author the faith of our fathers was identified with certain theological beliefs. It is quite likely that it was so identified in our thought also. And, in that case, what we were pledging ourselves to do was to believe as our fathers had believed till the day of our death. But it is clear—is it not?—that if men were to believe only what men before them have believed progress along any line would be impossible. Suppose men had always believed what their fathers believed about the conformation of the earth—that it was flat? There would have been no Columbus, no Santa Maria, no America. Suppose men had always believed what their fathers believed about the cause of disease—that it was demon-caused. No single triumph of modern medicine, modern surgery, or modern sanita-

tion would have been possible. Suppose men had always believed what their fathers believed about the institution of slavery—that it was ordained of God. There would have been no Abraham Lincoln, no emancipation proclamation, no real democracy. Suppose men had always believed as their fathers had believed about God himself. There would have been no Jesus, no New Testament, no Christian church, no modern civilization. Surely it were impossible for men to do anything more ruinous both to themselves and to others than to pledge undying loyalty to their fathers' beliefs. Such loyalty is like unto a whited sepulcher. Outwardly it is fair to look upon, and at Annual Conferences and elsewhere the unthinking crowd will always applaud it, but within it is full of all uncleanness and dead men's bones. At the heart of it is cowardice—the fear to venture forth in an unbeaten path; the fear to cross the border between the known and the unknown and explore life's undiscovered secrets. But such cowardly clinging to traditional belief was not our fathers' faith. There were times when our fathers steadfastly refused to be bound by the beliefs of a former day. They suffered themselves to be "chained in prisons dark." They braved "dungeon, fire, and sword." They went to the arena, the scaffold, the stake, choosing rather to die than to cling to conceptions which the wonder and glory of their own experience had shown to be false. They dared to think new thoughts. They dared to champion new theories. They dared to live in accordance with new ideals. If we to-day are men of faith because we cling to the beliefs of our fathers, then our fathers themselves were not men of faith, for they departed from the beliefs of their fathers. If faith is the acceptance of traditional belief, then most of the men whom we have been taught to honor can never be enrolled among the heroes of faith. For John Wesley, in not a few particulars, departed from traditional belief. And so did John Wycliffe. And so did John Baptist. And so did Jesus.

But this, of course, is not faith. Faith is no such fearful, reckless thing as I have been describing. Faith is courage. It is the courage to go on; the courage to advance as life advances, not knowing what lies beyond the horizon, but trusting that the

God of the past is the God of the future, that the God of the known is the God of the unknown, and that in the end all will be well. Faith is the Christopher Columbus of the soul, saying to a hundred fears, Sail on, sail on, sail on! and by sailing on discovering in the universe of truth another world.

Priest or prophet: which shall it be? The new world will not need the priest, and the forward-looking portion of it will not tolerate him. It will refuse to tolerate his claim to special recognition, special privilege. The scientific conception of the universe has erased the old distinction between sacred and secular. God is not in the church alone; he is in the store, the factory, the market-place. And God is not in the pulpit in any sense in which he is not also in the pew. The desk behind which the preacher preaches is no more sacred than the desk behind which the teacher teaches or the bookkeeper keeps his ledger. There are other callings quite as sacred as the preacher's. The layman also may be a minister. In removing cataracts from the eyes of the blind; in improving the condition of those who are bound; in teaching and befriending the children of the poor; in doing justly in all business transactions; in showing mercy in all social relationships, he too may minister in the name of Christ. He may take the things of God and show them unto men. He may rightly divide the word of truth. It follows, therefore, that the preacher may no longer think of himself as being in any sense apart from men. He may no longer make demands for himself that men in other professions would not think of making. He may not take refuge behind his cloth, using it to cover his laziness and inefficiency. And when he fares forth to purchase new cloth he may not expect to be treated as though he belonged to a privileged class. "Blessed is the minister who refuses to accept a discount; he shall not be discounted." Henceforth the minister who thinks of himself, not as one among many, but as one above many, will exert a steadily decreasing influence. He will preach to a steadily diminishing congregation. His words will become as sounding brass and a clanging cymbal. He will be as salt that has lost its savor, as light that has become darkness. And the people will continually cast him down even though an

Annual Conference picks him up. Nor will the new day shine with favor upon the priest's subserviency to tradition. Men are beginning to realize that it is just this priestly devotion to external authority which produces that uncritical atmosphere in which hideous wrongs are enabled to flourish. How significant it is that often the most reactionary men in a community are just the men who believe in an infallible church or an infallible Bible. It is true, of course, that subserviency to tradition will still be utilized for political purposes or to maintain the status quo in some disquieting industrial situation. But it will no more stem the mighty current of modern thought, the mighty on-rushing progress of life, than the angry protest of a petted child will stop the incoming of the tide. The time has passed when the priest might circumscribe the bounds of knowledge and say to men, Thus far you may think and no farther. The time has passed when the priest might identify truth with tradition and say to men, As the fathers believed so must the children believe throughout all generations. "The modern world refuses to be bound by the scientific views of medieval school-men; it will refuse no less firmly to be bound by the theological views of medieval church-men." To the modern mind there is thrilling significance in those words of Jesus, "The Holy Spirit will lead you into all truth." That is the growing conviction of men of faith the wide world over. Truth was revealed to the fathers, but not all truth. There are whole continents of truth that lie yet beyond the horizon of our human ken. But the spirit of the living God is leading us on. Cry shame to him who fears to follow! In the new day that is now breaking, men will find it difficult not to despise the accredited representatives of religion if they persist in asking not, What is true? but only, What is safe? And not perhaps without regret will they turn away from the official leaders of religion and in their doubts and perplexities look for guidance to more daring souls who do not fear change; who fear only the deadliness of standing still when life itself is moving on. For the priestly mind there will be little demand in the coming days. What this new world age loudly calls for is the prophet—the man who is not afraid to stand with uplifted

brow in the dread presence of the Everlasting Truth of Things and say, "Speak, Lord; thy servant heareth."

It is not improbable that the work of the prophet will still be dangerous. There are men, and always will be, who do fear change, and not without reason. For any change in human thought may leave them stripped of certain dignities and prerogatives which do not properly attach to them; and any change in human institutions may leave them peeled of certain possessions which do not properly belong to them. Such men do fear change and may be counted upon to resist it. They have always done so. But they will be as powerless as the priests of Baal to prevent the final entrance of a long-suffering humanity into the promised land. Truth may be resisted for a season. It may be denied, shamed, spat upon, crucified. But ever on the third day it rises from the dead and resumes its triumphant march. The work of the prophet may be dangerous; the work of the priest will be futile.

Priest or prophet: facing the new day, with its terrible, glorious challenge, which shall it be?

*E. F. Tittle*

MY PREFERENCES IN POETRY<sup>1</sup>

I PROFESS myself a lover of poetry—nay, a devotee. I give it the place in my mind that most people give to science and to mathematics. If this peculiar and long-enthroned love should suddenly fail me or the faculty become extinct, as it is reputed to have done in the case of Darwin, it would not be from the same cause; but in that event I should be deprived of my chief spiritual asset, and must then be reckoned very poor indeed. For to me that “guide by which the nobler arts excel” is not a guide that ever led astray, and the love of poetry and the love of beauty and the love of truth and even the love of holiness are one. My tastes in the realm of poetry are as catholic as is usually to be found with students limited in range and opportunity, as I have been. I have traversed only a small segment of the sphere and tarried only where I felt at home, yet I count it fortunate that the desert of my youth yielded its manna, and that my infant muse drank first at some of the purest and sweetest fountains of the English Castalia. It is with me, in this great department of human thought and feeling, as it is in the realm of nature. I do not take things easily or readily in their vaster manifestations and larger relations. I have always been a stay-at-home body; and like that happy little vaulter of the summer field, I enjoy my choice place in the sun or harbor, with Milton’s eremite,

Far from all resort of mirth  
Save the cricket on the hearth.

Sometimes, indeed, I take the lofty excursion; I arise, and lo! the heavens take heed; I launch out into the great spaces until my mind grows dizzy with its limitless excursions among the

Planets and suns, and adamantine spheres,  
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense:

being unable to find any ultimate wall or boundary line of creation. Or sometimes I may take a wider sweep than usual of our own ponderous planet; taking my flight—since cannot

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otherwise go—with Scott, and Hugo, and Dickens; rambling with Christopher North, or the Ettrick Shepherd; hovering with Kilmeny over the beaded Caledonian lakes and rugged Trossach glens. Or taking flight by continental ranges, plunging after a Park, or a Bruce, or a Roosevelt, penetrating “the untrodden wilds, the mysterious forests,” the caves of silent awe and beauty, the desert and the prairie; cutting the air on pinions fleet as the wings of the morning, to where the melancholy tracts of western billows toss and foam; or southward, where the vaster oceans go “sobbing to the moon, and rolling their echoing chime around a thousand isles,” and the snowy surf leaps laughing on the rocks of coral. Or I have my mountain stunt, and fancifully climb the Everests and Chimborazos, where the senator-mountains stand, “clad with the glacier and scarfed with the iris, where the great storms sing their thunder-hymns.” But I am glad to fold my wings of fancy and rest them a long while. Rather would I choose for my habitual excursions much narrower bounds. Rather would I choose for home consumption some detached beauties: The “violet by the mossy stone”—that object the most beautiful in nature:

Fair as a star when only one  
Is shining in the sky;

The dancing daffodils; the daisy of the mountain “turned down by the share of Burns,” and a thousand kindred objects. Than all that vastness and splendor beyond, me rather the soft amenity of life within familiar borders, the bowery loveliness that clusters “round the heart of home.”

And it is so with me with respect to the grander epical and universal creations of the master spirits in poetry. I have sought to reach and rise and attain to some comprehension of their unusual scope and vastness; but, for the most part, I must survey them as those who worship from afar, and cannot presume upon intimacy. The charm of these great poets to me lies largely in their episodes and lyrical parts; passages where language suddenly blossoms as the rose, or feeling strikes a white heat and some molten star-passage comes down the dusky blue of his night-

thought in the light of which we see for a moment the poet's shining face. Indeed, I am of Poe's opinion, that essentially there is no such thing as a long poem, but the epics are rather a succession of lyrical outbursts connected—sometimes, as in the case of Wordsworth, with marked imperfection—by a filling less emotional and less poetical.

I have a decided preference for the brief lyric. I admit dialect verse, where it is genuine, as in Burns and Lowell; but much of that kind of verse has, as it is apt to do, degenerated into coarseness and the falsehood of an extreme. I am an eclectic in verse; I would select the themes of beauty to the exclusion of the vile and vulgar. I like rhyme, rhythm, and even poetry more or less jinglish, like Poe's *Bells*, or Francis Mahony's *Bells of Shandon*. Whitman and his ilk do not flow readily into my mental current. The "barbaric yawp" is inharmonious. I can remember, "My Captain! O my Captain," because that comes near to being a genuine and pure lyric, and is a real heart-expression. I do not think I am a bigot about this matter. One of my friends told me he could not enjoy *Evangeline* because it is written in unrhymed hexameters. I am not unfavorably affected by the form of that charming idyllic story. In general, hexameters may not be congenial to our language; but I believe that, in this particular instance, the poet triumphed; and, as Lowell has said, in his *Fable For Critics*,

Its place is apart,  
Where time has no sway, in the realm of pure art;

and I, for one, would not alter a single line of it. But what is a true poem, in its truest sense? To me, it is a finality—an inevitable form of beauty. It is something portable, too. It is something that stays by us, and harbors with us. That is my test. It makes its abiding place in our memory. It is a guest of the heart. The years cannot dispossess it, or mar its sweetness, or dim its luster. As Byron so beautifully said of one of his maidens:

She was a form of life and light  
That, seen, became a part of sight;  
And rose where'er I turned my eye—  
The Morning Star of Memory.

So the perfect lyric. When once it has entered in, you can never be rid of it, and you never want to. If you sit by the fireside, it is with you there. If you walk by field or wood, it is humming in your subconsciousness. When "rosy morning breaketh," it rises with the orb of day, but sets not with moon or evening star. Take, for instance, Shakespeare's—

Hark! Hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings!

That little outburst of clear aerial music! How often my heart has been lifted up on its wings! I would not exchange it for some of the third-rate plays about which we entertain doubt that he ever wrote them; nor would I yield those magic lyrics of the *Tempest*, as,

Nothing of him that doth fade;

nor his song of the eternal rest and the everlasting home, in *Cymbeline*, on which Tennyson's dying hand was closed. It is this aerial lyric grace and empyreal sweetness that charms me so in Shelley. He floats with the cloud; he mounts and sings with the lark (though Shelley's lark, and Wordsworth's lark to Shakespeare's are "as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine"); he breathes with the west wind, and curves with the iris, and shoots up with the fountain, and rides with night over the western wave. To me, among his shorter lyrics one of the most exquisite is the one beginning—

I awake from dreams of thee;

and the next, his *Song to the Spirit of Delight*, of which here are two perfect stanzas:

I love all thou lovest,  
Spirit of Delight;  
The fresh earth in new leaves drest,  
And the starry night;  
Autumn evening, and the morn  
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms  
Of the radiant frost;  
I love waves, and winds and storms,  
Everything almost  
Which is Nature's, and may be  
Untainted by man's misery.

Contrast this with Burns's—

O, Nature, a' thy shows and forms  
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms,  
Whether the summer kindly warms  
    Wi' life an' light,  
Or winter howls, wi' gusty storms,  
    The lang, dark night.

One of the briefest of English lyrics is also one of the most significant, for a certain stately, elegiac beauty. It has Landor's peculiar poise and dignity. It is his tribute to Rose Aylmer:

Ah what avails the sceptered race,  
Ah what the form divine!  
What every virtue, every grace!  
    Rose Aylmer, all were thine.  
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes  
    May weep, but never see,  
A night of memories and sighs  
    I consecrate to thee.

Besides the wealth of Shakespeare himself, what English age was so rich in lyric wealth? That lyric outburst is unmatched from Shakespeare, Spenser, Jonson, Drummond, Marlowe, Herrick, (that soul of a May day morning!), Sidney (whitest soul of all!), Lyly, Hayward, Campion, Habington; and the choir also that sang in the Stuart reigns, Carew, Wotten, Waller, Walton, Herbert, Vaughan, Davenant, Lovelace, and the Marquis of Montrose; these, and others unnamed, have given us a treasure it will not be easy to duplicate, rich as the Georgian and Victorian eras may be.

Taking the whole range of English poetry, among the choicer things that have become a part of my permanent mental furniture I may name a few. Of all the Spenserian *répertoire*, nothing has pleased me better than the *Prothalamion* and *Epithalamion*. In all sexual and connubial affection there must of necessity be a portion of earthiness; but in these exquisite pieces it is sublimated in the highest degree, and adorned with all poetic beauty. I recognize in the earliest poems of Milton some of the most precious of the treasures that English literature can have to boast; and I have often taken delight in their rare and elevated

loveliness. Then, early to affect my taste in poetry came the Odes of Collins; that unhappy poet who was never to know what the world was to think of him, and who, more than Keats, had the right to feel that his name was written in water. His Dirge in *Cymbeline* is especially perfect, in my thinking, and I often find myself repeating that last stanza:

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;  
For thee the tear be duly shed;  
Belov'd till life can charm no more,  
And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

To mention Gray may be nearly superfluous; for who that knows or loves poetry at all has not felt the impact of his *Elegy*, that most universal of English poems? The Odes are for more select circles, perhaps; but I early was persuaded, against Johnson, of their peculiar delicacy and beauty. Another English lyric, though by a Scottish author—be it Bruce or Logan—that made an early appeal to me, is the Ode to the Cuckoo, which always enlivens me as with the advent of Spring itself. I cannot think that Wordsworth's precious stanzas on the same subject are clearer or sweeter:

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,  
Thy sky is ever clear;  
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
No winter in thy year.

Perhaps I cannot better indicate my preferences than by citing a few of the poets I hold to, or who have made an initial impression on my formative mind. God knows, it was a hungry mind, not always abundantly supplied, and that eagerly took its food.

Burns and Byron. These two were my boy majesties. I have been challenged. What have you, a minister, to do with enthusiasms over the reprobate poets? I answer: I have not lived with these alone, nor committed myself wholly to them. They were men who had their nobler feelings and their diviner moments; Burns, particularly, was such a man. I will say, concerning both, that if it could not always be said of either, "his worst he kept, his best he gave," that only the best have cloven to me and are parts

of memory. They are both beyond our reach, except in the association of thought; and, as Watson says, so say I—

Their greatness, not their littleness,  
Concerns mankind.

Burns filled the thicket of my heart and thought, as if a thousand rare birds of song were suddenly there, flashing their rainbow hues, with new splendors and bursts of melody. Elegy took a new meaning in my thought, when he sang of Mary and of good Glencairn, while pathos and sorrow went wailing together with music and beauty along the banks of Doon, where the forsaken maiden cried aloud—

Thou'lt break my heart, thou little bird  
That sings't sae sweet on yonder thorn;  
Thou mind'st me o' departed joys—  
Departed never to return!

And "Tam o' Shanter"! That poem is a microcosm of life, and its celerity of movement is wonderful. It darts, for speed and brilliancy, on the flash of the lightning it describes; it moves with the force and velocity of the storm. Humor, and mirth, and poetry, and life's wisdom, and death's sublimity are there. Rarely in any poetry can you light on a passage to equal his "But pleasures are like poppies spread."

Campbell. I was a schoolboy on the bench when—to speak in metaphor—Tom Campbell came in one day, with an extended hand, and I can feel to this day the pressure of his palm. Here was the old-day classical form with a new-day enthusiasm. For Campbell had that special gift of lyric enthusiasm. If the perfect gliding grace, softness like the feline movement, ease, and literary taste and allusiveness, with propriety, the properties of Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory," may not have been quite attained in Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," we have fine compensations in those glowing pictures, and ringing lines, and martial heroisms, and splendid declamations, that are the property of youthful poets who can write such masterpieces at twenty-one. We wonder that we have had no renaissance of Campbell in these years of war. For he is surely one of the most martial



of poets. How well to our emergency did his indignant lyric apply, written when Napoleon Bonaparte was threatening an invasion of England:

Our bosoms we'll bare to the glorious strife,  
And our oath is recorded on high,  
To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,  
Or crushed in its ruins to die.

Goldsmith. I count it a fortunate and happy day in my formative years that brought me the acquaintance of Oliver Goldsmith, even as I count that another day of smiles and pearls that made me the inheritor of the "spoils of time" in the pages of Irving, his genial and elegant biographer. Amid all the ringing of poetic and literary changes and the climbing of the high and rugged mountains of song "The Traveler" and "The Deserted Village" hold their original sway in my affections, and are like musk or other sweet fragrances hid away in the drawer of my heart.

When Goldsmith had a pen in his hand he was a full grown man; and as Johnson wrote in his epitaph, being master of many subjects, he "touched nothing that he did not adorn."

Tennyson. O, that dear little volume of blue and gold, that first brought me "In Memoriam!" That poem has entered into my midmost soul. It is not merely for the charming of the ear, or the titillation of the fancy, or the gratification of the intellectual taste. Critics who prefer such poets as Swinburne, or Morris, or Rossetti, or De Musset, or Gautier, may not like it, and pronounce it funereal and divinical; but it has not only charm, but a sacred message for the earnest, serious-hearted man. It has the solemnity of nature in her autumnal moods, and of truth when truth approaches the greatest theme—the Problem of Existence; and yet it clusters thick as an arbor of Rambler roses with poetic bloom.

Shelley wrote in his "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty":

The day becomes more solemn and serene  
When noon is past—there is a harmony  
In autumn, and a luster in the sky  
Which thro' the summer is not heard or seen,  
As if it could not be, as if it had not been.

So nature has her solemnity, her sanctity, her holy periods and places, where idle laughter would be profane. And when we come to draw nigh to the great and grand realities that Death and Eternity press upon us, *In Memoriam* becomes a royal textbook that none of us should omit to study. Tennyson seldom violates the canons of the classical poet's art, though he is less severe than Landor and Arnold. I remember, however, what seems to me a lapse from his even scale, in the closing of "Enoch Arden." In describing his death he writes a line in the elevated style—

So passed that great heroic soul away.

Then he immediately subsides into a statement that might have been copied from the local newspaper:

And when they buried him the little town  
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

The people in Tennyson's Idyls move in an atmosphere of dream. He comes to a real passion, however, in "Guinevere." But, dream-people or no, they are people fit to meet, and you revel in their old-world realm of beauty. Tennyson is superb in his lyrics. I trust that nothing will ever happen to mar or mutilate *The Princess*, so there should be nothing left of it but a few

Jewels, five words long.

Which on the outstretch'd finger of all time sparkle forever;

as has happened in the case of Sappho (and why, if she wrote well?) But if such a mischance should be in my time I trust the residuum may include those exquisite jewellettes of the heart, "Tears, idle tears," "Sweet and low," "Home they brought her warrior dead," "Ask me no more"—and that little masterpiece of verbal melody that even that poetic bandmaster, Swinburne, cannot surpass, "The Bugle-Song."

Longfellow. It shall be personal. For no poet of my time do I cherish quite so tender a regard. Along in the early seventies of the century past, a youth of twenty years, then a compositor in the University Press of Welsh and Bigelow (an old printing house long since gone), used to see a venerable figure

clad in black, and black-hatted, with a beautiful face framed in white beard and hair, as he passed by from day to day, and was lost to sight amid the shades of Brattle Street. It was Longfellow. A wild-fire longing came into his heart, and going to his lodging place he wrote and sent to the poet this note:

A young man from the land of Acadia, the home of Evangeline, desires an interview with the poet who has made his birthplace classic and immortal.

Did hero-worshiper ever have a master-hold like that? It was a clincher! An instant reply was given; and on the following Sunday evening, in the pleasant month of June, I was ushered into the poet's study, and met the gentle spirit who had the gift to charm, if not to instruct, his generation as few have had the power to do. I have no need to tell what I heard or saw. Everybody knows the place, and what is within the house, now open to all comers. What I want to say is this: that after fifty years, or nearly that, as I look back and see that reverend form, and feel the gentle touch of that dear man, and hear the friendly and quiet tones of his voice—never more to be heard—my heart leaps up anew to peruse his features, as Wordsworth's heart leaped up at sight of a rainbow in the sky; and when the memory of that evening comes back to me, I bless God for the impress of that sweet time, and my heart dances within me, as the poet said his heart did at memory of the dancing daffodils.

No wonder he is the laureate of the domestic affections, as well as of the sea, and of foreign lands; no wonder men love his poems, even as I do; for behind the poet was the man, and as gentle and lovable a man, I deem, as ever trod this planet.

Arthur J. Lockhart.

## A CATECHISM OF EDUCATION

WE have begun to take stock of education as of other institutions embodying our national life—law, health, labor, welfare, neighborhood. The new to-morrow is even more a crisis with education than with the rest, for in a very true sense education is the religion of democracy. Madame Breshkovsky cries, "For Russia education is salvation!" and the whole world awaits the results of that seminar course in the diplomacy of peace which an American college professor is conducting for some apt pupils at this hour upon the Quai d'Orsay.

Graduates of American colleges ask, as the old magazine writer asked fifty years ago, "What are they doing back there at college?" and it is my duty to answer to my best knowledge and belief. I say belief advisedly. Education is to-day largely a matter of faith; it is the evidence of things not seen that spurs us on. And as faith is personal I will give you to-day my personal catechism. It comprises three questions: What is education? What is good education? What is education good for?

1. What is education? Is it not, first of all, an institution of our national life; a basic stratum underrunning citizenship; a separate function in each State system of government and soon to be recognized with proper dignity at Washington by a responsible federal agency and a cabinet officer of education? Is it not, too, a profession—at least in the making; working toward professional standards, developing a professional code, and claiming recognition with other learned professions? Is it a science, perhaps? As yet those who advance this claim are professors in departments of education. Let us allow them so much, at least, that education is a department, and a very lively one. Its mobilized facts, however, compose a kind of Foreign Legion, escaped from the more settled domains of ethics, philosophy, psychology, physiology. But to me education, while all these, is, first and foremost, economy, and a branch of economics; it is the conservation of experience; it is the labor of sifting, recording, and trans-

mitting the great *traditio* from generation to generation. And that is a task of infinite magnitude, dignity, responsibility. Not the torch, beautiful though the symbol be, but the gray tower's height of the college library, whose sentries, beauty and aspiration, forbid us to fill her shelves with empty trash—that is the true escutcheon of education. Just as eighteen hundred years ago, when Rome was threatened, scholars met together and chose seven plays of Sophocles, seven of Æschylus, seventeen of Euripides, and said, "These we will copy and no others, though we love the others too; so haply these thirty-one shall yet live among men," so education maintains the great *traditio* of to-day, and says to our children, "This at least is worthy; this is yours." And this we do at college.

2. What is good education? I can answer in a sentence, but every phrase would take a year to explain. Education is good of which the subject matter is ample and worthy, the means by which to impart it competent and adequate, and the method of instruction consistent with science and good sense. The subject matter or content, which we in our professional language call the curriculum, is ample at a college when upon the training of a secondary school is placed a training of four years in the mastery of knowledge progressive toward a limit of human thought, and as much knowledge in the way of ease and refreshment as can well be carried in life's comfort-kit. I ask only this of the curriculum. No royal road to learning, no high seat at her table. Does it lead toward a limit of thought? Does it mark an advance upon what has gone before? Then let us teach it at college freely and fully. And the means of education is good when classroom, laboratory, and library are adequate, when good teachers are well paid and well encouraged. Mark Hopkins and the log still make a college. And we should not spend more money on the log than on Mark Hopkins.

The method of education, I have said, is good when its presentation is consistent with science and good sense. It varies with every class. There are as many methods as there are teachers—I had almost said as there are students. Science may be trusted to insist that the method shall be logical; and good sense, too, must

be heard pleading with the professor that he recognize students as human; if the recognition be mutual so much the better.

3. What is education good for? I have named the physical and objective demands. There remains the greater intellectual and spiritual task. What effect should education work within the student? Education is good for something when it keeps the student sane and steady and sweetened by constant contact with current life; it is good for something when the intention, the mind, what Chaucer would have called the *courage*, of the campus is concentrated upon service as the call may come. In our day this call is for public service. And education will be good for something only when students are universally public-minded; so that whether one specializes in music, then that musical knowledge is to be placed at the community's command; whether chemistry be chosen, that the demand the State makes upon chemistry shall first be met; whether one's education comes to be for the learned professions of wife and mother, it shall be well used there and something yet be left for the profession of citizen. Education is good for something, lastly, when the student early finds her star, and builds her life plan upon the vision she has seen, no matter what years of effort or sacrifice lie between her resolution and its fulfillment. And at college in our day that goal which her life purpose shall set for itself must be leadership. Does not the motto of Vassar women, "Valere," "To be of account," serve for the women of other colleges as well? They have had education, good education, education good for much; of them, therefore, much shall be required; nothing less than the front trenches.

This is my personal faith, not theoretical or untried, but daily expressed, either in plan or in achievement. Not the college of fair campus, spreading lawn, and noble hall is my theme; but the college of the spirit, the teaching college of the long classroom hours, year upon year, the college not made with hands.

"And so ends my catechism."

*Helen Cackin*



## MEDITATION

IN all meditation there is probably an element of fancy, imagination and reflection, but our subject in its highest essential differs from all these and is more than their combined sum.

Fancy is the humming-bird of the mind flitting unrestrictedly from flower to flower, tasting the sweetness of each but accomplishing little or nothing because it is without any definite aim and is pursuing no royal purpose. Imagination is the mind focused upon a mental image, and if properly developed it transforms this mentality into a physical reality. This is the source of our poetry and our beautiful works of art. Reflection is turning or bending the mind back on something it has previously heard, seen or read, and causing that something to reappear and relive. It is the mind chewing its cud. Meditation, on the other hand, in its loftiest sphere is not the act of a faculty of the soul; but the soul itself, for the time being unconscious of its physical appendage, sitting upon the throne of its own judgment day, observes self in the light of the eternal and beholds the eternal in the light of revelation, and—overcome with its human limitations and overwhelmed with the majesty of the divine—cries, "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, Jehovah of hosts." Through this means we are brought into spiritual fellowship with all other spiritual intelligences, and because of this comradeship we can remain no longer what we were but become a part of the new relationship, richer in thought and life, nobler in ideals and aspirations. By this process our souls are related to the great soul, the eternal God, as the mountain stream relates itself to the boundless waters of the ocean and, while losing its individuality, does not lose its identity and partakes of every element common to the ocean. The soul in meditation has all words, all ages, all themes, and all experiences in its mighty sweep. As it sits upon its high mountain it beholds not only all the kingdoms of

this world, but all the kingdoms of all worlds pass, as moving troops, before its eyes and it realizes that "this is all mine." This is the highest form of devotional life, and implies at least two persons who are so vitally and intimately related that for the time being they are one in thought and life, and the hearts of the two open like rosebuds to each other, and each finds in the other that which neither found in himself alone. What wonderful discoveries in both man and God await the venture of the daring soul!

The great need of meditation is apparent when we compare the great men of our generation with the great men of historic and biblical fame. I am aware of the tendency to lionize and immortalize the dead past, and criticize and minimize the living present. It has almost reached the stage that if one wishes to become famous he must not merely wait until death overtakes him, but he must "step lively, there" and overtake death in order that he may wear the sooner his crown of coronation. I also know the pressing demands of our age, surpassing any in the history of the world, so that to-day the man of fifty years of age has left Methuselah far in the distance. Yet when all is said and done we are forced to admit that there is a great gulf between the men of to-day and such princely characters as Abraham, Moses, Job, Elijah, Isaiah, Paul, Saint Augustine, Chrysostom, and Saint Francis. Truly there were giants in those days. When we study the lives of these men it will be found that each one of them spent much time in devotion. In John Knox's house in Edinburgh, and in John Wesley's house in City Road, London, the most interesting thing to be seen is the prayer-room where each spent long hours alone with God. This is the secret of the dominance of Scotland and the irresistible spread of the Wesleyan revival. We must suffer ever in comparison with these sun-crowned characters until we find more time for meditation and intimate personal contact with our Lord. The two big things in this world are the mightiness of God and the greatness of man; and when these two work together and blend in sublime harmony, the revelation of the one and the exaltation of the other, they produce that state of wonder and mystical grandeur which is

overwhelming and all-masterful, and men are forced to say, "The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men." The mystery of Jesus walking upon the waters and compelling winds and waves to obey him practically disappears when we recall that he had spent the whole of the preceding night in meditation with his Father. The deep things neither of God or man will be revealed to us in a hurry. "Wait on the Lord. Wait, I say, on the Lord."

The mere reading of books, however good the books may be, is not study any more than running a harrow across an unplowed field is cultivation. Stumps must be uprooted, stones removed, and the plow sunk to the beam if a future harvest is to be secured. Reading through the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Browning, Tennyson, once or twice a year may be good mental gymnastics, but if one would become a conscious possessor of the fathomless riches of the world of thought, and taste the power of the world to come, then he must linger under the tree of life long enough for its food to digest. He must abide in his cave until all the confused voices have exhausted themselves and then he will hear "the still small voice." He must wait on the mountain if he would hold converse with Moses and Elias. We need go slowly through the Valley of Eschol, for often the richest clusters of grapes are hidden by their own foliage. We hurry through the world trampling diamonds under our feet and finding only burnt-out beds of iron ore which lie on the surface. We rush beneath crowns of gold dangling just over our heads while we chase a copper coin at our feet—and often when we overtake it we find it spurious, or that it has a hole in it. The great purpose of meditation is the accomplishment of the unusual or the miraculous. The tarrying of Elijah in the desert was not self-indulgence, nor dissipation, but the preparation for rending the heavens and bringing down floods and flames as well as to nerve his limbs to outclass the chariot horses of Ahab. We are living in strenuous days, when the gods of selfish greed, unbridled lusts, inhuman prejudices, implacable hatred, and demoniacal wickedness are prevalent everywhere; in seats of learning, halls of Congress, sanctums of editors, hospitals of the sick, tribunals of

justice, Christian associations, and temples of divine worship. We need thunderbolts hurled with superhuman power and lightning rapidity. We need altar fire hot from under the throne as credential of our commission. We need power to harness the sun, tether the moon, and open the heavens and force them to do our biddings. We should be able to gird up our loins and lead the chariots of commerce, industry, science, and government instead of calmly taking the dust of their passing wheels. The great reason we do not rise and take our place is that we do not take time for the forging of thunderbolts; we are content to shoot birdshot, and frequently these are purloined. Among the greatest crimes which ministers can commit is the immoral and abominable practice of indolent men who fritter away their time during the week and then on Sunday pick up other men's sermons and preach them as their own. It is a crime against themselves, for it undermines the power of creation. Man was made to be but little lower than God, and, like him, a creator. It is a crime against their people. They come as hungry sheep to be fed, and instead of the sincere milk of the word and strong meat they are given predigested extract of tasteless, juiceless, lifeless breakfast food which had but little vitality in the beginning. No man can follow this practice without it sooner or later telling on him. The people may not know where he gets it, but they know that it is worthless and so stay away. "You may fool all of the people part of the time, you may fool some all of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time." Spenser in his "Faery Queen" pictures a knight led through a portion of the underworld. They approach a gate and read the legend thereon, "Be bold." They enter and approach a second gate with the words, "Be bold." They pass on and approach the third gate and read, "Be bold, but not too bold." A hint to the wise is sufficient.

The death of King Uzziah appeared to Isaiah to forbode direful consequences, and he proceeded to the temple to meditate. While in this state he suddenly beheld not the dead king, but the King Immortal, high and lifted up, and his train filling the temple. It is not strange that in the presence of such grandeur

and holiness his own imperfection should be revealed to him. What spiritual and mental poverty for this world without this remarkable vision, the direct fruitage of meditation. John on Patmos was evidently meditating on the historic Christ as he knew him when suddenly the living Christ stood before him, revealing in unforgettable form his relation to the churches and to the angels thereof. But greater than the vision was the message delivered: "I am the first and the last and the Living One—and I have the keys of death and of Hades." The vision was for John, but the message is for all the world. No such visions or messages will come to men who have no time to receive them. The burning bush, the glowing altar, and the golden candlesticks are the ever-abiding footprints of the Master across the plains of human history. The "Hallelujah Chorus" is the product of meditation. It was while Handel was in profound thought that he saw, or thought he saw, the heavens opened and he beheld the King on the throne. He heard, or thought he heard, the hosts singing the "Hallelujah Chorus" and he wrote simply that which he had seen and heard. One day he sat in the great auditorium and heard his music sung by a great chorus, and someone turned to him and asked how did he ever write such music. With tears flowing down his cheeks he replied, as he pointed toward heaven, "It came from up there; it came from up there." But it never would have come down had he not gone up after it. God has more music and revelations for those who find time to climb to the starry world and receive them.

The highest forms of art and loftiest expression of poetry have their roots in meditation. And what art is more sublime and poetry more intrinsically beautiful than sermonizing, and the preaching of the gospel; the power of God and the wisdom of the Infinite? It is the Sunday sermons which reveal in what pasture the minister has been grazing; in what distant or foreign country he has been a pilgrim; what hidden streams of sweet waters he has discovered; in what threshing-floor he has flayed his wheat, and with what company of choice spirits he has held discourse. For he cannot taste the king's wine without retaining some of the odor; he cannot eat his Master's meat without in-

creased strength; he cannot walk in his Lord's garden amid roses and spikenard and escape their fragrance; he cannot fraternize with kings and princes, lords and potentates without betraying some of the secret qualities of the exalted company. If one passes slowly through the King's vale he will certainly find a smooth stone which will fit his sling and, if hurled with the strength of faith and power of love, will take white heat in passing and find the giant's weakest spot. He will find also among the sacred treasures of his Master a sharp two-edged sword, which automatically sharpens itself in the using. It will pierce even to the dividing of soul and spirit, of joints and marrow, and is quick to discern the thoughts and intents of the heart. It is not safe to travel without this at your side. If for any reason one is not well in heart and strong in spirit, he will find growing, high up on the mountain side, near the summit, myrrh, aloes, and sweet balsam; these have never been known to fail in the most stubborn cases. And while standing on the mountain, if a clear day and you use your long-distance glasses, you will see the Celestial City coming down from God out of heaven and forming a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

*William H. Brooke*



## SOME IMPLICATIONS OF DEMOCRACY

No word is more upon the lips of men to-day than this word democracy. Perhaps no word is more enshrined in their hearts. It abounds in common conversation. It forms the staple of practically all speeches on public and world affairs. Upon it the scholar broods, while the statesman seeks to translate its spirit into the forms of humanity's organized life. That much of the spell this word has cast upon the world is due to our great American President no one can doubt. When Woodrow Wilson gathered all the fine idealism of the entrance of our country into the war with Germany into the thrilling cry, "We must make the world safe for democracy," he not only separated the worthy from the unworthy in the forming purpose of our people, but he gave to the formation of that purpose a mighty creative impulse. He became at once the interpreter of the deepest longings of the common mass of battling humanity throughout the world and the prophet of their new day of hope. Men felt somehow that they were called to a crusade and in the spirit of crusaders they marched forth. With the destruction of autocracy and the enthronement of democracy the world would be safe. Of this there could be no question. Nor were questions asked or needed as to the precise meaning of this democracy. It was felt that it was somehow the people coming to their own. If the way was not wholly clear it would be their way anyhow, and in that way one thing above all else must happen: the demon of war must himself be done to death. To-day that hateful thing, the German autocracy, lies broken and beaten into dust. The final end of the war awaits but the formal and technical signing of the treaties. Few, if any, victories in history have been more complete, yet never did the sun shine down upon a more restless world. Over against an insatiable longing for rest on the part of a broken, bleeding, and war-weary world there is a universal expectation of changes affecting radically the very structure of human society.

At the peace conference the diplomatic battle goes on. It is the age-long struggle, the

One death grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word.

Old systems, with their greed, their imperialistic ambitions, their efforts to maintain the old "balance of power" idea, battle for essential selfishness. Against them stands democracy. Here center humanity's hopes. Here, too, gather humanity's fears. Meantime the earth rocks as

When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's systems to and fro;  
At the birth of each new Era, with a recognizing start,  
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with mute lips apart,  
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps beneath the future's heart.

Of course the naïve expectation that the mere defeat of Germany, however crushing that defeat, would be the end of the battle in behalf of democracy, was doomed to disappointment. This is not to minimize the importance of that defeat. It is rather to elevate to its true proportions the task of one who would achieve democracy for the world. For, after all, we shall come back from our crusade with the conviction that we have not sounded with our plummet the depth of meaning in this word democracy. If this deeper meaning eludes us we shall either sink in despair or seek elsewhere for deliverance. What meaning, then, shall we attach to this word whose lure has called forth such buoyancy of hope as to be accepted by multitudes as the dawn of a great new day of humanity? Quickly we are ready with our answer. A democracy is a society in which the people rule. Its requirement is opportunity for the people to have a free hand and full power in all the conduct of life. Never has it been better expressed than in the words of Lincoln: "government of the people, for the people, and by the people." But, inasmuch as unanimity of purpose can be obtained in few things, the rule of the people resolves itself, by common consent, into the rule of the majority. All this, however, is but the formal meaning of democracy. That meaning is, indeed, of large significance, for, while what any people given a free hand and full power in all the conduct of life will do with their opportunity

must, in the last analysis, depend upon the character of the people themselves, yet we must not lose sight of the fact that in human progress method is more important than goal.

But no formal definition can exhaust the meaning of democracy. We are not dealing with mere definitions in the realm of logical abstractions, but with a great evolutionary movement in human history. Stirring underneath this movement, as its mighty propelling power, there is the surge of a great spiritual principle. In every advance there is discernible a new appreciation of human value. That value belongs to man as man, to the least no less than to the greatest. Jesus did not give worth to man, but he did reveal a value greater than the world, or all possible worlds. It shall not profit a man, though he gain the whole world, if he lose his soul. The world shall pass away, but he that does the will of God shall abide forever. And forever the soul holds its place of infinite worth in the heart of God. And it is the deep, dark, damnable curse of every form of autocracy that it reverses these values. But, as God liveth, whenever insatiable greed or unholy ambition gives offense to one of these little ones it were better that a millstone were hanged about the neck of the offender and that he were cast into the depths of the sea. "It must needs be that offenses come, but woe unto him by whom the offense cometh." It is implied in democracy, then, that there shall be a frank and ungrudging recognition of personal worth. But even yet we have not come to the full meaning of democracy, that personal worth can find no worthy expression in isolation. There is, indeed, a high sense in which every moral person must stand alone. We all know how lonely is the great soul-grapple and how dense sometimes the darkness which, though others may not see, we can feel as we grope our way to God. We all know, too, I may hope, the glory of that great experience when, lifted into the heights of our personalities, the light breaks and our truth lies clear. After that we may be alone, yet not alone, for our Father is with us. All this vision, however, will be lost in the sordid ways of a selfish world into which we will surely revert if we do not discover in it the anti-toxin which shall cure forever the selfishness of our souls and give to us a glowing passion for

brotherhood. Herein is revealed the spiritual principle of democracy: Reverence for personality, expressing itself through all the forms of organized life. This principle has been well stated by Professor Harry F. Ward: "Here is the fundamental principle of democracy, that life must be organized in brotherhood for the purpose of realizing the eternal worth that belongs to every individual soul."

If now we seek to compare the ideal of democracy as we have gained it with the life of the world as it actually is we find great disparity between the ideal and the real. The world is yet very far from being a brotherhood. One need not argue that, in the light of the awful slaughter of some millions of our fellow men in the war and the no less dreadful hatreds and animosities it has engendered. But, while we do not find brotherhood realized, we do find a mighty hunger for it and a new emphasis upon democracy in every sphere of life. The union of the great democratic peoples in the conflict with autocracy is in itself significant. Moreover, there is a growing recognition of the truth that democracy is more than a mere form of government. It is a vital spiritual principle which affects the total life of man and must find expression in the whole circle of man's interests. Spheres of interest in man's life cannot be divided between autocracy and democracy after the order of the balance of power idea. Between the two there is an irrepressible conflict. To paraphrase an oft-quoted saying of Lincoln's, the world cannot remain half autocratic and half democratic. The one must be destroyed if the other is to live. If democracy is to triumph it must extend its conquest to the whole domain of life. For the interests of life are so complex, so interwoven one with another, that brotherhood to be real and effective anywhere must be realized everywhere. I do not mean merely that it must be realized in every land, among all peoples, but that wherever realized it must find recognition in every sphere of life. It is the growing recognition of this truth that gives such momentous significance to these days in which a broken world calls for reconstruction.

Some there are, no doubt, who will dismiss the whole matter as Utopian, fine idealism but wholly unrealizable. They would

welcome Utopia if they were sure it could arrive, but they think we shall get the upheaval and the suffering and miss the goal at last. Such should be reminded that it was the late Theodore Roosevelt who wrote some time before his death that we are forced to choose between Utopia and hell. Some reactionary utterances to which we have been treated of late may serve to remind us of that utterance of Ian Maclaren—that one fears that some people may choose hell and be content. These we may quietly recognize as those, whether in the church or out of it, who of set choice are fighting in behalf of the forces which democracy must overcome. For

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,  
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;  
Some great cause, God's New Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,  
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right.  
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

But as those who have devoted our lives, under God, to the task of helping humanity forward toward the goal of democracy we know what abject slavery must await us if we fail to undertake our task with courage and devotion. For

They are slaves who fear to speak  
For the fallen and the weak;  
They are slaves who will not choose  
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think;  
They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.

Just now there is need that some clear, true words should be spoken concerning democracy in the sphere of the church, of the state, and of industry.

#### I. Democratization of the church.

A recent writer has said: "We are witnessing the Christianization of the Christian Church. The next step must be the democratization of the church. The future of the church is in the hands of the common people, and if she is to have the adherence and love of the toilers she must be thoroughly democratic in spirit and polity." Nothing could be more anomalous than

autocracy in the Christian Church, for the spirit of autocracy is the exact antithesis of the spirit of Jesus Christ. Indeed, the establishment of a great brotherhood of holy persons is the final aim of the whole Christian movement. To state this is to reveal at once the supreme importance to the church of the spirit of democracy. Not only are we called to proclaim that in Christ all barriers are broken down, we are called likewise to give to the world a society in which the barriers of race and clan, of poverty and wealth, and of all other invidious distinctions, have actually vanished. Much advancement has been made toward the realization of this ideal. It is the spirit of universal love for even the lowliest of those for whom Christ died that, in every age, has sent forth the messengers of the cross to minister to all classes and conditions of men. It has written many pages of imperishable glory for which we have every reason to devoutly thank God. It may be questioned whether even the church itself appreciates the greatness of its own contribution to democracy. What we are dealing with, then, is an institution whose fundamental aim is democratic, whose message, if delivered at all, must, in some way, further the cause of democracy; and for such an institution to adopt either the spirit or the form of autocracy is to prove untrue to itself and, to that extent at least, to misrepresent its Lord and Master. Yet some ecclesiastical organizations are wholly autocratic. In America most Protestant churches are democratic to a large degree in both spirit and form. Yet in every one of them much remains to be achieved before the spirit of democracy may become regnant. In our own Methodist Episcopal Church the polity is still largely autocratic. That it has worked as well as it has is a great tribute to the high character and self-effacing qualities of our pastors and the fine consideration and care on the part of our chief pastors. Our bishops have, I believe, sought sincerely to possess and to manifest a brotherly spirit. But our system does them the grave injustice of requiring them to fit their democracy into a rigid autocratic mold. It would be, I should think, a real relief to every democrat among them if the mold could be broken.

May I venture to suggest a bit of desirable advance toward



a Methodist Episcopal democracy? First, Let the people of the local church elect the official board. Second, Admit laymen to the Annual Conference on a basis of equality with preachers. Third, Elect district superintendents by a vote of the Annual Conference so constituted. Fourth, Make the appointing power of the bishops subject to the approval of a majority of the cabinet. This might not accomplish everything desirable, but it would break the back of autocracy, an evil which appears to be growing among us.

## II. Democratization of the State.

It is in the sphere of the state that democracy has made its greatest advancement. In Germany autoocracy made its last great stand. We know how that struggle has resulted, in the complete victory of democracy. Prophecies were never more dangerous than now, yet it does not seem likely that any great or powerful political autoocracy will ever again menace the world. It does not follow, however, that, even in democratic countries, all auto-crat elements have been eliminated. We know that they have not. But the means by which this process may be carried forward to its ultimate perfection are now in the secure grasp of the people. But even this will not hold if we fail to act in accordance with the perception that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. It is surely well for us to hold steadily in mind that the rule of the majority cannot long survive a failure to give full recognition to the rights of the minority. Moreover, that nation is doomed which does violence to the consciences of its people. Nothing can be more fundamental in a democracy than the right of a minority to the fullest and freest expression of its ideas and convictions in order that it may win adherents and thus become a majority. In this matter the fine example of Abraham Lincoln should be our guide. It was to this example that the late and lamented ex-President Roosevelt appealed in his vigorous and timely, though futile, protest against certain elements of our espionage and sedition laws. I am not unmindful of the arguments in behalf of the policy which has been pursued, based upon the stern fact that the nation was at war. These measures, it was and is argued, were war emergency measures and the liberties which they have

taken away will be restored when the war is over. Well, the war is all but technically ended and nothing would do more to allay the unrest which is growing throughout the country than for our President to proclaim general amnesty for all political prisoners. But in any event these laws should teach us how opposed the methods of a true democracy are to the methods of war; for they force us to bring in a verdict against that freedom without which democracy is mere mockery or an empty name, or else against war itself. In German militarism you have exhibited with brutal frankness the final logic of war. The military organization is itself the very apotheosis of autocracy. The stake of democracies in a League of Nations is the stake of life itself; for history records that the fate of republics is empire. The strength of empire is ever the army. And, if democracy does not destroy war, war will some day destroy democracy. As we have seen, the aim of democracy is the coronation of the human in an organized brotherhood. It is in the very nature of war to defeat that aim. War is not, and cannot be, a test of righteousness, but solely of brutal and inhuman strength. Nothing more utterly at variance with the character and spirit of Jesus can be conceived. "Granted," says Bishop McConnell, "that war in self-defense is justifiable, we keep ourselves open to Divine revelation only as we refuse to glorify the inhuman. Only that nation can succeed in war and remain open to revelation from above which recognizes the inhumanity of war and refuses to glorify it." That our war with Germany was such a war of defense may be freely granted. We entered it loudly proclaiming our hatred of war and our determination to put an end to it. And unless we come out of it still hating it, and bending our full energies to its destruction, we shall justly be rated among the most colossal hypocrites of earth. And this you shall not be permitted permanently to doubt: if we, having conquered Prussianism in Germany, establish militarism in America, Prussianism will have won. But if we would do away with war, the one bulwark in which the autocrat trusts, we must do much more than feel a consuming hatred of its wanton waste and inhuman horror; we must transform that hatred into a relentless crusade against

war and in behalf of peace. For no mere recognition or denunciation of the horror and wickedness of war will put an end to it. Few indeed would have the temerity to deny either. The verdict of General Sherman, that war is hell, is universally accepted. But war can be ended only by a removal of its underlying causes. Doubtless no simple statement of these causes is possible. No doubt the absence of any adequate international organization for the carrying forward of international programs and the adjustment of conflicting interests is in itself a fruitful source of war. The effort toward the creation of such a League of Nations is worthy of all praise, and surely calls for the heartiest support of every well-wisher of humanity. It is a venture in behalf of a better world which transcends all partisan considerations whatsoever, and the attempt to make it play a part in the game of party politics merits the scorn it is likely to receive. The going forth of our President, not knowing precisely whither he went, was a great venture of faith, like unto that of Abraham in the long ago, and that God of our fathers who is still the God of their succeeding race will surely count it unto him for righteousness and in him shall all the nations of the earth be blessed.

But such a League must be supported by a great, growing passion for brotherhood. Especially must it be upheld by the removal of the economic causes of war. This would mean

### III. The Democratization of Industry.

Bishop Edwin H. Hughes has made a study of the history of each of the wars waged by our own nation and has found that "at some point every one of these great struggles has been caused by a false relation to wealth." He states his conclusion as follows: "Thus do we find that somewhere in the heart of each war there was the lurking passion for gold. When we make up the mournful lists of the many thousands whose lives have gone out in these contests we can debit them against the spirit of greed. Milton in *Paradise Lost* represents that the rebellion in heaven was caused by the like lust, and that Satan's eyes were ever bent in anxious desire toward the very gold of the streets! Milton's imagination concerning heaven stands for the historical fact about earth. The demon of greed is usually the demon of war." In

an editorial on the social deliverance of the Methodist Church of Canada the *New Republic* says: "Statesmen and political scientists have seen in the Great War not merely the result of personal and dynastic ambitions, but, more than anything else, the logical result of an epoch of unrestrained international competition under an undemocratic industrial system. That is a view that few of our religious and ethical teachers have grasped. It was thoroughly understood by the Hamilton Conference, and its implications drawn with logical rigor."

Herein is laid bare the palpitating heart of the world movement of to-day. It is a movement that is stirring more deeply and has gathered more momentum and power than any movement within the past century. "My conviction is," says General Maurice, "that the people who fought in the war have burned into them the determination that there has got to be some new form of government to relieve them of the danger to which they were exposed in the past, and if they do not get it the danger will be that they will take the law into their own hands, upset the authorities, and patch up things as best they can." This has already happened in Russia and, apparently, in Hungary. How far that movement will go no one can foresee. It is not even clear as to precisely what the movement is. That it has sent terror to the heart of capitalism is as clear as sunlight. Raymond Robins testifies that the Bolsheviki have been lied about in every key and every language. Because he pleaded for a little judicial poise, and a disposition to become really intelligent in regard to Bolshevism, Harry Ward has been roundly abused. Yet the advice he gave is altogether the sanest advice on the whole subject that has come to my attention. The only complaint I have is that, if anybody has very much real intelligence on this subject, he has it securely bottled up and hermetically sealed. What we need is the lifting of the embargo on light. This much, however, seems clear. The economic order has been overturned by a revolutionary process. The fear men in all other countries have is that the revolutionary process may be repeated in their own land. Beyond question, there is good ground for that fear. But if that fear drives us, as it seems to be doing, to a policy

of intolerance and repression it will only make matters worse. That policy will only hasten the coming of the revolution. Moreover, the movement toward the democratization of industry, instead of being guided into peaceful channels and guarded from unwise extremes, would under that policy be ushered in with the open flood gates of violence and horror which have always attended such upheavals in human history. Too long has this guiding hand of the church been withheld. Great changes are coming. We need to recognize that fact and adjust ourselves to it. We need to do more. We need to recognize that the democratization of industry is not only inevitable, it is highly desirable. We are called to repent and to bring forth fruits meet for repentance. A good place to begin would be to take some of our Annual and General Conference reports, too often embalmed in Conference journals, and make our people really acquainted with them. Then we should press the organized life of the church toward their attainment. The task will be found to possess heroic elements. Industrial autocracy will not yield without a struggle. It may open up for some feet the path of suffering, but now, as of old, if you suffer for righteousness' sake the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you. It seems more than likely that the class struggle will grow more bitter and intense before it ceases, but let us not forget that what we have now is class government in industry. To utter the oft-repeated wisdom that no class should govern, but that all the people should have a free hand and full power in all the conduct of life, instead of justifying the present system, as it is usually intended to do, is in reality its unqualified condemnation. The class struggle may take the form of the struggle of the working class, but the working class did not originate it; they have revolted against its bondage.

The test we must apply is the human test. The main thing is that the spirit of human brotherhood prevail. The forms of organized society have shifted with the shifting centuries. What the next form will be it is impossible to more than dimly guess. One thing we know: the form will be conformed to the spirit. It is our task to pour into the molding life of the world the mighty spirit of brotherhood which Christ possessed and waits to impart,

and to seek to capture that life and organize it in brotherhood for the purpose of realizing the eternal worth that belongs to every individual soul. In so far as the Paris Peace Congress may have this spirit and achieve this purpose it will advance us toward the goal. It will be a wonderful gain if the life of the world may through the establishment of a League of Nations be so protected from the ravages of war as that its development may be peaceful. But there must be ample provision for that development. If the Congress shall seek to stifle the aspirations and crush the hopes of the downtrodden millions, the oppressed and the poor of Europe, it will but have repeated the dreary and dismal mistake of the past. The Congress of Vienna sought to destroy democracy and to bulwark the crumbling monarchies of the world. The Congress of Paris is pledged to make democracy safe throughout the world. May God keep that purpose true and crown with success the accomplishment of that difficult task.

*Charles B. Dalton*



## ON THE NEW LIFE AT SIXTY

THE plastic stuff of circumstance hardens into environment, the grip weakens, the will crumbles, and all that we oppose to the world grows softer. That is to grow old; and that is a—lie. It is the last heresy. Burn it! Call the hangman! Burn it to the root! The quality of this being is that it lasts as it aspires. There is a sinew in the soul. There is a new life in the land of possibilities; although for the sad majority nothing happens after forty—nor can happen in their sun-baked world. It is afternoon and night with them and no stars between. My real career will begin fifteen years hence, when I shall be turning sixty. Some bright morning, set diamond-like in the hoar bosom of time, will see me turn inland and upcountry. The half score and five years left me to pack and set the clock are just enough. How good the gods have been in the matter of luxuries. The stern Olympians starved me more than once, but never in the article of time. There was enough and to spare. I shall awake at cock-crow, dress by candle-light, and be off at the streak o' dawn. Then to the north—north to the pines and the salt sea! Skoal to the Northland!

You may call that my belated vacation, my Indian summer, if you like, and seal my failure in a gentle figure. For I *am* a failure, a moral failure, and in proof of the fact I claim the meed of praise for crystal honesty in telling it. Do you understand from this that you are reading an epitaph, or a sort of *morituri salutamus* in a literary setting? Then, indeed, you misunderstand. You are herding with the hopeless. You are in the "gall of bitterness," and you taste things black. "The bond of iniquity" has warped your tall spirit to a hunchback's outlook. A yawn was your undoing, when an extract from the Pit, distilled by the world's most eminent M.D., was dropped plump into your bird-wide mouth. That did the business for you, my sad darling, in the dark decade before the war:

"A man's vital powers are at their best at forty."

"A man's efficiency is greatest at forty-five."

You took Dr. O's little pill, and it has stained your system ever since. You are invisibly tattooed. That tiny green crescent below your right ear—But never mind, that can be treated. Nevertheless, real harm has been done. Ah! the tragedy of the man of two score and ten, that epitome of wisdom, sense, and seasoned force, in the balance with fleshly youth, frothy keenness, flinty strength. O, D'Artagnan, with your frost-touched head and that heart of yours so full of faithfulness, you plead forever with your shallow Louis for a trial of your truth. Have you learned nothing in the light of the sword, eternal Bourbon? What of the last Goths? of Gallienni? Joffre? Foch? At what age did the three Martels bestride the Marne? Had the steel lost temper through sixty years of sun and storm? Were those hammers soft-nosed which broke the iron edge of Hundom?

You smile sadly, dear, and point to the Book. "Three score years and ten; and if by reason of strength—" So be it, then. To the Book: "They shall renew their strength . . . they shall mount up like eagles." Why should I hunt texts? They are all mine, and the cattle on a thousand hills. Do you appeal to its silences? At what age was the call to Abraham in Ur? or to John on Patmos? To go to the heart of the thing, the Book is the key to my arch. It is the record in black print of my pact with the Unseen. It is the new life. No issue is evaded, no decision is postponed, when I set sixty for my real birthday. I am merely prudent, adapting the promises, "appropriating," in religious jargon. A failure at forty-five has learned wariness on the bleak turnpike as a hunter breathes woodcraft in his birchen thickets. It is too late to be in a hurry; too soon to spring the mines. It is the middle of the long watch. Faith grows tense, and ductile hope thrills to the stir of dawn.

"It's all a question of quality—the living o' it. How have you served?" That question! Ask it of the drifting loess on the plains of Shansi; ask it of the carbon blocks at the roots of Penn's woods; of clam or deep-sea cuttle-fish; but ask me how I have enjoyed. It is the real test for souls. But I answer according to your catechism. A failure at forty-five is not *ex facto* the slacker you imagine. Somewhere among the secrets of his bag-

gage might be found the raw materials of complacency. Do you recall Lancelot S., the knightliest fellow of all that class of '94? You may remember the mystery of his dropping out and the scandal at O——. He is my ranking officer in the F's-at-F. That brother whom he saved from a term at Leavenworth was elected governor of Athabasca last week. For the quality o' mercy's sake I don't object to cutting five years from his probation. Put L's birthday at fifty-five. I stick to my sixty, first frost of the year and cider time. There is a corporal in the company who might—on sacrificial merit—get off even earlier than my captain, for in his affair honor had to go with the great chance in one debacle. The golden threads are scant in the woof of my romance, but the gray glitter as steel. There has been no flinching. I have served: I serve. You may read it there in the communiqué of October 18, 19——: "Hill 208 taken at daybreak by company A of the F's. We paid the price of victory." At forty-five I am in the old trench. Yes; if it is life it is sacrificial.

"In twenty years we shall both be in our graves——" Stop, Carissima! You are too, too cruel for truth. Twenty years and in our graves? I'm at war with just that. Put away the unclean thing. It's a wormy thought. I have failed to a better purpose. You would nail me down into a narrow place, with a green barrow above to blanket me and a smooth stone to tell the tale, just because my brow is lined and memory slips at names? Don't talk to me of the shadowy world. The Greeks hated it with a sound instinct. And I crave no moldy peace. Dead greatness or black dust—what the difference to me, asleep while the west bleeds out its heartbreak?

"In twenty years." At best you would cut me off from the sinewy joys of age to go untingling to a bed of feathers. Clean straw will suffice for me at sixty, but I'll have eagles' down next my skin. One will need a warm coat on the wintry road against the purple chill of twilight. Then, while you are dozing out the last five of your starveling twenty by the smoldering log, I'll be topping a red hill.

It is not a monument, you say, but the sweetness of old age

that you wish for me, beloved; the harvest-home of a heart at peace. We are one in that—but not in twenty years. You see, dear, my scheme of things includes a real success on the plane of this dirt-world, and that means time. Think a moment of the traps that threw me down: that empty oil-hole in Oklahoma; the threat of synthetic rubber; a pair of silver foxes at \$40,000 the year of the Russian crash. I want a taste of righteous revenge, reprisals in kind on bad luck. I won't insist on the gold-dirt, although I've a sure intimation that Headquarters wouldn't grudge it. I can forego easy footing for the first few miles only that I come at length to the frost-bitten ridges and granite peaks. The cheek-teeth in my right jaw are set for a purpose—to sharpen on the grit of the everlasting hills.

As to the thing itself, the new life which I am trailing to its habitat in these smoky lowlands, it needs neither phrasing nor paraphrasing. Orthodoxy and originality, the long track and the short-cut, meet where the mystery begins; then they diverge to beat out new trails and to meet again where the willows draw their yellow line at the bank of the great river. It is fundamentally a question of morality. Decision is the beginning of all creative newness; the will plowing the loam of life. My sum total of failure up to this moment is due to conduct flowing from indecision. A continuous infusion from the high sources of the Unrevealed is changing that bias, and when I begin my new career, fifteen years hence, my moral renovation will have been completed. That means a clear brain and a stout heart, a pair of good legs and, above all, a dash of the great presumption—I mean the grace of God—in the blood. My eye—all of me in the bright circle of consciousness—will be set in the Gleaming Rim, calarging on discoverable beyonds. That is my ideal chart, but I have made a real map in my spare moments. It is placed inscrutably in the stony field not twenty yards from the big road. This bit of romantic nonsense is for the amusement of my neighbor's boy, Jim Hawkins, and my own, too. The key is kept in my own person. Don't imagine, dear, that I am going alone on my long cruise, I love my kind, and I am picking a crew already.

Dash that misty sweetness from your eyes. My course was set by those blue twin stars. Nothing will change that. I wish you to become familiar with the thought of travel, and so I have marked out points in the stages of our great adventure. An advance courier left yesterday; he is now speeding toward a certain inn in a gorge of the Pyrenees; he will knock up the house in "the dead waste and middle of the night" and place a paper in the hand of the landlord. That will insure us the great room over the parlor for the night, October, 29, 1935. It's all worked out something like that.

Let us study the map, my dear. There is a legend at the top:

"Deep in that lion-haunted inland lies  
A mystic city, goal of high emprise."

Timbuctoo. Here it is, this blue cross like an X. ("From Paris by rail and boat, three days and two nights.") . . . That brown stain at the edge is for the Bohea Hills. ("Black Bohea. Super-seded in the 80's by Lipton's Ceylon.") . . . These yellow dots mark a camel-trail on the plain of Turkestan. ("The last caravan started for Novgorod five years ago, writes my Pekin correspondent.") . . . This lone red tower stands for Khiva in the waste.

There are a few marks now in cipher, but I think they can be worked out: An inch of crenelated line: Two hundred miles of the great wall beyond the river. ("Surmisable.") . . . Unicorn: A bit of Tibetan alp where the takin ranges. . . . Greek delta: Place of the Portuguese, lost at the world's end; no name.

Then there's a thing not indicated at all. It was given each man in a whisper: an ivory city in Hindooland. A fellow named Kipling discovered it——

"Dream-riddled junk—all of it. There's capturable stuff nearer home." I saw that coming, my own dear microcosm. Patience. *You* are the continent beyond all western isles and there at last my winding gulf-stream sets. I was holding that for the last. Have you forgotten the old sea-chest by the dormer window in the attic? There are some odds and ends of toy-world there, and under them, at the bottom, a crystal ball. Do you remember how two children looked into its magic well and the

picture they saw?—not what they expected then: an old stone fence around a sky-cutting meadow, a row of shimmering poplars for a screen, and there on a bluff above the Hudson the low white house to be. O carissima! *There* you would have me at the three-score stroke, beside the ruddy blaze and the great hearth, and the slow snow drifting over our citadel at last. There we would bask under the white suns of the northern summer, under our bent orchard trees, "two bright and aged snakes, that once were Cadmus and Harmonia." And there would I be with you—for a week and a day!

For I have made a covenant, I have signed a bond.

At sixty all things will be made new. Body and spirit will rally to a new unity for that career. The black glitter returns to the eye and the gray plume lifts from the wind-flushed brow. There is a shout from the beach; Ulysses stirs at the hearth-side; the black boat shoots out into the surf and in a moment stony Ithaca lies tossing behind. It is thus with the sun-born. The secret is well-hidden in the blood. The heart lies quiet at home while the world dips into the shadow. It is more than half in twilight now. Then the summons comes: a flash of light on a fallow field, a flight of purple swallows over still water, a copper wire ringing in the wind—one or many, the same authentic call; the spirit is up and afoot; it passes the mossy threshold out into the new life. It is the second great adventure, and the third is still to be. At sixty a man may begin to live.

M. S. Bissonnette



## IS PATRIOTISM A SAVING GRACE?

WHEN Dutch William crossed the Channel on his way to assume the English crown the night was boisterous and, walking the upper deck, he heard the captain calling to the man at the wheel "Steady! Steady!" The future king was so deeply impressed that he made that word the watchword and banderol of his gracious reign.

If there ever was a time for right-minded people to keep their heads it is just now. The splendid passion of patriotism—for which God be praised!—is carrying everything before it. Let it be remembered that even the noblest impulses may carry us too far.

A few weeks ago a company of our soldiers was surrounded by the enemy in the forest of Rouge Bouquet and almost all were slain. One of the survivors wrote this tribute to the memory of his brave comrades:

"Never fear but in the skies  
Saints and angels stand,  
Smiling with their holy eyes  
On this new-come band.  
Saint Michael's sword darts through the air  
And touches the aureole in his hair  
As he sees them standing there,  
His stalwart sons.

"And Patrick, Brigid, Columbkille,  
Rejoice that in veins of warriors still  
The Gael's blood runs.  
And up to heaven's doorway floats,  
From the wood called Rouge Bouquet,  
A delicate cloud of bugle notes  
That softly say:  
'Comrades true, born anew,  
Peace to you!'"

The same thought has been expressed by chaplains now and then, ministers of evangelical churches "in good and regular standing," and by Y. M. C. A. workers in their addresses to soldiers

on the firing line; encouraging them to believe that valorous deeds in defense of their country would entitle them to an immediate entrance to mansions in the skies.

God forbid that I should belittle the splendid grace of patriotism. It is one of the brightest stars in the galaxy of character. But salvation is not won by personal merit: it is the gratuitous gift of God, bestowed on the sole condition of a vital and practical faith in his beloved Son. The unspeakable Turk is stimulated to valorous deeds under the yellow flag by an assurance that his courage will assure an immediate entrance to Paradise: "Kill, kill, kill! Allah will know his own! A thousand houris wait to embrace thee!" This may answer for poets and Mohammedans, but Christians are pledged to another way of thinking. The question is not as to the praiseworthiness of courage on the high places of the field in defense of justice and humanity, but whether such courage entitles a man to claim eternal life.

To begin with, such a position is distinctly *opposed to the teaching of the Universal Church*. For however the denominations may differ as to other and minor points they are in harmony as to the great doctrine of Justification by Faith. This is what Luther called *articulum ecclesiae stantis aut cadentis*, that is, the manifesto of a standing or a falling church. Here, in the last analysis, Greeks, Catholics, and Protestants agree. The icon and the wafer are explained as outward tokens of an inward grace. There is not an evangelical church in Christendom that does not stand committed to this *articulum* of justification by faith: and there is no evangelical minister who is not under covenant vows to "maintain and defend" it. What shall be said then of those who announce that it is not necessary to believe in Christ in order to enter the Kingdom of Heaven?

In the second place, to affirm that patriotic courage is a saving grace is to take issue with the entire trend of Scripture. The prophets and apostles are at one in this matter. Abraham was saved by faith, beholding Christ afar off. Read the Roll Call of Heroes in the eleventh of Hebrews: here are Barak and Samson and Jephtha and Gideon with his three hundred—soldiers all—

who "waxed valiant in fight and turned to flight the armies of the aliens." And behold what is written of them: "These all obtained a good report *through faith*."

It goes without saying that the faith referred to is a practical faith, that is, a faith that expresses itself in terms of an upright life. For "faith without works is dead." In other words, it is no faith at all, any more than a corpse is a man. Nevertheless, the power of salvation is not in the works but in the living faith. Our good works are rewarded in the larger joys of heaven; but they do not admit us there. Over the great archway of the heavenly city is written, "There shall in nowise enter here any save those whose names are written in the Lamb's book of life."

In the third place, to say that patriotic service gives an assurance of salvation is to *deny the teaching of Christ*. Read John 3. 14-18: and then listen to this, "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life" (John 6. 47); or this, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." (John 3. 36.) *Only believe!* The teaching of Christ rings with it. His answer to certain ones who asked "what they should do that they might work the works of God" (that is, such works as would commend them to the divine favor) was as follows: "*This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent.*" (John 6. 29.) If that means anything it means justification by faith and not by deeds of the law. And surely the least that could be expected of a Christian, certainly of a Christian minister, is that he should take his Master at his word.

In the fourth place, the position referred to is *diametrically opposed to Christ's program of the Kingdom*. His injunction to the disciples was "Go, preach the Gospel," that is, the Good News of a free salvation through Christ. And in this connection we note the startling words of Paul, "Though an angel from heaven preach any other gospel let him be anathema!" (Gal. 1. 8.)

The business of Christians, not only such as are "in holy orders" but all and several, is to bring men to the saving knowledge of Christ. When they are asking as the multitude did on the Day of Pentecost, "What shall we do to be saved?" the answer is

not "Quit yourselves like men," but "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ for the remission of your sins" (Acts 2. 37-39).

It thus appears that all true preaching, when reduced to its simplest terms, is "Come to Jesus." By this the Kingdom grows, soul by soul, until every knee shall bow before him. To preach otherwise is not only to beat the air but to trifle with immortal souls by placing a stumbling block before them. The campaign of the Kingdom is so distinctly marked out for us that the height of presumption is reached by any professed follower of Christ who takes liberties with it.

And finally the setting forth of patriotic service as the power of God unto salvation is *opposed to common sense*. Nobody knows this better than our soldiers. In the rank and file of the army are all sorts and conditions of men. Among them are many true-hearted Christians, like Tom Taylor, of whom the poet Montgomery wrote, a hundred years ago:

"At midnight came the cry,  
"To meet thy God prepare!"  
He woke, and caught his captain's eye;  
Then, strong in faith and prayer,  
His spirit with a bound  
Left its encumbering clay.  
His tent, at daybreak, on the ground  
A darkened ruin lay."

"The pains of death are past,  
Labor and sorrow cease;  
And, life's long warfare closed at last,  
His soul shall rest in peace.  
Soldier of Christ, well done;  
Praise be thy new employ;  
And, while eternal ages run,  
Rest in thy Master's joy!"

But there are others of a different kind: some who go into battle with blasphemies upon their lips. Men like these do not care for heaven. Frightful as it would appear, there are those among them who speak openly and defiantly of going to hell! What interest have they in a place where the chief business is to serve as ministering spirits and to worship and render thanksgiving in such hymns as "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,"

and "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain and hath redeemed us by his blood!" They know, apparently better than some of their spiritual advisers, that such a heaven would be a veritable place of torment for those whose character has unfitted them to enjoy it. Nor are they likely to thank anybody for sending them there against their will.

So, from every point of view, the proposition of Justification by Patriotic Works is a diaphanous sophism. But, alas, it is more. The man who advises a soldier on the thin red line that he need not believe in Christ for the remission of his sins, but may rest assured of heaven anyway, is crimsoning his own garments with bloodguiltiness. (Ezekiel 3. 17-21.)

If any man is a Universalist, I more. It is written that "Christ tasted death for every man." This, however, does not mean that all are saved; but that all are made savable through him. The gates of heaven are open so that "whosoever will" may enter; but there must be a will to enter by the appointed way.

In making man "in his own image and after his likeness" it was necessary that God should equip him with a sovereign will. Otherwise he would have been no better than a graven image or a mechanical automaton. But, inasmuch as the power of choice is involved in a sovereign will, he is thus enabled to "gang his ain gait," even in defiance of God. "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that all should turn and live!" But what of it? The King's highway is cast up, and waymarks are abundantly provided in the Word of God. But suppose a man refuses to walk therein? What can God do? Let Matthew Arnold speak, surely an unprejudiced witness if ever there was one:

"Though God be good and free be heaven,  
No force divine can love compel;  
And though the song of sins forgiven  
Should ring through lowest hell,  
The sweet persuasion of his voice  
Respects thy sanctity of will:  
He giveth day; thou hast thy choice  
To walk in darkness still."

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

## NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

## A PECULIAR CENTENNIAL

FAMILIAR to most of us is Louis Stevenson's story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," two opposite natures appearing alternately in one personality, one a noble man, the other a base miscreant. That this bit of Stevenson's fiction mirrors an actual human possibility is confirmed only too often. In a Massachusetts city not long ago was a man who was for years a trusted bank official by day, and at night a burglar at large in the community, robbing homes and stores. Walt Whitman illustrates on a large and looming scale this capacity of human nature for Jekyll-Hyde-ness. From Dr. Jekyll's noblest to Mr. Hyde's basest is a vast distance. From Whitman's tributes to Lincoln to the worst he ever wrote, and from his nursing sick and wounded soldiers in the Civil War to the worst he ever did is a vast distance. The Whitman centennial has brought up for re-adjudication in the Court of Public Opinion the case of Jekyll-Whitman versus Hyde-Whitman. Courts have an austere venerable custom of swearing witnesses to tell the *whole* truth. Certainly in a centennial estimate of any man's character and works *suppressio veri* is not allowable; it is virtual falsification besides being stupid.

The Whitman celebration has just gone by under our windows, part of the passing show which a veteran observer watches from his conning tower. As he listened to the celebration the fanfare of trumpets seemed to him not quite so noisy and windy as the frenzied eulogies of twenty five years ago, rather less blatter and blare now than then, less ignoring of ugly facts which modify the public estimate of that bold and brawny bard. This observer remembers a time when the Whitmania fever reached the delirious stage; and when even the most beloved poet-naturalist alive joined in a chorus of praise which amounted, as was said at the time, to a deification of "one of the Roughts," as Whitman correctly declared himself to be.

The editor of this REVIEW does not write ignorantly concerning



Whitman and his writings, having studied both during half a century. Regarding the Whitman craze as the strangest phenomenon in literary history and desiring to be well informed and to judge fairly, this observer has read for fifty years all Whitman's writings, and all he could find written about the man and his works both pro and con, being interested to know whether, as is claimed, a matchless genius and a new Messiah was really born at West Hills, Long Island, in 1819. In addition we had opportunity to watch him. We first saw him when he was about fifty years old.

A striking figure the big fellow was at that time, a lusty, deep-breathing mammal, with an aspect suggestive of male bovinity, or some large lethargic animal. One of his admirers called him a kingly animal. In later years we saw him frequently on streets and ferries. His habitual parade ground was Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, the city's popular promenade. There he could be seen almost any fine day when there were plenty of spectators, stalking slowly along the sidewalk or on the front platform of a horse-car beside the driver where the whole street could see him. He had the self-conscious look of large posing egotism, evidently regarding himself as a spectacle. He was the most hirsute and shaggy figure ever seen on the street. He seemed to have dressed himself for his promenade with an eye to striking effect as studiously as a belle for a ball. His dandyism was not of the dudish but of the cow-boy or 'longshoreman variety.

Once on Chestnut Street on the thronged sidewalk, caught for a moment in the jam of opposing currents, we found ourselves halted against Walt Whitman, face to face, so close we felt his breath and looked him straight in the eyes. He wore, as always on parade, a broad-brimmed slouch hat, a soft shirt, with loose wide rolling collar wide open to show the base of his sinewy throat and broad hairy chest. The look which answered ours that day on Chestnut Street had something like cynical insolence in it. Recalling it now we are reminded of the look on the face of a tramp sitting on the brown stone steps of a Brooklyn mansion as we came home from preaching one Sunday. We remember the look and tone of that hobo as he drawled with a leer, "Well, parson, what sort of gospel did you give 'em this morning?" "The old gospel, my friend, the only one there is for you or me. It will save you if you let it. Better try it."

In further addition we chance to know something of what was said concerning Walt in the community where he lived. Two men

in honorable positions who lived there many years ago have recently compared their recollections of what was there reported. It was said that families warned their boys to keep away from him because of reports that he corrupted them. It was known that some sensitive women shunned passing him on the street, crossed over or turned a corner, to avoid the look he cast on them.

Walt Whitman and Oscar Wilde have been coupled together, Oscar a sort of little Walt. Oscar parading on Broadway, Saratoga, was a companion-piece for Walt promenading Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. Both were dandies, vain and egotistic poseurs, studiously primped for the occasion. A worse resemblance was alleged. He was attacked for the English aesthete's brand of wickedness from as far away as Norway by Knut Hamsun, a writer of Norwegian "best-sellers." Oscar was not the worst of literary men. Not a few manage to keep out of prison, whose faces yet belong in the Rogues' Gallery. In word and conduct Whitman was an apostle of stark-nakedness. He wrote the city officials protesting against the police requiring men and boys to wear anything while bathing from the docks and waterfront. The neighbors said he walked stark naked in his backyard, basking in the sun, to the scandal of surrounding overlooking houses.

Three typical celebrations in the recent centennial were the one at the bard's birthplace on Long Island, and in New York City the one by the Whitman Fellowship at the Brevoort Hotel, and another in Percy Grant's Episcopal Church of the Ascension.

At West Hills, Long Island, he was exalted as a moral leader. To the contrary, William Roscoe Thayer, after making a study of Whitman at close quarters and eliciting his views on many subjects in long talks together, wrote, "It became plain to me that for him morals did not exist"; and Mr. Thayer's conclusion finds plentiful confirmation in Whitman's writings and conduct. Yet a gifted preacher-essayist told the assembled devotees celebrating at Whitman's birthplace, that "He was the leader in a new morality." To us the Whitman brand of new morality wears a German look. Dr. Engel, a Berlin City Councilor, claims in *Vorwärts* that the large percentage of illegitimate births in Prussia "is evidence of the moral healthiness of the German race." That is the kind of "moral healthiness" the German beast exhibited in Belgium and France for over four years. It recalls Whitman's "moral healthiness" in the jolly life he says he led in "youth, midage, times South, etc." To the West

Hills celebration Percy Mackaye sent lines inspired by the vision of Whitman rising from "Leaves of Grass," and "Children of Adam";

"Naked and vast, uprising from the ooze,  
The Adam of a new world Genesis,  
Ancestor of Democracy."

"Naked" and "ooze" seem felicitously chosen words.

About the same time with the West Hills celebration, an ex-schoolteacher writes in the New York Call of "a new morality." It looks as old as Satan. An August and Authoritative Book calls it "ein," "earthly, sensual, devilish."

The Call calls it "Supermorality," and expounds it thus by way of insisting on "The Right of the Ego to Expand":

"How shall a being know when to curb his ego and when to impose it? He must experiment. If he experiments he will make mistakes. His mistakes will be called lapses from the moral standard. Whose moral standard? Certainly not his own. He is still developing his code. Morality evolves by denying the validity of antecedent moralities. Supermorality is interested in the expansion of human personality. It does not gormandize on vindictive yeas and nays. Only after a lifelong struggle with egotistic desires can any one speak with mellow wisdom on the problem of self-control. Why, then, expect children and youths and ambitious grown-ups to resign their passions to desuetude when the powerful compulsion of instinct and curiosity urges them onward to fresh experimenting with the life stuff?"

That sort of talk sounds like an echo from, and finds full warrant in the doctrines of Whitman, who is the boldest insister on the right of each man's ego to expand without regard to statutes of morality.

A peculiar centennial surely!

As might be expected, the liveliest, most Whitmanish, elemental and cosmopolitan celebration was the one held by the Whitman Fellowship. According to reports the Elements were all there. A "liberal" minister, latest and most voluble clerical cut-looser and outward-bounder, roused enthusiasm by likening Whitman's flowing beard to the clouds of heaven, and remarked on how enlightening and inspiring it is to commune with such men as Jesus and Whitman. Then the worst and most dangerous woman in America, virulent anarchist, coparcener with assassins, unwedded consort of many paramours, shouted by wire from a federal prison in Missouri where

she is serving sentence for some of her numerous crimes, her boundless admiration for old Walt, who also was a defiant insurgent against order and decency, and declared her devotion to his doctrines, from which she and her insolent shameless sort take warrant. It was a bit startling to have an official of the City Board of Education, acting as toastmaster, read this message from the unspeakable Goldman woman and then say of that notorious criminal, "She is known to you all and is admired and loved by all who know her."

An indignant American, exasperated by what was going on, blurted out something about "German swine." Then the Irish bard, Shaemas O'Sheel, on fire for Whitman, resenting the slur on the Huns, sniffing a possible fracas, and seeing it was not a private fight but anybody could join in, threw in some stimulating words.

T. B. Harned, literary executor for the poet, came in by mail to inform the Fellowship that Whitman is a new Mohammed, which seems a suitable name for him, and that Camden will become a new Mecca whither pilgrims will come in droves to pay homage to their great prophet; which seems like warning the Camden Board of Health to enlarge their hospital for contagious diseases. Thus there was, according to reports, an entirely appropriate and consistent birthday celebration at the old Brevoort on Fifth Avenue.

A peculiar centennial surely!

At the Sunday evening celebration in the Church of the Ascension, Edwin Markham was chief speaker. Of the orators we heard or heard of in the centennial he best kept his balance and did his duty. There stood a poised critic whose honesty matched his analytic discernment, who with clearness saw and without harshness told the truth. After doing full justice to all that could be rightly claimed for the poet, he turned to the somber side of his subject and showed the blotched face of Hyde-Whitman. When he came to the facts declared by Whitman about himself in the letter to Symonds, Markham seemed to avert his face as Noah's sons did from their father's drunkenness, and looking down as if into a grave said solemnly, "There lies hid one of the deepest mysteries in all the history of literature."

Referring to the abominable things in Whitman's writings, Markham said, "They are most shocking, and Whitman meant to shock us." Yes, and to the end he gloried in it.

After Markham's address a visiting Englishman volunteered to take the pulpit platform to testify, "The three Americans who have

influenced me most are Emerson, Whitman, and the founder of Christian Science"; which made this also a peculiar centennial!

These celebrations were held over a mass of literature which contains things which made the Boston Intelligencer say, "Leaves of Grass is the work of some escaped lunatic"; made the Criterion say, "The author of this book must be possessed by the soul of a donkey who died of disappointed love"; made the London Critic say, "The author of this book ought to be publicly whipped"; made another London paper say, "The man who prints such stuff belongs in jail," which is where English law would have put him as it did Oscar Wilde; made a Massachusetts Attorney-General suppress the book under the law against obscene literature; made J. R. Osgood and Company of Boston cancel their agreement to publish it; made Secretary Harlan discharge Whitman from government employment in Washington; made Emerson, who at first was much taken by some of Whitman's best, say to Colonel T. W. Higginson later, when he came upon some of the worst, "It is disgusting, vile, outrageous"; made Edmund Gosse hold his nose in this fashion, "Something mephitic breathes from this strange personality"; made Professor Dowden of Trinity College, Dublin, who had accepted Whitman on his own valuation as the Great American Poet, concede his infrabestial indecency, saying, "He falls below humanity—falls below even the modesty of brutes."

This peculiar centennial has been striking its loud cymbals over a perpetrator of abominations. Whitman doggedly refused to take out or suppress any of them. No denunciations from an indignant world, no serious reasoning by wise advisers, no entreaty by real friends who were grieved and shocked—nothing availed to induce him to eliminate or modify one of his unpardonable indecencies. He had put them in deliberately on principle; they were essential to his system of doctrine; and he would stand by his cardinal principles, answering scorn with scorn defiantly. The most insolent offender who ever spit in the face of human decencies! That ancient and honorable phrase, "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind," he had no respect for.

The most unanswerable indictment against Whitman is in his own handwriting. His English literary admirer, John Addington Symonds, was forced by some things he discovered in Whitman's writings to have misgivings about the personal character and life of the "turbulent, sensual" Walt. So he wrote to inquire whether there

was any real foundation for his misgivings. Whitman replied on August 10, 1890, without any sigh of shame, "My life, young manhood, mid-age, times South, etc., have been jolly, bodily. Though unmarried, I have had six children."

That horrible letter, written at the age of seventy, implies a life of extensive and irresponsible licentiousness over half a lifetime. That vile fact is bad enough, but the most hideous thing in the letter is the startling adjective which this expert chooser of his words applies to his licentious years. He calls them "jolly"! The word fairly chuckles and gloats over his disgraceful history. No penitence or regret, but rather lickerish satisfaction. That in an old man is morally ghastly and loathsome. Whitman did not believe in repentance. He would not so humiliate his self-adoration as to confess that his lecheries were wrong. He said he preferred animals to men, because the beasts did not weep for their sins; because there is no confessional or mourners' bench or altar in the barnyard.

In Whitman's so-called philosophy mental and moral confusion prevail. A well-known literary and dramatic critic, epitomizing Whitman's message, refers to his democratic dicta, and gives their substance of doctrine as follows:

"One man is as good as another."

"Woman is as good as man."

"The Now is as good as anything in the Future or the Past."

"The lower forms of existence are as good as the higher forms. The grain of sand is as perfect as the egg of the wren."

"The body is as good as the soul. The soul is not more than the body."

"One part of the body is as good as another." (This belief has serious and pungent sequels.)

"Man is as good as God. Nothing, not God, is greater than one's self is."

The bad is as good as the good. Whitman says, "*What is called good is perfect, and what is called bad is just as perfect.*" Satan is as good as God. This is explicit. In "Chanting the Square Deific," Satan is added to the triune God of Christianity, making the Trinity quadrangular.

Why not complete the equalizations in one fell swoop by declaring that nothing is equal to everything, zero to infinity? Could lunatic asylums, prisons, and brothels combine to produce anything more absurd? The worst of it is that Whitman abolishes moral



distinctions, spurns them as fictitious. "The bad is as good as the good." And he is acclaimed as the leader of a new morality! O, ye gods and little fishes! What do ye think of that?

One of the most curious phases of the Whitman craze is the attitude and behavior of some women. At the head of this list of adorers is widow Annie Gilchrist in England, mother of several children, an acutely amatory and tumultuously emotional person, who fell precipitately in love with him through his writings, and for five years sent him across the sea most ardent and impetuous love-letters, begging him to marry her and telling of her desire to bear him some children. Finally her craze culminated in coming to America over his protest and settling near him for a two-years' visit. To the end of his life this infatuated matron made a movie-show of her affections, vainly prostrating herself at Whitman's feet.

In the *North American Review* Edith F. Wyatt prints in full Whitman's unblushing avowal to Symonds, and in the same article the same lady writes concerning this extensive breeder of bastards: "The beauty of Whitman's expression of democracy in sex would alone mark him as a great contribution to civilization." Charlotte P. Gilman was on the program of the Whitman Fellowship to speak on his view of women, a subject some would suppose no self-respecting woman would wish to discuss in public; a question definitely and finally settled by his own confessions, and about which the less said the better in a friendly and laudatory celebration.

We will celebrate purity, chastity, decency, modesty, delicacy, and even punctilious propriety, but not Walt Whitman. These things are indispensable to manliness in men and to respectability in women. To discard these is to throw precious jewels of the soul and ornaments of life down the waste pipe into the sewer. Few things so dignify and ennoble life as does the marked and delicate deference shown by all honorable men toward the growing girl, intimating to her the dignity and sanctity of her maturing, God-given nature. We will exalt George Meredith's manly phrase, "Decency, than which life is less dear." Scores of women in France and Belgium died rather than submit to indecency and outrage. And there are men and women everywhere from whom not all the Whitmaniacs in the world can coax or extort one word of aught but utter disrespect for any man, though he had the intellect of an archangel, who sets up a cult of indecency and shamelessness; men and women whose blood boils against such an one as it does against the spike-helmeted Hun pic-

tured on the poster dragging a French girl by the hand away from home and protection to be the piteous prey of his bestiality. Every decent man wants to smite him to the earth. Nor is the angry crowd of those who feel thus made up of the finical, effeminate, and over-dainty, but of the healthy-minded, morally robust, clear-brained, and sturdy of soul. A recent sound-hearted, hard-common-sense book presents in "Mr. Squem" a rugged embodiment of "the massive decency of the common man," husband of wife and father of children. He and his wife will not join the Whitman cult, and dirty dogs better beware of him. It is there all right, that Massive Decency of the Common Man, solid as Gibraltar, and, like "the Ten Commandments, will not budge." It saves the nation from rotteness. It blurts out roughly, hotly, and contemptuously, "To hell with your dirty indecencies!" So says Mr. Squem, and "God bless him!" say all honorable men. His wrath is righteous and his scorching words are not profane but only sternly solemn.

The protest against indecency is not puritanic nor prudish nor ministerial. Physicians are in it, for they as a class are among the cleanest of men in thought and speech and conduct. Their profession trains them to it, as also society demands it of them. Coarseness would damn any doctor as a low, vulgar fellow. We have found a few clergymen glorifying Whitman, but not one physician. When a minister wrote to the New York Sun defending Whitman against the charge of indecency, it was a physician who replied, rebuking the clergyman and saying to the newspaper, "You would not dare to print in your columns Whitman's worst." Similarly it was a physician, Dr. J. G. Holland, who wrote in criticism of some poetry: "The doctrine that one virtue can compensate for the absence of another—that bigamy can be atoned for by bravery, or infidelity to one's wife may be condoned because of honesty in business—for that doctrine we have only horror and disgust."

Professor Garner, just back from Africa, reports finding in the Congo region a creature, six feet tall, cross between gorilla and chimpanzee, that can talk in the language of the natives. Fortunately the animal has not published any poetry. There is a plague of animalism already in poetry, fiction, and drama, in society both fashionable and proletarian, in the scum on the top as in the dregs in the depths. Concupiscence is a pestilence walking in darkness and wasting at noonday. There is no excuse for a *cult* of animalism. Without any cult it flourishes all too rankly, flagrantly, and viciously. No need

to fertilize weeds, thistles, poison ivy, deadly nightshade, or skunk's cabbage. Animalism in men is infrabestial. It inevitably becomes dissolute, cancerous, putrescent, maggoty. Not any axiom of mathematics is surer than that "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption."

In an alcove of the historical museum of American literature is a brazen statue—a figure two-faced, like some pagan idols, and like Stevenson's Jekyll-Hyde. On the front admirers have inscribed, "WALT WHITMAN. POET." Truth requires that on the rear be inscribed by warrant of his own words about himself, "Walt Whitman, one of the roughs, turbulent, fleshy, sensual, eating, drinking, and breeding bastards."

John Milton wrote: "It is of great concernment in the church and commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men, and therefore to do sharpest justice on them when they are malefactors." Sharing Milton's conviction we have dealt with a malodorous subject such as no man likes to handle. Our concern is with the moral effect of a peculiar centennial.

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#### RELEASE FROM CAPTIVITY<sup>1</sup>

SAINT PAUL is himself far more interesting than anything which he wrote. Indeed our interest in what he wrote is due first of all to the fact that his words give us continual glimpses of himself lying back of them and speaking through them. Only that which is personal can find its way clear to our hearts, and we enjoy reading Saint Paul and the like of him because his utterances are felt to be not so much the production of his tongue and thought as they are to be mintings from the molten metal of his own heart.

That is the feature of some writing and speaking that it is warm with its author's personal pulse. It is felt still to be personal even after it gets into the atmosphere or into type. I once heard some one say of Phillips Brooks' sermons that his were almost the only sermons he ever read, for the reason that there was so much of Mr. Brooks in what he said that you still felt him even after he had been hammered out into black and white. There is great difference between stringing together a medley of ideas and sentiments and making a sentence, sermon or book of them, and making a straight-out coinage of some of the impassioned material of your own experience and

<sup>1</sup>By Charles H. Parkhurst.

heart. There is all the difference there is between a flower that has come from the wax-workers and the flower that has come from the rosebush.

It is in this way that we feel about the letters of Saint Paul. They are almost two thousand years old, but they are still warm and tinged with his blood. The personal juice of the man is not evaporated from them. With all of the printing house and the bindery there is about them you still feel in reading them that you are looking at a cross-section of the Apostle's own spirit. He is not repeating something that has been told him nor, cabinet-maker-like, putting together something that will be philosophically pretty or theologically ornamental; he is turning himself inside out; not talking theories but telling realizations.

All of these letters of his are chapters of his own life. All of the best writing is biographic. If a man wants to be listened to he must give *himself* to his auditors. The measure of a man's power with others will be just according to the accuracy with which what he *says* tallies with what he *is*; which is only to say that our words take their effect not so much from the technical accuracy with which those words state the truth as from the fidelity with which they state *us*.

We do not mean by this that Paul purposely and egotistically advertised himself; but at the same time, words never take hold except to the degree that they *are* self-advertisement, and faithfully sample the life and experience of the man who speaks them. The world will never be turned topsy-turvy by descriptions. Distributing photographs of Jesus would never contribute to extending the kingdom of Jesus. Effects are wrought by influences working at first hand, and Paul worked mightily at the world's redemption because he was in his own person an exponent of the necessity of redemption and of its meaning and efficiency.

He stood personally for everything he preached. He broke up his own experience of sin and salvation into small pieces and fed them out to his auditors. He preached sin to them, but sin as he knew it, not sin as he had found it described in a theological or biographical dictionary. He preached the struggle that goes on between the energies of good and the energies of evil, but the struggle not as he had read of its being waged on the general battle-ground of history or in the hearts of other men, but that struggle as it was being fiercely fought out upon the arena of his own experience.

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And he preached to them Christ, not in obedience to any formula prescribed to him by the contemporary church or even by Christ himself, but Christ as he knew him to have wrought reconstructively in his own heart and as he knew him to be working administratively and inspiringly in the process of his own life. When, therefore, he wants to get before his Roman readers the fact that a divine impulse is the only thing that can save a man from being wrecked by his own moral impotence, when he wants to put that truth forward he does not do it by saying that in conservative theological circles it is recognized that the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus has a tendency to deliver from the power of sin and death: instead of that he says that *the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus HAS DELIVERED ME from the power of sin and death*. To him Gospel was simply what he *knew* of the Gospel, and what he knew of it by its workings in and upon him.

People are proverbially shy of experience meetings and of uncovering to others the workings of God's Spirit in their own hearts. *Why, Saint Paul was a continual experience-meeting*. What are these letters and this chapter but an exhibition in black and white of the anatomy of his own hidden life with all the human necessities of it and divine furnishings of it? *So far from its being bad taste to disclose our own religious experience it is the only thing we can disclose that will have any promise of religious effects upon others*.

If I have no sense of sin, nothing that I can say about sin, however well I say it, will work in you a sense of sin. If I have not a sense of God's power to deliver from sin, nothing that I can say about such power, however true biblically and historically, will have any effect to bring you within the reach of that power. Experience is the only thing you can neither dodge nor answer. We can get along with ideas, but there is no doing anything with people who personally incarnate those ideas. I can talk about sin as a doctrinal generalization and you be able to argue me out of countenance and demonstrate to me unanswerably that sin is a mere conceit of infected minds: but let me feel myself a sinner, and there is no logical lever long enough, or logical fulcrum firm-planted enough, to begin to pry me out of the rock-bed of my conviction. You can get away from a reality so long as it is only in black and white, but there is no getting away from a reality that is in flesh and blood.

The Scribes and Elders in the times of Peter and John could have proved to any one's entire satisfaction that any man born lame couldn't be healed. There is no difficulty in proving that or any other

abstract proposition, if only you keep it abstract. The only thing that bothered them was the particular concrete instance of a man who was known to have been born lame but who had been healed.

Now that is the supreme significance of Saint Paul, that he was himself the truth that he spoke and wrote. That is why he has been such a torment to the infidels that have tried to get rid of Christianity. They can get rid of abstract propositions about Christianity, but they are not equal to exorcising a man like Paul, who intelligently and at the same time passionately is a personal illustration of a man's need of God and God's power to meet that need. In the Seventh of Romans he describes the situation in which a man finds himself, with one set of energies dragging him toward sin and another set helplessly inclining him in the counter direction. Or, rather, he described the situation in which he (Paul) finds himself.

There is no generalization about it. It is all in the first person singular. He is not reading from any note book that he had kept while attending seminary lectures on Christian theology. He is reading out of his own heart. "For that which I do I allow not: for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I." "I delight in the law of God after the inward man: but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

That is not one of those passages that you can puncture with any fine needle of interrogation or insinuation. It is the statement of a condition by the particular man that is in the condition. It is not put forward in support of a theory. He had no interest in theories. What concerns him is situation—his own situation as he knows it. And we trust his statement not only because it is the attempt of an intelligent man, evidently honest, to tell things as they are, but because it is just such a statement as we should, any of us, make if we were similarly honest and knew how.

His "delight in the law of God after the inward man" we can all understand. We also delight in the law of God after the inward man. We understand what is right and believe in it. Whether we do what is right or not we know what is right and respect it. The lower part of our nature may do only evil, but the upper part of our nature loves only what is not evil. We have very clear perceptions along this line; just as clear as Paul had, perhaps.

And the best part of Paul not only loved what was right but



wanted to do it. It is a very easy thing to say that if a man wants to do right he can do right;—an easy thing to say but not a very profitable nor a very profound thing to say. Paul wanted to do right but couldn't. That is what he says, and he evidently understands himself and has no intention of saying anything but the truth about himself. He describes himself as a captive to the law of sin. Without trying to tell what each word of that sentence of his means it is enough to say that according to his account of the matter he had gotten into a place where he could not get out.

That is what being a "captive" means. Perhaps it was his fault that he got into that place. Perhaps if he had tried he could have kept out: but even so that does not get him out now that he is gotten in. Just this situation is one to emphasize, because there is no point at which more serious mistake is liable to be made than here. The fact that he "delighted in the law of God after the inward man" was of no use to him so long as he was a prisoner to the law of sin, any more than it is an advantage to a caged canary to delight in the open sunny heavens so long as he is held within wires. Making the heavens brighter is of no use in the second case, nor any more is increasing a man's delight in the law of God of use in the first case. In either instance everything hinges on release from captivity.

It is one of the strangest of facts that people do not realize that they are in captivity. You see how clearly Paul realized it, and the wonder is that we do not. I doubt if there is more than one in ten of us here this morning that has any earnest feeling of the fact that he is not able to do whatever he knows it to be right and duty to do. Sin destroys free agency. You have some evil habit that holds you. You know its detaining power. It may have exerted its restraint upon you a year, a dozen or fifty years. You have attempted to shake off its hold upon you. Now if your neck were caught in a noose and you had striven to pull out of it for as many years, and without effect, as you have striven to free yourself from your evil habit, would you have any hesitancy in saying you were a captive?

The reference we are making is to no particular class of habit. It contemplates the bent of our disposition away from any course of conduct that our moral sense approves. Supposing you are an habitual drunkard. You do not believe in being such. You wish you were not such. Why don't you drop it? For the same reason that the caged bird does not fly out of doors; the bars that hold

him in are stronger than the impulse that urge him out; and it amounts to nothing for the bird to say,—“O I am a free agent and when I get ready to fly abroad I shall fly.” He is ready now but he can’t get out. You are ready now but you can’t get out. “Captive”: that is what Paul says,—“Captive.”

Or, supposing you are a miser, getting all you can and keeping all you get. You don’t believe in being a miser. You know something how mean you are and you despise yourself for it. You despise other misers, and you know you are just like them. You are a free agent, you say, and can be generous if you want to. Well, supposing you be generous this week. You say you could be if you wanted to be but you don’t want to be: and that means that whatever belief you have in charity your devotion to accumulation is still stronger. That is to say that your power to get away is measured, say, by nine, and the power of the rope that holds you is measured by ten; in other words you are tied, a captive, manacled and fettered with the passion of gain.

There is nothing in this to startle anybody. It is all told in the letter to the Romans when Paul says of himself that he is captive to the law of sin. He is not using words there for the fun of the thing. And he cries,—“Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?” He does not ask,—“How am I going to get out?” but,—“Who is going to get me out?” It is just at this point now that for the first time the real meaning of Christianity is able to assert itself. We have at another time tried to do justice to the service which Christ rendered in exhibiting himself to the world as the ideal man, but the more perfect that ideal the heavier and more impossible the burden he imposed in disclosing that ideal.

It is hard enough to be the kind of man portrayed by the Ten Commandments, and a score of times harder to be the kind of man delineated by and impersonated in the man Jesus. There is nothing shallower, nothing that betrays a more poverty-stricken grasp upon the human situation than to imagine that there is any more deliverance or any more Gospel in the scheme of behavior taught and illustrated by Christ than in that taught and illustrated by Moses. There is not as much. The Hebrews did not and could not keep the Ten Commandments.

I would rather stipulate to keep a hundred commandments of the kind comprised in the decalogue than to keep one of the sort announced in the Sermon on the Mount. So long as murder means

nothing but cutting a man's throat I can keep the sixth commandment by taking some pains and taking care not to go armed; but when we come along to the ministry of Christ and find him teaching that to be angry is to be a murderer, I feel like congratulating Moses and Aaron on the easy times they lived in and find the law of Christ a hundred times more inherently damnatory than the law of Sinai. People who expatiate upon the benignant service Christ rendered men in showing them how to behave have very little idea of their own meaning or of the moral contempt which religiousness of that lean type excites in the thought of such as have mind and conscience enough to go clear around the matter.

We acknowledge the magnificent ideal of life set before us in Christ, but the higher the point to which he lifts the ideal the deeper the pit of helplessness into which he thrusts men unless along with the ideal he makes over to us the means and the power by which we shall be able to make that ideal real in our own hearts and lives. If you are a drunkard (reverting to our previous illustration) the more wholesomeness and dignity of human living are shown to you to mean, the greater will you feel to be the distance between what you are and what you would like to become, and the more it will make you ache to think how impossible it is for you to traverse that distance and *become* what you would like to become.

People were already in a pit before Christ came, and it would have been a piece of savage irony for God to have expatiated upon the blessedness of getting out of the pit, at the same time pushing the pit down to a deeper abyss and contriving no scheme for extrication. Now that is the plight in which the entire matter is put practically by men who let it be understood that Christ is pattern and pattern only. Any teacher, human or divine, that carries my ideal farther into the sky without impelling me along the path that conducts toward it only damns me before my time and merits my curse and not my blessing. That is but putting new links into the chain that binds me and new metal into the wires that cage me.

And it was that impulse along the path leading him up to the ideal that to St. Paul made out the supreme meaning of the salvation of Christ. There is no salvation in knowing; the only salvation is in having power given us to become. Captivity to the law of death must be met and overcome by the enfranchisement of the Spirit of life. That is what Christianity means. It is what it meant to Paul. It was not a meaning that he had woven out of his

own brain or that he had coaxed out of religious treatises. It was the meaning that came to him from his own experience of the Spirit of life in Christ plucking at the bonds of death that time and habit had riveted upon him and wrenching him free.

He is not preaching a generalized salvation that he has committed to memory, but he is publishing his own particularized salvation that he knows all about and that is permeated and punctuated with lines of his own vivid experience. He knew Christ as his Saviour, not because he imagined that Christ would step forward and get him out of difficulty by-and-by when it came time for him to be damned, but because he realized that *the Spirit of life in Christ was working in him just now in a way such that there would be no propriety in his being damned.*

He felt that the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus was crushing the law of sin and death and setting him free. He conjugated salvation in the present tense, progressive form, as the grammarians would say; and that salvation was an escape, not from the consequences of sin merely, but an escape from sin and the damnable tyranny of it, as that escape was being wrought out in him by the Spirit of Christ working in him emancipatingly.

Paul is but a single object-lesson of *what the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus can do for a man* when once that divine Spirit of life is given leave to work largely and unhinderingly. There is no position of supremacy over evil to which it is not possible for us to attain if our ascent thither is made in God's power. This appeals to that in all of us which is the best. However much we may love sin, we wish we didn't love it, and wish we were as far from its dominion as are the angels of God.

O Christ, our Redeemer and our Emancipator, set us free from the dominion of sin! We hate sin even while we cling to it. "We delight in the law of God after the inward man," but are helplessly tangled up in the coils of our own evil dispositions. We want to do right but we can't. We want to move forth in liberty but we are tied. Constrain us all to put ourselves completely under thy management and power, to have the fetters that bind us shattered by the blow of thy spirit, and the impotence and deadness of our souls quickened into beauty and strength by the fullness of thy life. What thou hast done so generously and gloriously for others do thou for us, and make our hearts and lives to be so thoroughly and evidently loyal to truth, righteousness and the mind of God, that those to whom Christianity

is but an idea may learn to know it as a reality and a power, and the world grow stronger, sweeter and holier in its consciousness of God and of the splendid liberty that is in his Son, Christ Jesus.

### THE ARENA

#### ARE THERE EVIL SPIRITS?

THOUGH I have never taken much interest in the devil and his angels, I am thoroughly in sympathy with anything that frees us from an exaggerated fear of them. Christ has conquered all such spirits and his conquest is ours by faith or union with him. So slight a thing as resistance makes the devil flee, so weak is he; so powerless evil against determined good (James 4. 7). Witchcraft came from a perverted and diseased consciousness, and in post-biblical times from that and an utterly unscientific understanding of Scripture.

As to the teaching of your book, that there is no devil, I have looked upon the matter thus: If it is rational to believe in good spirits it is equally rational to believe in evil spirits, unless, indeed, God by compulsion keeps the former from choosing evil. A virtue thus compelled would be worthless, and a being thus compelled would be contemptible. If, then, there are evil spirits, it is rational to believe that one or more may excel others in intellectual vigor (the name is of no consequence, devil, Satan, Lucifer, etc., any more than Michael on the other side). If all this is true, it is not only not irrational to believe that spirits, evil and good, influence other spirits, including ourselves, but it is one of the first principles of psychology that they may. So much for the Christian teaching on the basis of reason.

As to Scripture, I have taken it for granted that it taught the existence of such spirits. This can be met in four ways. (1) By explaining these Scriptures away as symbolic, figurative, etc. This will cover such expressions as dragon, serpent, etc., but even in these cases a personality behind the figure must be understood, as we compare a deceitful person to a serpent in the grass. The British Weekly, May 16, 1918, p. 99, says, referring to the answer to the Maurice charges, "Dragons' tails were twisted last week in Parliament and on the sea." Evil has no existence whatever except in a living being. It is not an entity or substance. (2) By claiming that belief in evil spirits is borrowed from heathenism and is a part of a dualistic philosophy. But it is nothing against a truth that heathen religions have an idea more or less similar. May it not be for it? as witnessing either to an original revelation or to an indestructible conviction of the human spirit "naturally Christian," as Tertullian says (*Apol.* 17), which knows itself as the child of the Great Spirit and brother of innumerable spirits as good or evil as itself? Nor is this truth dualistic. What is dualism? The belief in two original, eternal principles, or souls, or gods—one good, the other bad. That belief is not in the Old Testament, not to speak of the New. But that

the only original good Spirit (God) may have created later angelic beings, some of whom later freely chose wrongs, is not dualism. (3) By claiming that the Bible references to such beings are simply an accommodation to popular prejudices, etc. Well, some of the Old Testament history is an accommodation to low civilization, an effort to lift people up by getting down to their level (the times of ignorance God overlooked, Acts 17. 20), but the belief in evil and good spirits is so a part of the consciousness of the writers of the Bible, inwoven as an essential part of their faith and life, that it is just as reasonable to say that their belief in a personal God is an accommodation to popular superstition. (4) By saying that the Bible is mistaken. But if the Scripture is in error in this field of good or evil angels where, pray, can it be trusted?

As to demon possession, that is a phenomenon not confined to Bible times or lands, but realized to-day under certain forms of depraved living and in a civilization which offers a psychological background. See Nevius's *Demon Possession and Allied Themes*, New York, 1894, my remarks in Cyprian, pp. 26-28, and compare Professor L. M. Sweet's article in *International Standard Bible Encyclopedia*, I, 827ff (1915).

One or two small points: You are misled in taking up the popular legend about that "ransom to Satan." See Professor Sheldon in this *REVIEW*, 1878, 504ff, and Faulkner in the same, 1917, 459ff. Belief in personality of evil spirits, devil, etc., is not derived from Milton, because not one Christian in many thousands has ever read the *Paradise Lost*, and the few who have read it had their opinions already formed. As to Christ, scientific exegesis shows that he believed in evil spirits. It is more rational to believe that they exist than that he was mistaken, or that, knowing that they did not exist, he virtually, by a thousand acts and words, taught that they did.

JOHN ALFRED FAULKNER.

Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.

#### BY-PRODUCTS OF THE CENTENARY

It is well to read Isaiah 43 at this juncture. This is one of the missionary chapters of the Book of God. It is the chapter which reads well in the shadow of political changes now rocking the earth, like a storm raging through Norwegian pines. Let us get this poetry into the soul:

I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine.  
 When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.  
 And through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.  
 When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned.  
 For I am Jehovah, thy God, the Holy One of Israel.  
 Fear not; for I am with thee. I will bring thy seed from the East.  
 And gather thee from the West.  
 I will say to the North, "Give up";  
 And to the South, "Keep not back";



Bring my sons from far, and my daughters  
From the ends of the earth;  
That ye know and believe me, and understand  
*That I am He!*

We say, Tithers will solve the problem; that a million prayers a day will change the face of civilization; that a hundred million dollars will break down the walls of rebellion; that a world circled with a League of Nations, and shot through with the philosophy of human justice can modify and mould this planet after the similitude of a perfect palace.

The Prophet says this will avail nothing unless the heart of humanity is obsessed with the Sovereignty of God. Even today it will be easy to be lost, almost without knowing it. It was so in Micah's day. He says the people had become cannibals (3: 2, 3). Court decisions were given to the one having the largest bribe. Prosperity had made them numb and vile. If we pride ourselves only on our strength in physical equipment, while the soul starves, how much better are we than they?

We rejoice in the response of the church today to the appeal for funds to finance the Kingdom. God knows this was necessary. It ought to have come sooner. But what shall happen if there is a dearth of souls, a dearth of hunger for spiritual consolation, a dearth of longing after Infinite Love!

If there comes to the nation a quickened conscience in revealed religion one of the after-products of this agitation will have been realized. Should it fail, we must have some terrible things to answer for.

Twenty years ago, in the widespread upheaval which swept over France and threatened to undermine the foundations of faith, Paul Desjardins wrote on his standard the cry of Tolstoi:

It is necessary to have a soul.

How much good it did no one but God can tell, yet the lesson cannot be evaded. Man's life can easily become worthless in the turmoil of a maddened age. Frenzied with profit and pleasure, the facts of life must be reckoned with. Money is too often the mouthpiece of piety. Credit becomes a substitute for devotion.

We dare not be overthrown by incidental matters which come threatening our existence. Not even escape from devastation in war, not even trade balances in our favor, not even through plenty and pleasure and presumption.

Wordsworth lost God in the midst of local revolutions. The times were out of joint. This threw him out of joint. Such things unman millions. His friends were ashamed of him. He did not seem to see. He could not see till he was removed from the Revolution and heard again the voice of Dorothy, and after that sweet image once more cast its glow over his life he wrote:

Thus was I reconverted to the world.

In the "Universal Ferment," where the "Earth was too hot to Tread upon," he had lost God. Dorothy called him back, and he came! He

yielded himself to the mystery of her unshaken Faith in God. Man cannot live by bread alone. High wages will not alone suffice. We must have high thinking, high purpose, purified manhood.

But our Gospel is one of Personalism. It must become a deep conviction with us. It must be endemic among us. The living Presence, Sovereign, presiding over, and leading us, in the complex motions of the marvelous period through which we are passing.

Edom cannot hide from God. She cannot forever whet God's anger. Dwellers in the cleft of the rocks can be brought down. Not always can she be a storehouse hidden by mountains. With the "deepest spring of hate bubbling in her heart she must be sensible of her isolation, her self-sufficiency, her self-complacency." In the center of moral and spiritual destitution she cannot "Pass by on the other side."

Neither can we as a people be blind to the festers that may yet bring pain and blood-poison to the soul. The battles of moral and spiritual supremacy are yet to be finished. Christian men dare not be silent or neutral.

From the pulpit, from the pew, from the office, the people of Jehovah, with a sweet and courageous insistence shall yet make the world know, and believe, that he is "Jehovah, the holy one of Israel."

Sin is the same. Hosea knew it. Herod tasted it. Judas fell by it. Paul was crushed with it. Jesus was tempted by it. From Solomon to Smithfields it is the same sinuous, subtle, seductive, and unspeakable power against which the world has to reckon.

The only message written in history to bring the lost sheep to the Life of God is the prophetic redemption of the Son of God. He alone is the hope for a shattered, battered, bruised, and bewildered world.

Shelley's wife was a suicide. The poet himself came into court asking for the custody of their children. The court refused. The court was right. His reason was that Shelley admitted he was an Atheist. No man who has no God has a right to be a guardian of childhood, much less should such a one be their parent.

May the Church of Christ, in this hour, in the wake of the Centenary, reeling with anxiety for the future, proclaim as never before the astounding Gospel of the Grace of God, as the sole cure for the world's despair and pledge of lasting peace.

CHARLES WENTWORTH.

Saint Joseph, Mo.

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## ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

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### THE SAMARITANS

THE term Samaritans, as employed in this discussion, is applied and limited to the people who inhabited the city of Samaria and the region around after the conquest of that territory by the Assyrians in 722 B. C., after the northern kingdom, as such, had ceased to exist or when colonists

from various parts of the Assyrian empire had been imported by the conquerors to replace the deported Hebrews.

The account is recorded not only in the Bible (2 Kings 17), but also in the annals of Assyria. In an inscription of Sargon we read: "Samaria I besieged and conquered . . . 27,290 people I took into captivity. The rest I let keep their property. I set my officer over them, and laid upon them the tribute of the former king." In another we read: "People out of all lands, my captives of war I settled there." The agreement between the book of Kings and the Assyrian annals is quite noticeable.

The first colonists, as stated above, came in the days of Sargon, not Shalmanezzer, as sometimes stated, for the latter died in 723 B. C. Some time after the return of the first captives with Zerubbabel, when the adversaries of Judah and Benjamin, that is, the Samaritans, offered to aid the Jews in rebuilding the temple, their help was spurned. These mixed people said: "Let us build with you, for we seek your God, as ye do, and we do sacrifice unto him since the days of Esarhaddon king of Assyria, who brought us up hither" (Ezra 4. 2). Esarhaddon reigned 680-668 B. C., thirty or forty years after Sargon. After the lapse of fifty years a letter was sent to Artaxerxes, king of Persia, by the representatives of nine different peoples mentioned by name, and by "the rest of the nations whom the great and noble Osnappar brought over and set in the city of Samaria, and in the rest of the country beyond the river, that is, west of the Euphrates (see Ezra 4. 7ff.). Osnappar, not mentioned elsewhere, is generally supposed to have been Assurbanipal of the inscriptions.

Some believe that there were more than one deportation of Hebrews from Samaria. Be that as it may, colonists from other places were brought in at three different periods to replace them. Those deported were, no doubt, the nobles, the priests, the ones capable of bearing arms, the ones most likely to influence public opinion and oppose Assyrian domination. The old men and old women, the children, the poorer classes, the less efficient would be left unmolested. According to the Sargon inscription above inserted fewer than 28,000 were taken to Assyria, or, perhaps, less than one tenth or one twentieth of the population of Samaria and the adjoining country.

Nevertheless, the relieving of Samaritan territory even of that number of able-bodied people, and the delay of replacing them by others as well as the great ravages which usually follow in the wake of war, caused a great increase in the number of wild beasts, which terrorized the new settlers. They interpreted the calamity as a direct punishment from the God of the land—they, in common with most people of the time, believed in local duties with local powers. At their request a Hebrew priest—perhaps several—was sent to Samaria to instruct the colonists in the religion of Jehovah. These new settlers, though from different portions of the empire, were, probably, for the greater part Semitis, who had "served gods after the manner of the nations from among whom they had been carried away" (2 Kings 17. 23), but, nevertheless, had much

in common with the Hebrews, though differing in language and customs, perhaps to such a degree that they remained separated for the time from the original inhabitants of Samaria. If these spoke different Semitic dialects they would have in the course of time to unite in learning the Hebrew in order to profit by the instruction of the Hebrew priest sent them from Assyria to teach them the religion of Jehovah. Even though these colonists might have used their own native dialects in everyday life, the language of the sanctuary would be Hebrew, or the language used by the large majority of the population.

Nor is there any good reason for thinking that the people who were not deported from Samaria, though not as influential or vigorous in mind, or body, yet formed the bulk of the population, may, nevertheless, have been quite as religious as those taken to Assyria.

Now if these colonists profited by the religious instruction given them by the priests from Assyria, it is reasonable to think that they became more and more united in religion with the original inhabitants of Samaria. It is also possible that many Hebrews, though residing in Samaritan territory, remained faithful to Jerusalem, and its mode of worship (see 2 Kings 23. 15; 2 Chron. 30. 11; Jer. 41. 4ff.). It is quite certain that the feelings between Samaria and Jerusalem or Judah were kindlier from 722 B. C. to the Fall of Jerusalem than either before or after, and that the inhabitants of both sections during this period not only spoke the same language, but worshiped the same God, namely, Jehovah. Nor can there be any reason for believing that the colonists to Samaria had not adopted the Hebrew language before the return of the captives from Babylonia about 538 B. C., and not only the language, but also the religion and customs of the original Samaritans.

The offer, that of the Samaritans to aid rebuild the Temple at Jerusalem was, no doubt, sincere, even though turned down by the more orthodox Jews, fresh from captivity. We say more orthodox, for those who returned belonged to the more patriotic and spiritual classes. Moreover, Judah at all periods of her history was less exposed to association with the outside world than was the northern kingdom, usually more or less influenced by Phœnicia and other places. Such foreign influences would have increased rather than decreased from contact with the colonists sent from many countries to Samaria.

The refusal of the Jews to accept aid from, or any religious intercourse, whatever, with the Samaritans, increased as the ages rolled on and the bad feeling resulting therefrom was at its very height in the days of our Saviour, when "the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." This hostility commenced at the division of the kingdom in the days when the ten tribes revolted from Rehoboam and set up an independent kingdom with Jeroboam at its head. The reason for such enmity and jealousy was thus more political than religious. Both Jews and Samaritans spoke the same language, Hebrew—to this day the sacred language of both peoples. Both regard the Law of Moses with equal zeal. While the Jews consider the *Torah*, that is, the five books of Moses as the most inspired of all their books, the Samaritans regard the *Torah*

as the only inspired Scriptures. While Moses according to the Jews is the greatest of all prophets, the Samaritans consider him as the only prophet. Jews and Samaritans worship Jehovah in their synagogues according to essentially the same ritual. Both peoples circumcise their male children on the eighth day after birth. They both observe the Sabbath, the Samaritans, however, with much greater strictness. They know nothing of a Sabbath journey. The only place visited by them on the Sabbath is the synagogue; this they do three times on that day, morning, noon, and evening. No cooking of any kind is permitted on the Sabbath, nor may any fire be kindled. Not only do the Samaritans do no work on the Sabbath, they are not allowed to hire any Gentile to do it for them, no matter how necessary. They, like the Jews, observe all the feasts prescribed in the twenty-third chapter of Leviticus: The Passover, Unleavened Bread, Pentecost, Tabernacles, Trumpets and the Day of Atonement. Three of these, Passover, Unleavened Bread, and Pentecost must be celebrated in the "holy place" on Mount Gerizim, unless prevented by circumstances over which they have no control—as in the early part of the last century when forbidden by the Turkish government. They are quite as pronounced in their monotheism as the most orthodox Jews, and much more narrow in many particulars.

Their creed has been summed up thus: "We say: My faith is in thee, Yhwh; and in Moses, Son of Amram, thy servant; and in the Holy Law; and on Mount Gerizim Beth-el; and in the day of vengeance and recompense" (see Montgomery's: *The Samaritan*, pp. 207ff.). To this must be added their belief in a Messiah, who will rule the earth from Shechem, the ancient seat of power, and from his holy mountain of Gerizim." They also believe in angels as well as the resurrection of the dead.

Leaving out the question of the relative sanctity of Gerizim and Jerusalem there is a remarkable correspondence between Judaism and the Samaritan confession of faith. Indeed, this is admitted by even some of the most orthodox Jewish authorities of different ages. Josephus, hostile to, and prejudiced as he was against the people of Samaria, admitted that they were Israelites in origin and creed.

The rock on which the two people split was, and still is, Gerizim or the true place of worship. In their zeal on this point the Samaritans have deliberately substituted Gerizim for Ebal in Deut. 27. 4, and have been guilty of other changes besides in other portions of the Pentateuch. To them Gerizim is not only higher than Ebal—though not as high by 128 feet—but is the highest mountain in the world. Adam and Noah built altars on Gerizim. Here Abraham offered Isaac, and here too he was blessed by Melchisedec. It was from Gerizim that Jacob's ladder reached heaven, and when Adam was driven out of Paradise, it was to Gerizim. How childish such notions compared to the words of Jesus to the woman of Samaria, "The hour cometh, when neither in this mountain nor in Jerusalem, shall ye worship the father."

Whether the Samaritans of to-day are of mixed origin, or genuine unadulterated Hebrews, one thing is certain: They claim that they are



direct descendants of the tribe of Joseph—the priestly family, of course, of the tribe of Levi. They call themselves children of Israel. Another name is Shomeronim or Shomrim, that is, keepers of the Law of Moses. Josephus almost invariably calls them Shechemites, but the post-canonical Jewish writers call them Cuthites, that is, people from Cuthah (2 Kings 17. 24).

The story of the Samaritans, like that of the Jews, has been one of continuous suffering and calamity. They have suffered from the Jews, the Greeks, the Romans as well as from the Christians and Moslems. The hatred between them and the Jews which began in the days of Zerubbabel and Ezra, kept growing as the ages rolled on. This was by no means one sided, but quite mutual. They suffered less than the Jews under Antiochus Epiphanes. John Hyrcanus captured the city of Shechem and destroyed the Temple on Mount Gerizim in 128 B. C. They fared better after the victories of Pompey in 63 B. C., and enjoyed the religious liberty granted by the Romans to all their subject people. Herod, too, was very partial to Samaria, which he rebuilt and beautified and called Sebaste (Augusta). In the Jewish rebellion of 66 A. D., Samaria was utterly destroyed once more and about 12,000 of its inhabitants were slaughtered by the armies of Vespasian. Little is known of the Samaritans from the destruction of Jerusalem in 70 to the days of Hadrian (117-138). According to Cawley, "the Temple on Mount Gerizim was rebuilt by the Romans as a reward for Samaritan help in the suppression of Bar Kokhba's revolt." Their persecution of the Christians under the reign of Justinian brought upon them the wrath of the emperor, who sent his legions to Samaria and soon succeeded in crushing them. Large numbers were slain or captured. Indeed, the defeat was so complete that they were all but annihilated by it. As a people they never recovered from the shock. From that time down to the middle ages references to them are scarce. They played but a little part during the Moslem invasion, the Crusades, or the later wars in Palestine. "It is singular," says Robinson, "that the Christian historians of the crusades appear to make no allusion whatever to the existence of the Samaritans at Nablus."

A very interesting notice of the Samaritans is given by Benjamin of Tudela, a Jew who visited the Holy Land in 1163. He tells us that there were about 1,000 of them at Nablus, and about the same number in other portions of the land. Montgomery calls attention to the *first* notice of Ottoman rule over the Samaritans in "which we learn of oppressions and confiscations of lands." No matter how small a people may be they are never too small for Turkish greed and cruelty!

No doubt the Samaritans, in common with the Jews and other non-Moslem inhabitants, have suffered exceedingly from the great war through which the world has just passed. For that reason it is impossible to say with our present knowledge of conditions in Palestine how grievously they have been afflicted, and how largely their small numbers have been depleted. Our latest data comes down to 1910. In that year, counting all men, women, and children, the Samaritan com-



munity was estimated at 150 or 160 souls, or just the same figures as given by Dr. Robinson in 1838. They do not intermarry, nor have they but little social intercourse with any who are not Samaritans except in trade and purely business relations. Another singular fact, which necessarily keeps down their numbers, is that there are nearly twice as many males as females.

The fact that this peculiar people have, notwithstanding wars, rebellion, persecutions, and all kinds of suffering, continued to exist in one particular spot for about 2500 years, have kept their customs, their religion, and, to some extent, their language—the language of the synagogue is still Hebrew, though the vernacular is Arabic—makes them of great interest to European and American scholars, who, during the past hundred years, have continued in ever-increasing numbers to visit them at Shechem and observe their worship on Mount Gerizim. Dr. Mills truly says: "As a community there is nothing in Palestine to compare with them." But as Robinson writes: "They are a people lingering slowly to decay . . . a reed shaken with the wind, but bowing before the storm."

The Samaritans possess considerable literature. This is almost entirely of a religious character, and consists chiefly of hymns, litanies, prayers, and responsive readings for the use of the synagogue and the great feasts. The earliest of these are from the pens of Amram and Marka, and, for the greater part, written in Aramaic, perhaps in the fourth century of our era. But a number of these are in Hebrew and of much later date, beginning possibly with the fourteenth century and coming down to our own days. No fewer than two thousand quarto pages of such literature are preserved in the British Museum alone. The Royal Library of Petrograd has also a goodly number. The same is true of many other libraries and museums.

Besides this class of literature, there are histories, or, rather, annals or chronicles. Cowley, in an excellent article in *The Encyclopedia Biblica*, gives the following: 1. *El-Tolideh* (cf. Hebrew *Tolcloth of Genesis*). This is made up of annals from Adam to the present time. We may call it a priestly code, for every high priest is supposed to have added to it a chapter covering the days, and recording the principal events of his priesthood. The language is mostly Hebrew, with an Arabic translation. According to Montgomery the major part of this document was written in 1149. Jacob ben Ishmael added to it in 1346. 2. *The Book of Joshua*. This was written between 1262-1513. It professes to be a genuine history of Israel (Samaría) from the days of Joshua to the fourth century A. D. It is, however, anything but history, and was probably compiled from various sources, written in Hebrew or Aramaic; some portions show knowledge of and dependence upon the Septuagint. The book in its present form is in Arabic. 3. *The Chronicles of Abul-Fath*. This, too, starts with Adam and concludes with the Moslem conquest; as Abul-Fath wrote about 1355 the language is, naturally, Arabic and is based upon earlier chronicles of the Samaritan people, such as the *Book of Joshua*, the *Book of the Province*, etc. Supplements

to this work of Abul-Fath brings the story of Samaria, with interruptions, down to 1853 A. D.; at least the high priests are named to that date.

There are also other less important chronicles and a goodly number of unedited manuscripts, as well as not a few letters of comparative recent date, which were written by the high priests to prominent Semitic scholars in Europe and America, interested in the modern Samaritans who never tire to tell the story of Samaria and its religious institutions. These letters are written usually in Hebrew, but some in Arabic.

By far the most important work of this people is the Samaritan Pentateuch, which we may discuss in another issue.

Whoever would make a thorough study of this ancient but vanishing people can do no better than to read Professor James Alan Montgomery's erudite and fascinating book: *The Samaritans*.

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### FOREIGN OUTLOOK

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#### OPPORTUNITIES AND ATTRACTIONS FOR THEOLOGICAL STUDY ABROAD

The war has put an end, for a long period at least, to the fashion of our ambitious young theologians of finishing their studies at German universities. The breaking off of the old relations should signify for us a real gain, but it may also involve a loss.

There is gain, in the first place, in the mere fact that the spell which has held many men in an unnatural subjection to German theological thinking has been broken. For even if German theology had been generally quite wholesome in its tendencies, we should have been able to profit by its good qualities only in so far as our relation to it was free. But some of its tendencies were anything but wholesome. Having now clearly recognized this fact, we are learning to be no longer imposed upon by mere learning and ingenuity, but rather to appraise theology according to its Christian spirit and content. There is gain, in the next place, in that our attention has been freshly and powerfully directed to the merit of the theological thinking of other countries than Germany.

On the other hand there will be a distinct loss to us if we henceforth refuse to recognize and have fellowship with the good that may be found in German theology. In Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek. The war is really over only when we have real peace, and peace is fellowship. If there be in German Christianity only a very small remnant left—and the case is not so bad as that—that remnant must be cherished. And we must not forget, that, if the case is even as bad as it seems to the least optimistic, our call is not to quench the smoking flax. We are called to do all we can to restore German Christianity. God has not utterly cast off any nation. It would be a loss to ourselves as well as to humanity at large, if we who have the larger and truer vision should refuse to help

the German people to share it. We must not fix a gulf so that we can neither give nor receive. Let us rather get into contact with the good that may be found in German theology and help to make the most of it. Even from a purely intellectual standpoint it should be enormously instructive to follow the next reactions and the later developments of German theology. We have complained—most justly—that the German Christians have not declared themselves. Well, one of these days we shall hear various voices from representative German theologians and preachers. Whether their utterances shall satisfy us or not is very problematical, but at all events whatever they shall have to say will be highly interesting to every student of the history of man.

Be that as it may, our young theologians will not be going to German universities in the next few years. It is well that they should not go there for a while. But why (one may ask) why should our young men go abroad at all to study theology? Have we not adequate facilities at home even for the most advanced students? The answer which we give to this important question represents an intense conviction. We hold that the need and advantage of theological study in foreign lands was never greater than it must be in the next generation.

The student of natural science or mathematics or philology is rightly satisfied if he can find the best facilities for his studies in the institutions of learning among his own people. But theology is the science of the Christian faith, and the Christian faith is a fellowship with God and at the same time with all believers. The theologian is he who has scientific knowledge of what Christianity is. No man is a proper theologian who is merely schooled in sectarian dogmatics. A man of learning the sectarian dogmatist may be, but he is at best only a partial theologian. The true Christian theologian accepts the motto (adapted from Terence): *Christianus sum; Christiani nihil a me alienum puto*. Theology is a science which springs out of, and is designed to minister to, the Christian fellowship. In the present tremendous crisis it is of immense significance that the church of Jesus Christ learn in the broadest fellowship to understand the manifold needs of humanity and to speak with sureness the right message. Theology must be more and more international and inter-confessional, if it is to be commensurate with the universal mission of Christ. Books will do much, of course, to acquaint us with the Christian life of other lands, but personal observation will do immeasurably more. Every great religious movement has scorned national bounds. In the new era the fellowship of Christians must be richer and freer than ever before.

In the nature of the case our program implies that we should not only send our young theologians abroad, but that we should invite the churches of other lands to send some of theirs to us. And in fact precisely such an interchange has been publicly recommended on both sides of the Atlantic. In mutually sharing our blessings we shall be able to rid ourselves of many injurious misconceptions and prejudices.

For those who prize the good things in German theology but would eschew the evil we recommend theological study in Switzerland. There

are in Switzerland three theological faculties using the German and three using the French language. The German-Swiss faculties belong to the universities at Basel, Berne, and Zurich. The French faculties are at the universities of Geneva, Lausanne, and Neuchâtel. All of these faculties have an interesting international character, but naturally those of German tongue show more of the German influence, while the French faculties are more in touch with French Protestantism. In either case, however, one may be sure of a fine independence of thought in Swiss theology. Even in Basel and Zurich one will find a pretty sharp opposition to the things which we ourselves hate in recent German development. These Swiss faculties are able to impart a very good understanding of what is going on in German theology without the taint of the Prussian spirit. And there are some very able men in these faculties. Besides, it is well that we remember the role that Switzerland must play in the reconstruction era. Because of its geographical and historical position the great currents of thought will all pass through Switzerland and especially through Swiss universities. In some respects the Swiss universities will offer greater attractions than those of any other country. At the same time we must recognize that there are some drawbacks to the study of theology in Switzerland. The number of theological students is small, in some instances pitifully small. The six faculties are too many for the small country. Besides one must say that the faculties contain a few teachers whose influence can hardly be called constructive. In spite of the drawbacks, however, we can recommend study in the Swiss universities, and especially in Basel.

Basel has a theological faculty of real distinction. It is to-day less impressive than it was a few years ago while Bertholet was still there, and Orelli still lived, and Duhm was yet in the fullness of his powers. But even yet is a really strong faculty, and is far the most attractive of the three of German tongue. It includes such men as Duhm, Riggenbach, Eberhard Vischer, Wendland, and Paul Wernle. It is on the whole a "liberal" faculty; all that we have named would be called liberal except Riggenbach; yet it is distinctly more vital in its tendencies than either Zurich or Berne. Wernle is the chief attraction of the faculty to-day, and he is really one of the marked theological personalities of the time. An American theologian declared that the three most impressive personalities that he met among theologians in his travels and studies abroad were Herrmann in Marburg, Denney in Glasgow, and Wernle in Basel. While for ourselves the list would not be just the same, we cordially direct attention to Wernle and to Basel. Though a decided liberal in theology, Wernle shows an adherence to that which is most essential to evangelical faith. In this regard he is to be preferred to Bousset and Troeltsch.

Berne has less to offer a foreign student than Basel. It has some able men, but they do not stand out as specially significant for us. We should have been inclined also to pass by Zurich but for the presence of two excellent men there. Walter Koehler is a fine church historian and teacher, and his work should not be overlooked. But there is in Zurich another man of still more importance from our point of view. We

mean Ragaz, who unites the pastoral office with a professorship in the university. Ragaz is a leader in the Christian-Social movement, and has long been recognized as a really significant personality. He has been a severe yet friendly critic of German political tendencies. German Christian-Social leaders have been forced to recognize that the Swiss movement as led by Ragaz shows a freedom and an aggressiveness that could not be matched in Germany.

Of the French-Swiss theological faculties that at Neufchatel presents the least attractions. Yet even Neufchatel boasts some very important names in its history, among them that of Godet. Geneva, in view of its remarkable history and the new international importance that will probably be assigned to it, is sure to attract a larger number of students in several departments than it has done in the recent past. Among these there ought to be found a few foreign students of theology. The city of John Calvin is still a bulwark of Protestantism, but it is a Protestantism that is sorely pressed by the rising tide of Catholicism in the city and in the canton. The theological faculty of Geneva has included many eminent men; the most interesting recent Genevan theologian was Gaston Frommel, who died in 1906 in his forty-fourth year. Lausanne, the city of Alexandre Vinet, the most eminent Swiss theologian of the nineteenth century, is also to-day the seat of an excellent theological faculty.

The leaders of French Protestantism are making a frank bid for American students of theology. They have had two theological faculties, the one at Montauban, the other at Paris. But now with the French recovery of Alsace and Lorraine we may reckon a third, that at Strasbourg. Before Germany took these provinces in 1870 there was an eminent Protestant theological faculty associated with the university of Strasbourg. It boasted such names as those of Reuss and Auguste Sabatier. Upon the German reorganization of the university Sabatier refused the professorship in the new theological faculty proffered by the German government and went to Paris, where he lived by journalism and other writing until the reestablishment of the old Strasbourg seminary in Paris in 1877. Reuss accepted a professorship in the German university and remained in Strasbourg. The leaders of French Protestantism are now puzzled to decide what is the best adjustment for the one potential and the actual seminaries. In the present situation two seminaries seem enough for the French Protestants, who number only about 600,000 souls. For reasons both practical and sentimental the reestablishing of a seminary at Strasbourg seems highly probable. But no one now thinks of abolishing that at Paris. But shall the far older seminary at Montauban be merged in that at Paris? It is just this that many are proposing; and it would seem quite feasible were it not for the fact that Montauban has been decidedly conservative and has opposed the theological tendency of the faculty at Paris. But it is possible that the stress of the war has brought about a measure of reconciliation. Whatever the issue may be, the French Protestants are amply justified in inviting young American theologians to come and study in their seminaries. They have some very able men, and our acquaintance with their work would be well worth the pains.



It is doubtful whether Holland will attract any considerable number of theological students from abroad. Perhaps the chief reason for this is that few persons are interested in mastering the Dutch language. The same thing applies to Denmark and Sweden. Yet there are able theologians in these countries. Aside from France and Switzerland the countries which should and will attract our students—and attract them in relatively larger numbers than those—are England and Scotland. On this point it is not necessary to say very much. The attractions of Oxford and Cambridge, of Edinburgh and Glasgow are more and more recognized among us. Especially for those who would be deterred by the difficulties of learning a foreign language the British universities offer very great attractions. Yet incidentally we would remark upon our conviction that those who will take the pains to learn to read German and French fluently will have perpetual cause to be glad they paid the price.

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### BOOK NOTICES

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#### RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

*Faith and Freedom.* Being Constructive Essays in the Application of Modernist Principles to the Doctrine of the Church. By Various Writers. Edited by CHARLES H. S. MATTHEWS. 12mo, pp. xii+371. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$3.

COLLECTIONS of essays seem to be quite popular in Great Britain and we have noticed several such volumes in recent issues of the Review. The spirit of some of these publications is radical and revolutionary and indicative of the restlessness of the times. The present volume is written in an outspoken and earnest spirit without any bias toward traditionalism or rationalism, but with a frankly sincere desire to get at the truth on the matters discussed. They give the impression of being written hurriedly but out of a full heart and mind. What is lacking in academic finish and poise, as in "Foundations," by Seven Oxford Men, is more than counterbalanced by the eagerness to meet the complex issues of the day. Such a comparison might doubtless be unfair because "Foundations" was written before the war in an atmosphere of calm thought while "Faith and Freedom," and indeed every book written since August, 1914, shows the inevitable marks of strain. The purpose of these essays is to help meet the need of vital faith under the impression that the only cure for the evil of the world is a true knowledge of God. "To know God is to live; to know God is to possess, or rather be possessed by, the creative power of that love which is able to triumph over evil by bringing forth from it a greater good. To know God is to overcome the world and find that the grave has been robbed of its apparent victory. In the fellowship of an increased knowledge of God is to be found the only real hope for the rebuilding of society upon a surer foundation than that which, in our time, has crumbled away. In such a sure-founded fellow-



ship lies the only prospect of a true and enduring peace." The editor goes on to say that the object of the essays is "to indicate the directions in which modern ways of thinking seem to us to have made traditional views impossible; or rather to restate or reinterpret some of the great truths of the church in a form in which they seem no longer to conflict with what God has taught us in our own age and generation." While there is no specific essay on the church, all the writers have a great deal to say on the place of the church, the tests of its authority and the proofs of its influence. Thus Clutton-Brock on "The Church and Morality" declares that the function of the church is "to teach and to practice those principles which alone can put an end to all conflicts between men or classes or nations." Some of the criticisms of the church in this and the other essays are in a style far too common in recent writings. It seems as though certain writers had suddenly become possessed of wisdom, and while it is a good thing to be wise after the event, it is a sign of poor taste to pose as judges when we are all guilty of infractions. We are getting tired of these negative criticisms and prefer something more wholesomely positive. A significant feature of the essays is an acknowledgement on the part of the writers, who are clergymen of the Anglican Church, that their church as a whole has been deficient in charity toward other churches. Harold Anson on "Practical Steps Toward Reunion" severely censures the obstinacy of the Anglican position in its refusal to recognize a non-episcopal ministry, and he points out its inconsistency by appeal to the facts of church history. The same writer on "The Basis of Continuity" deals with certain principles worthy of careful notice. The continuous life of the church has depended less on mechanical transmission of offices and more on a common literature, a common belief, and mystical ordinances. "Behind all these criteria there is the one informing principle, the Spirit of Christ himself, and where that is, there is the church." The frequent references to apostolic succession suggest that this is a live issue, at least in Great Britain, though we in this country with our free institutions would do well to have a clear conception of it. Fawkes on "The Development of Christian Institutions and Beliefs," makes an urgent plea for greater liberality and tolerance. W. Scott Palmer on "Creation and Providence" discusses the growing idea of God in harmony with creative evolution and the truth of the divine immanence. His purpose is to strengthen faith in the divine sympathy so impressively and conclusively manifested in the revealing Cross. "The secret of Calvary is a universal secret; its revelation is the revealing of the heart of God. Not a God impassive, remote, but a God incarnate, giving himself in sacrifice, the Saviour as well as the Creator of the world. Not a God alone, apart, but a God living our lives with us. Not a God who is but victim of and with the world, but one who saves it. This God, in and with us men, Calvary has shown us, and in the light and gloom of Calvary, we may see him everywhere." Palmer has also an essay on "Atonement," the gist of which is that Christ has wrought a priestly reconciliation whereby men are led to God and advance in the graces of Christlike character. Matthews on "The

Incarnation" continues the discussion on creation, which is regarded as the self-expression of God, not to be confused with pantheism. Creation is a continuous process consistently unfolding the love of God. It is however in the incarnation that the divine love has found explicit expression. In the personality of Christ men saw "the fullest revelation of the living God they had ever seen. He was literally one with God. God was in him reconciling the world to himself. There was in him no barrier set up by self-will to the completeness of God's manifestation of himself." This writer's confession of faith is worth quoting in part, for he arrived at it through struggle and through contact with wounded soldiers and the triumphant souls of the poor in his parish. "It is a faith which I humbly believe to be unshakeable, in the living immanent Spirit of Christ who is one with, and is the revelation of, the transcendent Father; the Christ who is wholly and completely God and is still to be found, by those whose eyes and ears he has opened, incarnate in the world. The attempt to follow where his Spirit leads, to accept his values, and to work for the embodiment of his kingdom in a world-wide sacrament of fellowship has made life a glowing adventure and at one and the same time both an agony of painful growth and an experience of an even profounder joy. Most plainly has he revealed himself to me in the hours of my own darkest personal sorrow, in the midst of the weariness of constant work, or in the sudden illumination which has succeeded some eager but painful struggle of the mind to grasp new aspects of truth." The essay by Raven on "The Holy Spirit" is a careful study of religious inspiration and experience. The tests of their reality are neither metaphysical nor ecclesiastical, but practical. "The work of the Spirit as it appears in Scripture and in experience is to bring men individually to that intuitive grasp upon life, that moral freedom and mastery over evil, which can only be found when the self is lost in the service of a larger whole, and socially to knit them together into one body in the bonds of a sympathy based upon common and complete sacrifice. And the meaning of this is love, and its symbol is the cross." This volume starts many currents of thought in the right direction, and it has therefore the rare stimulus of suggestiveness.

*A Gentle Cynic.* Being a translation of the Book of Koheleth, commonly known as Ecclesiastes, stripped of later additions; also its origin, growth and interpretation. By Morris Jastrow, Jr., Ph.D., LL.D., Professor in the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Square octavo, pp. 255. Price, net, \$2.75.

Among American Orientalists Professor Jastrow is easily most prolific; count that year lost in which the presses do not display at least two works of his! But he is learned—and it were not too much to say that there is not one of them more learned than he—and withal possesses a gift of exposition, a clarity of thought and a sort of friendly willingness to be interesting. Why should he not write many books? and echo answers, Why not? The burden of proof to the contrary lies on the contrary

person who answers contrariwise. And now Jastrow has done the book of Ecclesiastes afresh into English, has commented upon it in his new English dress and has introduced it with a series of chapters intended to prepare the reader for the new form of the book by telling him something of the methods and results of modern biblical criticism, with sundry justifications of the attitude which the author takes to the venerable book which is now translated. Let it be said at the outset that this is a good book, that the buyer will have no just cause to bewail the loss of the "siller" required to possess it, and that he will find it well packed with learning disposed in a popular fashion, fit to read and easy to read. It is learned, and if one had not the author's name on the title page any modern form of Higher Criticism would justify the assurance that a scholar wrote it, even without the observation of the numerous bits of learned polyglot which adorn or, if you like, disfigure its pages. Here are *raison d'être*, *cherchez l'auteur*, *par excellence*, *nom de plume* (very frequently), *Index Librorum prohibitorum*, *ad majorem gloriam regis*, *conditio sine qua non*, *c'est le premier pas qui coûte*, *dut quum faciunt idem*, *non est idem*, *laudatores temporis acti*. As the book is otherwise splendidly popular some of these might have given way to phrases native to the greatest of modern languages. It is characteristic of a recent change that so many of the strange phrases are French and not German—but stop, here is at least one that is German: "The spirit of Koheleth is that of Goethe's *Geist der stets verneint*," but the introductory part comes back again to French in a sentence that must be quoted entire: "We can imagine Koheleth as he bids farewell to the world, and in the contemplation of his life recalls, perhaps, the utterances in his book which offended the orthodox and the pious, murmuring with a smile on his dying lips, as did Heine, '*Dieu me pardonnera—c'est son métier*.'" This leads one to say that the whole book is built upon the hypothesis that the book of Koheleth, or Ecclesiastes, as originally written by its unknown author, has been edited in ancient times by men, more orthodox or more pious than the original author, who sought by various interpolations to soften or correct its teaching, with the object of making it more acceptable. The idea that the book contains interpolations is old and fairly common. Thus, for example, Gray admits that the book "was in some measure corrected in the interests of edification." He is, however, conservative in attitude and is not willing to admit that there are good grounds for suspecting as interpolations the following passages: 4. 5, 9-12; 7. 4-6, 7-12, 19; 10. 1-3, 8-14a. But Jastrow would count all these as interpolations and then add many others to them; indeed he gives no less than ten pages of additions by the "pious" commentators, and the "maxim" commentators and the "miscellaneous comments and glosses." Let us be frank, and say that this is greatly overdone. Nobody need bother to deny that the practice of interpolating is widely enough exhibited in antiquity. But the free acknowledgment of this apparent, if not indeed evident, fact leaves one still a long way from the necessary acceptance of Jastrow's conclusions. Jastrow is seeking to make the book logical, self-consistent throughout, and when he has cut out the supposed interpolations this is indeed achieved, but to us the book

has lost in piquancy and power what it has gained in consistence. Driver long ago remarked concerning Ecclesiastes: "The subject is apt to change with some abruptness; and the book shows no clearly marked subdivisions. Nor are the views expressed in it perfectly consistent throughout: evidently it reflects the author's changing moods, and these, for some reason he has presented side by side without always bringing them into logical connection with each other." That satisfies us much better than the results, or even than the arguments of Jastrow. But let not this reviewer give the impression that Jastrow has treated the book unjustly or irreverently. However much one may venture to disagree with his doctrine of interpolation, one is still left with a pleasant view of the book as a whole, for its pages present a most attractive appreciation of the splendid old book and the translation makes numerous improvements over all its predecessors. One could use it profitably without complete assent to the severe cutting to which it has subjected the old book, for everything removed from the text is preserved with scrupulous care in the Appendix. We await with impatience Jastrow's promised books on Job and on the Song of Songs.

*The Sword of the Spirit.* Britain and America in the Great War. By JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, Litt.D., D.D. Minister of the City Temple. 12mo, pp. xix+241. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, \$1.25, cloth.

The minister at the City Temple, London, is making his pulpit a center of international influence. Such a voice from such a place is most welcome, advocating a closer unity between Britain and America, a deeper alliance between the Free Churches, a larger freedom for faith and more practical tests of Christian loyalty. This preacher's platform is exceedingly liberal, and he certainly would not pass a strict theological examination. But his heart beats with intense devotion to Christ; he feels the surge and sway of the sorrow and anguish of humanity; he knows that there is balm for every wound in the Saviour; he rejoices in the gospel of the divine Fatherhood; he delivers his message with passion and persuasiveness. These sermons quicken hope, stimulate faith, bring comfort, impart encouragement. Such are the marks of effective preaching, and we are thankful for this American preacher who has the ear of the English-speaking world from his cosmopolitan watch tower in London town. He interprets his ministry as "an ambassadorship of Christian faith and fellowship, an apostolate of the gospel of the Eternal Christ, keeping the continuity of faith while seeking to interpret it in the terms of to-day, for the needs of to-day, alike in personal realization and social application: never forgetting that a personal experience of things immortal is the permanent fountain of creative Christian service and fruitful social enterprise." This is a splendid ideal for every preacher, and this volume of sermons shows how Dr. Newton is always guided by it. We believe with him that "in the mind of Jesus—so deep, so pure, so sane, so lovely—the voice of the universe found clear, sweet, authentic expression, and

that there is no security until we obey his words." We also hold with him that "the profound and underguiding thought of our time is the sense of the divine indwelling, of the everywhere-ness of God, and of the growth of the spiritual life as the key to the history of the world and of the meaning of life." This thought is well brought out in the sermons on "Divine Guidance in Human Affairs" and "Providence." We agree with him that "the church is not an institution—it is a communion. It is an eternal fellowship, on earth and in heaven, of all those of every age and every land, who love Christ and seek to live in his spirit. It is the union in Christ of all who have found him to be the way, the truth, and the life—the portrait of the unseen God—and their voices answer one another across the ages, antiphonally, singing his praise alone." He has the right conception of Christian union: "Our Christianity must realize and affirm its essential character as an international fellowship, as over against the false, sectional, class internationals which have usurped its right. By this is meant not an organic union of churches all at once, but their cooperation in behalf of a better mood, a finer insight, and the habit of thinking in terms of one humanity and one Christianity. No doubt some form of catholic Christian union will come in time—it already exists, and needs only to be discovered—and it may come more quickly than we anticipate. But it cannot be hastened. If it is artificial, it will be superficial. It must come spiritually and spontaneously, in answer to a great yearning of the Christian heart for a wider fellowship and a deeper experience of the truth. Else it will be a union not of the church but of the churchyard. Nor will it come by erasing all historical loyalties in one indistinguishable blur. Its secret lies deeper—in the spirit of things. But meantime, and while that union is on the way to fulfillment, the finest, clearest, wisest Christian vision must be brought to bear upon the social and world-war that has to be built on the ruins of war." There are stimulating sermons on "England and America," "The Religion of Lincoln," "Holding the World Together," "The Little Sanctuaries," "The Victory of the Cross," "The Eternal Values." Here is a good putting of the case from one on "The Ministry of Sorrow": "Sorrow is more spiritual than pain, more exalting and more revealing—albeit the two are often interwoven in the web of our lives. While we cannot fathom all the mystery of sorrow, so far from being a cloud over reason, it illumines it, and may become a source of insight. This at least is true: whatever is higher than happiness is revealed to us only by the loss of happiness, and that which is highest of all finds little place in us until we have walked the sorrowful way." In "The Mystery of Pain," we read, "when we appeal from our own sensitiveness to the lives of the great sufferers, wonderful is the answer that comes back. Oddly enough, the great sufferers have been, for the most part, the great believers. With them pain is a fact in favor of faith. They find a secret, unguessed joy at the heart of pain, which, as George Eliot said, 'we can only tell from pain by its being what we should choose before everything.' The great sufferers do not deny pain—still less seek it—but they master it, making it serve for the enrichment of the soul; and therein they are wise. For progress is not



going to abolish suffering; it is inherent in the discord between sense and soul, dream and deed. Therefore if it falls to our lot let us face it and vanquish it, finding in it something sacrificial both for ourselves and for the world." A good prescription is given in "The God of Comfort": "However deeply wounded we may be, however sorely we feel the need of healing for our own hurt and heartache, if we are to find comfort in any satisfying measure it must be by ministering the comfort of God to others. Here is the finest of all arts, asking for all that a man has of tact, of tenderness, of skill, and of fortitude, so difficult is it to know what to say and how to say it. All words seem metallic, futile, and worthless, yet we must not be silent; much less forget those little tokens which help to break the awful stillness which death makes when it passes by. Any little token—a gift of flowers, a handclasp, a tender, strong word—is like the answer to a signal of distress, and God, from whom it comes, sends it through you to his needy child." Prayer is "the sword of the saints." Referring to its dynamic aspect, he says: "The will of God is complete, active, inevitable, but prayer is much more than mere submission to it. Indeed, it is possible to pray, 'Not my will, but thine, be done,' and miss the high meaning and opportunity of the words; as if we asked God to put our will aside and let his will be done in spite of us. No, no; he does not ask such dumb, abject submission. What he asks is that we make room in our hearts and lives for his will to act, yielding ourselves to its pressure, its passage, its movement. Of course this means identifying our affections and purposes with his high ends, even when those ends cut straight across all our wishes, as they sometimes do." On the importance of united prayer, he has a timely word: "What can be done by mass meetings will continue to be done; but we need the quiet, praying, seeking group, where a few meet together. Men go to a great assembly, not to discover truth, but to proclaim it. For the sake of the multitude we must leave it for a time and seek the power that comes of closer, more intimate fellowship. In every church there are a few who have the true spirit. Let these kindred souls find each other, form groups to think things through, to pray things through, in his name, and the promise will be fulfilled." Altogether, these intensely religious utterances, replete with illustrations from literature and history, and expressed in a clear style will be welcomed by many readers.

*The Relation of John Locke to English Deism.* By S. G. HEFELBOWER, Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy in Washburn College, Topeka, Kansas. Pp. viii+188. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1913. Price, \$1, net.

*Pietism and Methodism, or The Significance of German Pietism in the Origin and Early Development of Methodism.* By ARTHUR WILFORD NAGLER, Ph.D., Instructor in Church History, Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill. Pp. 200. Nashville, Tenn.: Publishing House Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Smith & Lamar, Agents. 1913. Price, net, \$1.



*The Revival of Conventual Life in the Church of England in the Nineteenth Century.* By RALPH W. SOCKMAN, Ph.D. (Pastor of Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, 60th Street). 8vo, pp. 229. New York: Printed by W. D. Gray, 227 W. 17th Street. 1917. Price, net, \$1.

*The Separation of the Methodists from the Church of England.* By ROBERT L. TUCKER, Ph.D. (Pastor of Summerfield Church, New Haven, Conn.) 8vo, pp. 184. New York: Printed by The Methodist Book Concern. 1918. Price, net, \$1.

*Chartism and the Churches.* By HAROLD UNDERWOOD FAULKNER, Ph.D. 8vo, pp. 152. New York: Columbia University Press. 1916. Price, net, \$1.25.

Five sound, scholarly, interesting, historical essays, and as this reviewer has read them all carefully, and with instruction and delight, he can speak with authority. All the authors happen to be Methodists except the first—and he nobly befriended a Methodist student at the University of Leipzig. It is a pleasure to call attention to work so genuinely good. It happens also that each book treats a subject either never before discussed in English or never adequately discussed. Each book is indispensable to the student of its subject or of a subject related to it. Each is an honest piece of research, but is written by men of comprehensive views who know how to write as well as how to dig, how to weigh evidence as well as how to find it. Hefelbower gives a clear statement of the views of each of the Deists, shows how far Locke agreed with them, and after a fine study of the whole situation draws his conclusion as to Locke's relation to them. In our judgment his conclusion so admirably buttressed will stand, and his book will take its place on the shelf of the permanently valuable histories of English thought. Nagler strikes in on a new field, and in his special aspect of it a very difficult one. Tracing the connections between systems of belief, forms of religious life and historic forces is as fascinating as it is eluding, and the author has addressed himself to the subject with conscientious diligence and with that spirit of impartial love of truth which will not press his case farther than the facts warrant. The book is as valuable for the light it throws on Pietism (on which we have not any too much in English), all worked up from the German sources, as for its light on Wesley and early Methodism. Chapter vii, on "The Doctrinal Position of Wesley," should be compared with the second part of Faulkner's *Wesley as Sociologist, Theologian and Churchman* (1918). Nagler has contributed a work in *Methodistica* not only of unique character, but of unique value, for which he deserves the thanks of every reader of Church history. We read Sockman's book with intense interest, and though familiar with the general subject, were greatly enlightened by his wide reading, clear presentation, and multitudinous lights on a most engaging segment of modern Church history. Tucker has given us one of the most valuable studies of early Methodism it has ever been our privilege to read. If you think you know all about the general topic of early Methodism, so much written on, read Tucker's noble octavo of nearly 200 pages, and he

will lead you into paths you have not trodden before, and paths most rewarding. "The separation was not in vain," says Tucker. "While the bourgeoisie who were to rule in France were being infected with the corruption of a shallow mockery, the English middle class became more distinctly Christian than they for some generations had been" (Banfield, John Wesley, p. 125). Thus, though there was the element of misfortune in the separation of the Methodists from the Church of England, this is offset to some degree by the knowledge that this movement contributed more to the reviving of religion among the lower classes than any since the days of Edward VI. It saved England from being religiously what France is to-day" (p. 173). If you will run your eye over the table of contents giving titles of the 34 sections and seven chapters of Tucker's book you will see into what rich pastures he brings you. In times of social change and agitation the Church is apt to repeat the lamentable blunders made by nearly all forms of organized Christianity in reference to the famous Chartist movement in England in the nineteenth century, a movement which is the subject of three recent works published in the Columbia University Studies in History, Political Science and Public Law, vol. 73, numbers 1, 2, 3 (The Social and Economic Aspects of the Chartist Movement, by Rosenblatt; The Decline of the Chartist Movement, by Slosson; Chartism and the Churches, by the younger Faulkner). The ecclesiastical aspects of the subject open a page full of instruction and warning, as well as a most interesting story of social and church history. The author worked through the unrivaled collection of contemporary Chartist and other pamphlets in the private library of Professor Seligman, one of the sponsors of the series, and the light he throws on that seething time in England and on the mutual reactions of Chartists and churches makes a book as valuable for its scholarship as for its practical instruction. While these books have valuable bibliographies they all lack indexes, except those of Hefelbower and Faulkner, a sad lack. To the future author we say: If you write a book—even a small one—of scholarly value, whatever you do, or do not, be sure to provide an index.

*The Soul in Suffering.* A Practical Application of Spiritual Truths. By ROBERT S. CARROLL, M.D. 12mo, pp. 241. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$2.

SINCE the *Mystery of Pain*, by James Hinton, appeared several years ago no book has been published which goes to the root of things as this volume by Dr. Carroll. At times Hinton was inclined to regard pain with a certain sense of idealistic unreality. Dr. Carroll writes as a physician who has come into close contact with disease and physical pain and who understands the reactions of such distress on the mental and spiritual life. What he writes of the physical basis of life is very important. Although he is given to too much repetition of this particular phase there is no serious objection, since the frequent references help to a sense of proportion and make clearer the close relation between religion and medicine. The purpose of these well-written chapters is

"to bring a step closer the practical benefits of the accuracies of medical science and the highest aspirations of our religion." It has often happened that the pastor is not welcome in the sick room lest he disturb the invalid by some tactless remark. No doubt some pastors have hurt where they meant to help, but the chief reason why the minister of religion is frequently kept away from the sick person is due to a misunderstanding on the part of the laity of the relation between religion and medicine. Hence the harvest that is being reaped by Christian Science! This book by Dr. Carroll is therefore most timely and every preacher should read it that he might qualify himself the better for the ministry of consolation, which is both divine and human. A writer renders a truly great service when he enables his readers to see accurately, hear distinctly, understand rightly, so that the marvel and mystery of life will cease to stagger and begin to stimulate one to nobler achievements. No better praise can be given this volume than to state that it helps in these directions. It is a book of comfort and uplift to those who in recent years have experienced the baptism of loss and sorrow. Whoever reads these chapters slowly and meditatively will learn the secret of those who passing through the valley of Baca have made it a place of springs. "The ultimate expression of the unseen is what we speak of as the spiritual." We must, therefore seriously and soberly reckon with it if we would have genuine peace. "We moan and groan and sprinkle ashes upon our devout heads and rail at the powers that be when the so-called inevitable loss comes upon us. It may be our protector, or friendship, or reputation; it may be mother, or child, or the life-long partner who is taken, and our mind cries out in bitterness; but the soul says: 'Nay, this is not irretrievable loss; the only loss which cannot bear also a blessing is the death of love, or trust, or faith.' Mother may be gone, but her memory stays to hallow; the memories of her sacrifices, of the love which only mother can give—these stay to inspire the best life can bring, if faith and trust are there to help. The other side of the experience does not mean calling the bad 'good,' but the finding of the good which is always associated with the bad. Let us remember that heaven itself is coined by each of us in our use of life's vicissitudes, a use which in one nature makes a hell, in another creates a heaven. . . . The use of that which we handle and taste and see reduces the very things so utilized, but courage and loyalty and honor and righteousness and all the virtues of the unseen are alone the elements of life which multiply by the using. To-day it is for us to realize more perfectly than ever before that we shall never see life aright until we experience that rebirth which teaches us not only to see aright and to understand aright, but which gives that joy of joys, the ability to feel right. The religion is indeed empty which does not conquer and ultimately triumph over suffering, bereavement, and misfortune. . . . To the Christian Christ stands for as much God as humanity can contain. The true Christian, inspired by this perfect life, has known the miracle of rebirth; and in all the multiplied richnesses of human existence, in the wealth which can gratify every sense, in this life in which the intellect

can revel through the entire space of three score and ten, there is no experience which can equal the soul's Easter—that mystery of the Unseen which changes life from restless discord into triumphant harmony with the Infinite." The chapter on "The Temporal" does not minimize nor magnify what is seen, but sets it in its right relations. The trouble with the ascetic and the epicurean alike is that they do not recognize the true nature of the good that is found in sacrifice and so they are distracted by "the teasing tantalizations of appetite." Life is truly an unfolding. Its glory is not understood by the materialistic or agnostic evolutionist, but by the theistic evolutionist who sees his God as the soul of all that is; makes his God the essence of all the forces of materialists, and the existing entity of the vast Universe of the agnostic." The author is careful to point out that "our ability to recognize God is based absolutely on the quality of our own souls." This is only another way of expressing the thought uttered by the inimitable Master: "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." On the subject of suffering there are many passages of insight and sympathy. "Suffering comes to the ignorant and to the wise, to the high and to the low, and visits wealth and poverty, disciple and Pharisee. Usually suffering is the certain penalty of laws violated—suffering, which should be the school-master bringing home a lesson in the school of wisdom. But with equal certainty suffering comes to the innocent, unoffending victims of greedy power or unscrupulous design—to passive heritors of the weaknesses and evils of ancestry. Suffering comes to those who have kept the law and yet must feel the penalty. To such, suffering is a test, a test of growth, of worth, the test which proves whether everlasting truth has been properly mixed with certainly passing, mutable life. Does suffering bring petulance and resentment, craven hopelessness and despair? Does it dominate and obscure the great promises of the soul? If so, one has been tried and found wanting." "Few to-day know practically the wisdom of developing the capacity for suffering; we prefer to live in a fool's paradise, refusing to acknowledge the inevitability of its visitation. On the contrary we even augment our susceptibility by making our ills the tiresome center of our converse." One who heard Jenny Lind remarked: "She sings now as no other woman can sing. If she could know suffering, she would sing as the angels." Not long afterward she had a year of deep pain of spirit, and from the land of sorrow came a new note which made of Jenny Lind the Angel Songstress. "The desert places come to teach us there is much we may be happier in not having. For just as perfect living demands the cultivation of certain blessings, it also demands that we learn that ease and plenty are ancestors of failure. Each day of real living has its tangle. Nature is a rough teacher, ever seeking to multiply the powers and abilities of her children by the obstructions of the wilderness and the impeding sands of the desert." Specially helpful are the chapters on "Stability," "Attitude," "Hindrances," "Complaining," "Moods," "Endurance," "Margins," "Work," "Freedom," "Faith," "Serenity." Nowhere does this writer advocate "a saccharine, spineless life of omniacquiescence." It is a book of comfort that be-

speaks the virtue of courage and sacrifice, and argues for the sacramental efficacy of suffering by which we develop a well-rounded personality that has the surety of immortality and the peace which passeth all understanding.

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#### PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

*The Symbolist Movement in Literature.* By ARTHUR SYMONS. Crown 8vo, pp. 429. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Price, \$3.00 net.

THE introduction tells us what the Symbolist Movement is. In its way it is a spiritual movement. Symbolism looks to the unseen. Only material things visible, tangible, ponderable can be pictured or described: Spiritual realities can only be symbolized, adumbrated and interpreted by a symbol "The Kingdom of Heaven is like." To make that realm seem real is the aim and effort of the Symbolic Movement. The symbolists hold that, after long contemplation of and absorption in material things, it is the soul's turn to have its innings and get back its place in literature. So they seek to promote a literature in which the world of matter and of the senses is no longer the only or supreme reality and the unseen world, the world of the soul, is no longer regarded as a dream. Preceding this movement was the age of Science, the age of material things, in which the aim of literature was to present with literal and unhesitating exactness everything, good or bad, ugly or beautiful, precisely as it exists. This was called Realism. In France one of its agents was Baudelaire in whom "the spirit was always an uneasy guest at the orgie of life," and whose poems were disturbed and hectic with too much rhetoric of the flesh. To Flaubert the soul was mainly of use as aid and embellishment to fine literature. To the Goncourts the world was a thing of flat spaces and angles and high colored movement. Zola regarded the soul as a nervous fluid which some man of science will presently catch for us and put it in a jar for exhibition, just as the air has been condensed into a pretty blue liquid and bottled. That movement, says Symons, came to its funeral in De Heredia's writings, wherein it said its last word and died. Alongside of this materialistic movement of a scientific age, and as if born out of its own body, came naturally the Decadent Movement, more naturalistic still, dealing largely in the morbid, disagreeable, infectious, and pestilential; and one aim of which was to "shock the middle classes." Symbolism comes as a reaction from Realism and Decadence, to lead literature back to the old paths through beautiful things to the eternal beauty. It is a revolt against exteriority and materialism, and speaks as only religion has usually been heard to speak; thus it becomes an ally of religion, even itself a kind of religion, aware of sacred duties and responsibilities. Spirituality in this book may not be precisely of your type and mine, nor expressed as we would phrase it, but it is genuine and worthy of our grateful reverent hearing and pondering. It is said here of Balzac, that he was neither pessimist nor



optimist; he accepted the world as a man accepts the woman whom he loves, as much for her defects as for her virtues. Balzac speaks of "the great and terrible clamor of Egoism." What would this Frenchman say of the riotous reign of egoism in Germany in recent years, years in which the world has listened to the roaring of the most violent and bloody Egotist of all the ages, shouting words like these: "On me—on me as the German Emperor, the spirit of God has descended. I am His weapon, His sword, and His vice-regent." (What does the Vatican say to that infringement?) The world heard this Vice-Regent of the Almighty say to his soldiers: "You have given yourselves to me body and soul. For you there is only one enemy, and that is my enemy. It may happen that I order you to shoot down your relations, your brothers, nay, your parents; but then without a murmur you must obey my commands." Later the world saw his obedient armies march to invade neutral territory, to devastate and ruin peaceful lands, to burn villages, to poison wells, to attack hospitals and kill Red Cross nurses, to shoot old men and women and priests, to sink merchant ships without warning and drown helpless passengers and crews, to butcher little children, to rape women, and to carry away girls into white slavery. And when the civilized world, four fifths of the human race, rose in arms to remonstrate, it beheld that ferocious bully frothing at the mouth, swaggering up and down in the lurid light of the blaze of a burning world which he and his gang of incendiaries had set on fire, and roaring like Bombastes Furioso, threatening twenty-two nations with "the iron fist and the bloody sword" if they persisted in their hopeless resistance against "me and the good old German Gott." For egotism amounting to egomania he has only one twin, the amiable, peaceable and indolent Walt Whitman. All this, however, is our digression. Symons goes on to say, speaking of the French writer Villiers, "He stood for faith—faith against mere evidence of the senses, and the negations of materialistic science. His faith affirms, 'believes in soul, is very sure of God,' requires no other witness than he has within himself to the spiritual world of which he feels and knows himself an inhabitant. He brushes off from time to time with a disdainful gesture the mud of the material world whose paths he treads, going on his way like one on a secret errand under sealed orders to something beyond. What Arthur Symons calls Verlaine's conversion, was a revulsion of sated disgust from a long course of sensuality. It took place while Verlaine was in prison, during eighteen months of enforced physical inactivity and solitude, alone with his conscience and his miserable recollections; his whole energy concentrated on the only sensations then within reach, the sensations of the soul. With his natural promptitude of abandonment, he surrendered to God and grasped feverishly after spiritual realities. All that was simple, humble, childlike in him accepted condemnation and abased itself in a cleansing and ennobling penitence. All that was ardent, impulsive, impassioned, indomitable in him burst into a flame of adoration before the Cross. He realized the experience of the Christian mystics who found it possible to love God with an extravagance of the whole being. God is the Eternal Perfection who



made man in His image, sadly marred by sin, and who loves the humanity he has made; and demands love in return. His love is as a breath over the world, soliciting, evoking, and strengthening the love which He desires. This love is the only perfect ecstasy, the only endless intoxication possible to man. So the Christian mystics taught. But with Verlaine the love of God was not merely a rapture of self-surrender, it was a thanksgiving for forgiveness and for liberation from evil desire. He feels the justice of God as well as His love. He sternly and passionately condemns himself, lamenting his sins. Like a child he tells them over, declares he has put them forever behind him, and finds such naïve, human words to express his gratitude; aware all the while that his old enemy, the flesh, is prowling not far away, and perhaps already crouching for a spring. This is the account given of what is called Verlaine's conversion, which went deep but was not, in this brilliant emotional Frenchman, as stable and secure as it might have been. But his best religious poems are worthy of a Christian mystic. Something similar is told of Huysmans, a French novelist of the decadent school, who after dealing insistently in the sordid and disagreeable most of his life, experienced a revulsion in his later years, saw that all art, literary or other, belongs in the service of God, wrote a great chapter on Satan as the creator of ugliness, and said that true art, the worship of beauty, "is the only clean thing on earth except holiness." J. A. Symonds exclaims, "How awful in ugliness vices are, how awful in beauty virtues are!" Of Huysmans, Arthur Symonds says, "He loved beauty as a bulldog loves his mistress; by growling at all her enemies." All out of connection, we quote as abrupt close to this book-notice, a sentence from Arthur Symonds: "Huysmans knew that the *motive force of a sentence lies in its verbs*, and his verbs are the most precise, expressive, and forceful found in any language." We have given our readers some idea of Arthur Symonds' book now issued in a new and enlarged edition.

*Faces in the Fire.* By F. W. BOREHAM. 12mo, pp. 272. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, \$1.25 net.

Two things about Boreham: out of an endless variety of unheard-of subjects he brings an amazing wealth of meaning and stimulating suggestion; and also he starts your own mind off on independent excursions of its own to bring in much treasure of its own finding, equally valuable with Boreham's. The book now before us does that, and keeps us interjecting all along comments and interlineations of our own; which we now incorporate in this notice, leaving our readers to guess as they go along which is his and which is ours. Out of these twenty-five essays take the one on "Linoleum"; surely a most undreamed-of and unpromising subject, as flat as the floor and almost as wooden: no such promising subject, for example, as "Wake Up!" for a rousing sermon from Luke 9: 32: "When they were *fully* awake, they saw His glory" (Revised Version), a text of boundless possibilities of vivid and stirring illustration from Scripture and life. Now let us see what sort of a dance Boreham's

mind can execute on Linoleum. True love is never utilitarian. I am well aware that, in novels and in plays, the fair heroine considerably falls in love with the brave man who, at a critical moment, saves her from a watery grave or from the lurid horrors of a burning building. It is very good of the lady in the novel. I admire the gratitude which prompts her romantic affection, and, nine times out of ten, my judgment cordially approves her taste. I know, too, that, in fiction, the sick or wounded hero invariably falls desperately in love with the devoted nurse whose patient and untiring attention ensures his recovery. It is very good of the hero. Again I say, I admire his gratitude and almost invariably endorse his choice. But it must be distinctly understood that this sort of thing is strictly confined to novels and theatricals. In real life, men and women do not fall in love out of gratitude. As a matter of fact, I am much more likely to fall in love with somebody for whom I have done something than with somebody who has done something for me. Many others have found this so. That is the way human nature operates. When Dr. John W. Hamilton was Freedmen's Aid Secretary, one day in Watertown, New York, the dean of Syracuse University Law School, a stalwart six-footer, told a group of ministers the story of a little colored boy who sought refuge inside the Union lines in the Civil War. He was allowed the freedom of the camp; shared soldiers' rations, waited on officers, and slept with the horses, snuggling up against their warm bodies cold nights. He was quick-witted, docile, obedient, useful, and grateful. Dean Brooks, then Colonel of a Vermont regiment, became interested in the little chap, and after a while sent him to his own relations in Vermont, requesting them to take care of him and put him in school. Through subsequent years Colonel Brooks fathered him, gave him a good education, opened his way, and aided his progress. After telling this story Dean Brooks added proudly that the boy was then a preacher of the gospel out West. And with manifest emotion the big lawyer said: "I've done so much for that boy that he has come to be one of the dearest human beings in the world to me." Yes, that is the way human nature acts. Let us say to everybody—If you care to be loved, you must first love. If you don't know how to get at it, go out and do something for somebody. Pretty soon you'll begin to love them. Then, very likely some day they will love you. That will help to make life seem worth while, the whole world sweeter, and the millennium a little nearer. Long ages ago even Confucius was saying, "To covet love and to win love is not sordid." The way to win love is to love, and the path to love is by doing for people in the way they need. "Life," says Browning, "is just a chance for learning love." Yes, and learning love is a great help to knowing God. Twenty years ago one minister learned to understand God better, by fathering for months a fatherless girl sick, needy and alone in Brooklyn Methodist Hospital, for whom Providence and her friends had made him responsible. In deciding how much he would do for her, he guided his course by two questions: "What are *her* needs? What are *my* resources for helping? In the midst of this reasoning, his heart suddenly leaped with joy to the conviction: Not less but more

than this we can expect from God. He will consider our dire need and His infinite resources. What then may we not expect from Him. Then the minister opened his Bible and read (Rom. 8. 32): "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not also with him freely give us all things?" And the minister wanted to get up and preach from that text that moment. By doing something for people you learn how to love, and also learn how God loves. I was talking the other day with a nurse in a children's hospital. It is a heartbreaking business, she told me. "You get into the way of nursing them, and comforting them, and playing with them, and mothering them, until you feel that they belong to you. And then, just as you have come to love the little thing as though he were your own, out he goes. And he always goes out with his father or his mother, clapping his hands for very joy at the excitement of going home, and you are left with a big lump in your throat, and perhaps a tear in your eye, at the thought that you will never see him again!" Clearly, therefore, we do not fall in love as a matter of gratitude. The people who cling to us and depend upon us are much more likely to win our hearts than the people who have placed us under an obligation to them. If, instead of telling us that the heroine fell in love with the man who had saved her from drowning, the novelist had told us that the man who risked his life by plunging into the river fell in love with the white and upturned face as he laid it gently on the bank; or if, instead of telling us that the patient fell in love with the nurse, he had told us that the nurse fell in love with the patient upon whom she had lavished such beautiful devotion, he would have been much more true to nature and to real life. It is indisputable, of course, that the rescuer having fallen in love with the rescued, she may soon discover his secret, and, since love begets love, reciprocate his affection. It is equally true that, the nurse having conceived so tender a passion for her patient, he may soon read the meaning of the light in her eye and of the tone in her voice, and feel toward her as she first felt toward him. But that is quite another matter, and is beside our point at present. Just now, I am only concerned with challenging the novelist's unwarrantable assumption that we fall in love out of gratitude. We do nothing of the kind. Love, I repeat, is never utilitarian. We may fall hopelessly in love with a thing that is of very little use to us; and we may feel no sentimental attractions at all toward a thing that is almost indispensable. If any man dares to dispute these conclusions, I shall simply produce a roll of linoleum in support of my arguments, and he will be promptly crushed beneath the weight of argument that the linoleum will furnish. The linoleum is the most conspicuous feature of the domestic establishment. It is impertinent, self-assertive, and loud. If you visit a house in which there is a linoleum, the thing rushes at you, and you see it even before the front door has been opened. Every minister who spends his afternoons in knocking at people's doors knows exactly what I mean. The very sound of the knock tells you a good deal. Such sounds are of three kinds. There is the echoing and reverberating knock that tells

you of bare boards; there is the dead and somber thud that tells of linoleum on the floor; and there is the softened and muffled tap that tells of a hall well carpeted. And so I say that the linoleum—if there be one—rushes at you, and you seem to see it even before the door has been opened. Perhaps it is this immodesty on its part that prevents your liking it. It is always with the coy, shy, modest things that we fall in love most readily. But however that may be, the fact remains. Since this queer old world of ours began, men and women have fallen in love with all sorts of strange things; but there is no record of any man or woman yet having really fallen in love with a roll of linoleum. Of everything else about the house you get very fond. I can understand a man shedding tears when his arm-chair has to go to the sale-room or the scrap-heap. Robert Louis Stevenson once told the story of his favorite chair until he moved his schoolboy audience to tears! And everybody knows how Dickens makes you laugh and cry at the drollery and pathos with which, in all his books, he invests chairs, tables, clocks, pictures, and every other article of furniture. I fancy I should feel life to be less worth living if I were deprived of some of the household odds and ends with which all my felicity seems to be mysteriously associated. But I cannot conceive of myself as yielding to even a momentary sensation of tenderness over the sale, destruction, or exchange of any of the linoleums. I feel perfectly certain that neither Stevenson nor Dickens would ever have felt an atom of sentiment concerning linoleum. Yet why? Few things about the house are more serviceable. I could point offhand to a hundred things no one of which has earned its right to a place in the home one-hundredth part as nobly as has the linoleum. Yet I am very fond of each of those hundred things, while I am not at all fond of the linoleum. I appreciate it, but I do not love it. So there it is! Said I not truly that love is never utilitarian? We grow fond of things because we grow fond of things; we never grow fond of things simply because they are of use to us. But we cannot in decency let the matter rest at that. There must be some reason for the failure of the linoleum to stir my affections. Why does it alone, among my household goods and chattels, kindle no warmth within my soul? The linoleum is both pretty and useful; what more can I want? Many things pretty, but not useful, have swept me off my feet. Many things useful, but not pretty, have captivated my heart. And more than once things neither pretty nor useful have completely enslaved me. Yet here is the linoleum, both pretty and useful, and I feel for it no fondness whatsoever; I remain as cold as ice, and as hard as adamant. Why is it? To begin with, I fancy the pattern has something to do with it. I do not now refer to any particular pattern; but to all the linoleum patterns that were ever designed. Those endless squares and circles and diamonds and stars! Could anything be more repelling? Here, for instance, on the linoleum, I find a star. I know at once that if I look I shall see hundreds of similar stars. They will all be in perfectly straight lines, not one a quarter of an inch out of its place. They will all be mathematically equidistant; they will be of exactly the same size, of identically

the same color, and their angles will all point in precisely the same direction. If the stars in the firmament above us were arranged on the same principle, they would drive us mad. The beauty of it is that, *there*, one star differeth from another star in glory. But on the linoleum they do nothing of the sort. Or perhaps the pattern is a floral one. It thinks to coax me into a feeling that I am in the garden among the roses, the rhododendrons, or the chrysanthemums. But it is a hopeless failure. Who ever saw roses, rhododendrons, or chrysanthemums, all of exactly the same size, of precisely the same color, and hanging in rows at mathematically identical levels? The beauty of the garden is that having looked at *this* rose, I am the more eager to see *that* one; having admired *this* chrysanthemum, I am the more curious to mark the variety presented by *the next*. No two are precisely the same. And because this infinite diversity is the essential charm both of the heavens above and of the earth beneath, I am shocked and repelled by the monotony of the pattern on the linoleum. In the old days it was customary to plaster the walls, even of sick-rooms, with papers of patterns equally pronounced, and many a poor patient was tortured almost to death by the glaring geometrical abominations. The doctor said that the sufferer was to be kept perfectly quiet; yet the pattern on the wall is allowed to scream at him and shout at him from night until morning, and from morning until night. He has counted those awful stars or roses, perpendicularly, horizontally, diagonally, from right to left, from left to right, from top to bottom, and from bottom to top, until the hideous monstrosities are reproduced in frightful duplicate upon the fevered tissues of his throbbing brain. He may close his eyes, but he sees them still. It was a form of torture worthy of an inquisitor-general. The pattern on the linoleum is happily not quite so bad. When we are ill we do not see it; and when we are well we may to some extent avoid it. Not altogether; for even if we do not look at it, we have an uncanny feeling that it is there. Between the hearthrug and the table I catch sight of the bright flaunting head of a scarlet poppy, or of the tossing petals of a huge chrysanthemum, and my imagination instantly flashes to my mind the horrible impression of tantalizing rows of exactly similar blossoms running off with mathematical precision in every conceivable direction. For some reason or other we instinctively recoil from these monotonous regularities. I once heard a friend observe that the average woman would rather marry a man whose life was painfully irregular than a man whose life was painfully regular. It may have been an over-statement of the case; but there is something in it. We fall in love with good people, and we fall in love with bad people; but with the man who is "too proper," and the woman who is "too strait-laced," we very, very rarely fall in love. It is the problem of Tennyson's "Maud." As a girl Maud was irregular—and lovable.

Maud, with her venturesome climbings and tumbles and childish escapes,  
Maud, the delight of the village, the ringing joy of the Hall,  
Maud, with sweet purse-mouth when my father dangled the grapes,  
Maud, the beloved of my mother, the moon-faced darling of all.



But later on Maud was regular—and as unattractive as linoleum.

. . . Maud, she has neither savour nor salt,  
But a cold and clear-cut face, as I found when her carriage passed,  
Perfectly beautiful: let it be granted her: where is the fault?  
All that I saw (for her eyes were downcast, not to be seen)  
Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,  
Dead perfection, no more.

Shall I be told that this is high doctrine, and hard to bear, this doctrine of the loveliness of irregularity? I think not. Towering above all our biographies, as snowclad heights tower above dusty little molehills, there stands the life-story of One who, alone among the sons of men, was altogether good. It is the most charming and the most varied life-story that has ever been written since this little world began. Its lovely deeds and graceful speech, its tender pathos and its awful tragedy, have won the hearts of men all over the world, and all down the ages. But find monotony there if you can! It is like a sky full of stars or a field of fairest flowers. The life that repels, as the linoleum repels, by the very severity of its regularity, has something wrong with it somewhere. If I have outraged the sensibilities of any well-meaning champion of a geometrical and mathematical and linoleumlike regularity, let me hasten to conciliate him! I know that even regularity—the regularity of the linoleum pattern—may have its advantages. Dr. George MacDonald, in Robert Falconer, says that “there is a well-authenticated story of a notorious convict who was reformed by entering, in one of the colonies, a church where the matting along the aisle was of the same pattern as that in the church to which he had gone with his mother as a boy.” Bravo! It is pleasant, extremely pleasant, to find that even monotony has its compensations. Let me but get to know my “too proper” and “strait-laced” friends a little better, and I shall doubtless discover even there a few redeeming features. But for all that, the linoleum is cold; and we do not fall in love with cold things. A volcano is a much more dangerous affair than an iceberg; but it is much more easy to fall in love with the things that make you shudder than with the things that make you shiver. That was the trouble with Maud, she was so chilly and chilling; her “cold and clear-cut face, faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null!” And that is precisely the trouble with every system of religion, morality, or philosophy—save one—that has ever been presented to the minds of men. Plato and Aristotle and Marcus Aurelius were splendid, simply splendid; but they were frigid, frigid as Maud, and their counsels of perfection could never have enchained my heart. Buddha, Confucius, Mohammed—the stars of the East—were wonderful, but O, so cold! I turn from these icy regularities to the lovely life I have already mentioned. Whittier calls it “warm”:

Yes, warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
A present help is He;  
And faith has yet its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.



"Warm" . . . "love" . . . here are words that touch my soul to tears. "We love Him because *He first loved us.*" The monotony and frigidity of the linoleum have given way to the beauty and the brightness of flowery fields all bathed in summer sunshine.

Guess now how much here is Boreham's and how much is ours.

*Democratic Christianity.* By FRANCIS J. McCONNELL. 16mo, pp. 87. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, 60 cents.

"CLEAR your mind of cant" was Dr. Johnson's advice. It is most wholesome and timely when so many are offering panaceas and uttering denunciations which confuse and embarrass earnest souls. The word "democracy" has as much of a charm to some people as the word "Mesopotamia" had to the ignorant colored Christian. It is necessary that we understand the content of words and phrases, otherwise their use is very apt to be misleading and to delay the solution of urgent problems. Bishop McConnell, with his characteristic ability to see clearly and to reason frankly, has written a valuable little book discussing some of the vital issues before the church. It deserves to have a wide circulation. The chapters are an exposition and an application of the two pillars of democracy which first found large utterance in the teachings of Jesus. They are, the inalienable dignity of human life and the duty of every man to love his neighbor as himself. The first chapter on "The God of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," takes issue with the conception of an absolute God who is incapable of coming into vital relation to a limited world. Not so is the God made known by Jesus Christ. "The Christian interpretation of liberty means, first of all, a chance for every man. That ranges God on the side of every movement, of whatever sort, which really gives men a fairer chance." Equality does not mean a leveling of persons into sameness, but recognizing that "every man deserves the respect of every other because each is rendering an indispensable service." The idea of fraternity is that men together are parts of a divine family. The bearing of these truths is pointed out in the next chapter on "The Church of the People, by the People, For the People." Under the caption of "Centralized Authority," we read, "democracy means not that every one shall have 'his say' in actual speech, but that the will of the people shall come to expression." We need to be warned against the tendency in a democracy to disparage the expert, more especially when one of our most pressing needs is leadership. "There is a scientific aspect to Christian learning—and scientists are experts. There is an artistic phase to the presentation of Christian truth—and artists are experts. There is a profound seerlike quality in Christian discovery and the seers are experts in long and patient brooding. And Christian leadership demands the degree of statesmanship which can be called by no other term than expert." If the church is to serve the people it must as an institution be kept in a flexible condition so that it could adjust itself readily to changing situations. "What a travesty it is to speak of the church as a brake-system on the fast-moving life of our time! Brakes we no doubt need, but the Church of God is not to be

for ever pictured as stopping things or as holding them back. The church enthrones and worships a Creator. How better worship a Creator than by showing a creative spirit? The Scriptures reveal a progressive movement. Is it conceivable that the movement was to come to a standstill at any stage in human affairs? To be sure the revelation in Jesus was made once for all, but the interpretation of that revelation goes on and on. The only adequate revelation of the truth in Jesus is the progressive incarnation of his truth and spirit, not only in individuals here and there, but also in individuals knit together in closer and closer social relationships." Some of the ways in which this progressive program is to be carried out is pointed out in the third chapter on "The Part of the Church in Making the World Safe for Democracy." The church does not pose as an expert in details of social readjustments, but she does insist on judging of the value of social institutions by their effects on society. The church is not preeminently a philanthropic organization nor a bureau of charities, but an interpreter of right relations and an inspirer toward maintaining them. "The duty of the church toward forward social movements ought to be to hold on high the human ideals so that all men can see them—or rather so that no man can miss seeing them. Except where an issue affecting human welfare is clearly involved she need not feel called upon to enter into the details of social reorganization. Hers is the realm of ideals and atmospheres. Complaint was once lodged against a religious denomination at work in Mexico that it 'fostered revolution.' Examination showed that no church of the denomination had ever had a preacher or teacher who had preached or taught revolution. All that was left was to complain that 'the very atmosphere of the denomination somehow makes for revolution'—as has been true of Christianity from the beginning where human rights have been involved." The strength and weakness of socialism is very pointedly discussed and its relation to the task of a democratic church discriminately shown. Some wholesome lessons are also suggested from the conduct of British labor leaders, many of whom are active Christians. In this respect, American labor has failed to show statesmanship in welcoming the cooperation of religious leaders. But the truth has a twofold application, and it is a question whether American ecclesiastical leaders have endeavored to cooperate in any really serious way. Some excellent remarks are made on the contribution of the church toward developing the international spirit. This could be done by insisting that "in dealing with other nations—the backward as well as the forward nations—we are dealing with human beings, who have an elementary human right to be treated in a human manner." The place of the missionary as an international force is finely recognized, and we are reminded that it is in the realm of direct missionary endeavor that the church is doing most to solve the international problem. The last chapter on "Preaching to Soldiers," is an optimistic report of the writer's experiences in France. Direct simplicity and utter sincerity never failed to win the men, and such qualities make for the enlarged effectiveness of preaching at all times. The soldier's religion invariably took the form of regard for the cause, and now that the war is over we must be

increasingly insistent upon devotion to the large general welfare as the true fruit of the Spirit. On the evening of Sunday, March 17, 1918, Bishop McConnell conducted religious services with twelve hundred Scottish Guards at Arras. All were awaiting the great German onslaught, which broke on the following Thursday morning. "At the conclusion of the service most devoutly entered into by the soldiers I asked the men themselves to select the final hymn. Instantly a number of voices called for the same number. The men turned to the hymn and sang it through, and went out—many of them no doubt to meet their death before another Sunday. The impression irresistibly made by the soldiers' singing was that they were identifying themselves and their work with something divine. The hymn was:

'O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home!'"

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#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

*Mary Slessor of Calabar. Pioneer Missionary.* By W. P. LIVINGSTONE. 8vo, pp. xi+347. New York: Hodder and Stoughton. Price, cloth, \$1.50 net.

*Christina Forsyth of Fingoland. The Story of the Loneliest Woman in Africa.* By W. P. LIVINGSTONE. 12mo, pp. xi+248. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, \$1.50 net.

"We go not to those who want us but to those who want us most." So said John Wesley in accord with the spirit of Him who declared: "The Son of man came to seek and to save the lost." Many heroic souls have been moved by this same divine impulse and their sacrificial labors have brought blessing to the desolate places of the world. It is a spiritual tonic to read the story of such lives, for we are reminded that the power of Christ to redeem even the dregs of humanity is as great to-day as in the days of the first Pentecostal outpouring. It is indeed gratifying to turn from the reports of war between nations to the annals of the war waged against the habitations of moral and spiritual darkness by the saints and servants of the living God. Their trying and arduous labors have seldom been accompanied by spectacular demonstrations, but the work done, quietly, perseveringly, faithfully, year after year, has accomplished notable changes for the uplift and betterment of humanity. The value of their services is seen to advantage when viewed in the perspective of the years. When so considered we are constrained to thank God and take courage for the difficult and needy work yet remaining to be done before the peoples and nations are Christianized. The lives of Mary Slessor of Calabar and Christina Forsyth of Fingoland stagger us by the extraordinary extent of their self-denial, their sacrifices, their exertions among what might be called the slum dwellers of heathen-

dom. Miss Slessor labored for thirty-nine years in Calabar, Southern Nigeria on the West Coast of Africa, and earned from the natives the title of *Ma Akamba*, the great mother. Mrs. Forsyth shut herself out of civilization and served without pause or respite for thirty years among a destitute and degraded tribe in Kolobe, Fingoland, one of the desolate regions in Eastern South Africa. She was known by the natives as *Smoyana*, which means a breath in a spiritual sense, or a little breeze, apt name for one who was destined to bring to them the pure air from the fields of God and his Christ. Mr. Livingstone is to be congratulated on having done his work with such fine insight into missionary values. Both these Scotch women ministered in fields where the range of interest and action was narrow, but nowhere in mission lands can we meet with two figures more loveable and strong, so lonely yet so happy, so humble yet so great. Miss Slessor once wrote: "There is nothing small or trivial, for God is ready to take every act and motive and work through them to the formation of character and the development of holy and useful lives that will convey grace to the world." One of her letters explains the secret of her life. "Give yourself for the battle outside somewhere, and keep your heart young. Give up your whole being to create music everywhere, in the light places and in the dark places, and your life will make melody." Comparing these two women, their biographer writes: "Mrs. Forsyth was very like Miss Slessor, in character, faith, humor, patience, and courage, and there are some curious parallelisms in their careers, but the two differed greatly in their methods. Miss Slessor was a worker on a large stage and touched thousands of lives. Eager for territorial expansion she thought in terms of towns and districts. Mrs. Forsyth was an intensive worker, thinking in terms of individuals. To use her own words she was a 'watcher for souls.' She was as brave and tenacious in seeking to conquer a man or woman as Miss Slessor was to win a tribe." There are truly diversities of gifts, ministrations, and workings, but the same Spirit and Lord and God effect everything in everyone. Each receives the manifestation of the Spirit for the common good, and where all alike are moved by love for Christ, even out of the commonplace Love can carve heroes and heroines. Anyone who reads the stirring lives of these two buoyant souls will get a new vision of the power of Divine grace and be able to breathe a new atmosphere of spiritual fragrance and receive a new viewpoint of the strategic importance of the missionary enterprise. Miss Slessor was a Scotch mill girl, the daughter of a drunkard shoemaker. She became a mission worker in Dundee and after the death of her brother John, who was dedicated to mission work in Calabar, she resolved to take his place, knowing full well that this was one of the most unhealthy spots in the world, that the natives were fearfully demoralized and given to such infamous practices as twin murder, infanticide, human sacrifice, witchcraft, sorcery. Her friends told her that she was going on a forlorn hope and that no power on earth could subdue the Okoyong Negroes save a consul and a gunboat. But she had heard the call and went forward with the resolution of consecration to Christ. "I am going to a

new tribe upcountry, a fierce, cruel people, and everyone tells me that they will kill me. But I don't fear any hurt—only to combat their savage customs will require courage and firmness on my part." The scenes of drunkenness and debauchery she witnessed in the harem, where she spent the early months of her service, and elsewhere in this region, were terrific beyond description. "Had I not felt my Saviour close beside me, I would have lost my reason." She was engaged to be married to a missionary, but when she learned that she would have to give up this work she broke the engagement. "To leave a field like Okoyong without a worker and to go to one of ten or a dozen where the people have an open Bible and plenty of privilege! It is absurd. If God does not send him up here then he must do his work and I must do mine where we have been placed." Throughout, her indomitable spirit sustained her, although frequently suffering from physical ailments brought on by exposure and the lack of nourishing food. Her presence of mind, humor, firmness, fearlessness, stood her in good stead and she gradually conquered Okoyong for Christ. Such was the influence she wielded that she was made a consular agent by the British government. She thus conducted all the affairs of the tribe and presided at the native court, deciding cases with unusual ability. Later she was made a magistrate, and accepted the position because it increased her usefulness. "Her aim was to help the poor and oppressed, and specially to protect her own downtrodden sex and secure their rights, and to educate the people up to the Christian standard of conduct." On being told that a salary was attached to the post she refused to accept it, saying: "I'm born and bred, and am in every fiber of my being, a voluntary." Some of her methods of executing justice might be called eccentric, but they were effective. "She would try a batch of men for an offense, lecture them, and then impose a fine. Finding they had no money she would take them up to the house and give them work to earn the amount, and feed them well. Her excuse for such irregular procedure was, that while they were working she could talk to them, and exercise an influence that might prove abiding in their lives." A district commissioner once spent three days in trying a single case, and in despair sought Miss Slessor's aid, when she settled the dispute by asking two simple questions. It was impossible for any native to deceive her. In recognition of her faithful services she was made an honorary associate of the Order of the Hospital of Saint John, of which the King of England is the Sovereign Head. The badge of this honor is the Maltese Cross, which is only conferred on persons professing the Christian faith and eminently distinguished for philanthropy. In spite of weariness and ill health, Miss Slessor continued her varied ministry as preacher, teacher, doctor, magistrate, although she herself was in need of ministration. It was consecrated courage that enabled her under these circumstances to write: "It is a real life I am living now, not all preaching and holding meetings, but rather a life and an atmosphere which the people can touch and live in and be made willing to believe in when the higher truths are brought before them. In many things it is a most prosaic life, dirt and dust and noise



and silliness and sin in every form, but full too of the kindness and homeliness and dependence of children who are not averse to be disciplined and taught, and who understand and love just as we do. The excitements and surprises and novel situations would not, however, need to be continuous, as they wear and fray the body, and fret the spirit and rob one of sleep and restfulness of soul." Her influence extended over an area of more than two thousand square miles, and everywhere she was spoken of as the "good white ma who lived alone." The life of Mrs. Forsyth closely resembled that of Miss Slessor. She offered herself as a voluntary worker, not to displace any worker. "I only wish to help the cause of God with my time, influence, and means. I will go where there is the greatest need." She preferred the most backward region where she could have a definite bit of work to do and be responsible for it. One of the delegates of the United Presbyterian Board who visited her station in Xolbe several years later wrote: "As we observed Mrs. Forsyth busy at her work; as we thought of the difficulties she had overcome, and the position she had made for herself among that barbarous tribe; as we thought of her there single-handed and alone doing the Master's work, supporting herself out of her own resources; as we marked the quiet, genuine happiness that she has in her work, and her humble trustful dependence upon Him whom she loves and serves, we could not refrain from saying that we had witnessed in that valley perhaps the most remarkable sight that had met our eyes throughout all our journeyings." In response to her urgent appeal the Greenock Ladies' Association for Promoting Female Education in Kaffraria sent her a helper, but this lady could not stand the intense strain and resigned, leaving Mrs. Forsyth to battle on alone and in isolation, with an occasional visit from a missionary to keep her in touch with white civilization. She struggled against severe odds. "Black hours she had in abundance. Women would be forced back into heathenism. There would be suspensions from the membership. Promising girls would be tempted and fall away. An epidemic of beer-drinking would undo months and even years of laborious toil. She would go into a hut and find children in the agony of some disease and the girls in attendance lying drunk." She, however, endured all these depressing experiences with apostolic fidelity for thirty years. "The chief value of her story to those who look on from afar is the example it gives of a life utterly consecrated to the service of Christ. Her abandonment of self, her sacrifice of everything which makes life enjoyable, her humility of spirit, her faith and hope and courage, which never failed in the face of the most baffling obstacles and worries, her undimmed freshness of soul amidst the spiritual loneliness and desolation of heathen Africa—all make her stand out as one of the rare and attractive personalities who move and uplift hearts out of the common rut into higher and nobler planes." It is the thought of pioneers such as these two women that puts courage into our lives and gives us confidence in the future triumphs of the Kingdom of God, which will continue until the whole earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.



Henry Barclay Swete, D.D., F.B.A. Sometime Regius Professor of Divinity, Cambridge. *A Remembrance*. 12mo, pp. x+192. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, \$2.50.

All New Testament scholars are indebted to Professor Swete for his great books. Among these portly volumes are the commentaries on the Gospel of St. Mark and The Apocalypse, The Holy Spirit in the New Testament, The Holy Spirit in the Ancient Church, and three volumes of Essays edited by him on Some Biblical Questions, Some Theological Questions and The Early History of the Church and the Ministry. The last was noticed in the *METHODIST REVIEW* for May. This brief memoir will be read with pleasure by all who are familiar with his writings. Never strong physically he realized his limitations and concentrated his strength on his duties. The result was that he accomplished much more than many another man who spreads himself over a variety of undertakings and does them all only fairly well. Dr. Swete had done excellent work as a parish priest and a college tutor. In the quiet of his country charge he also turned out important literary work and laid the foundations for his work at the University of Cambridge when he became Regius Professor of Divinity at the age of fifty-nine years. He succeeded Bishop Westcott and there were some who thought that he would not be able to keep up the traditions established by this great scholar. In many ways these two men were radically different. Swete was "not a man of affairs, nor an ideal chairman, nor an impressive speaker, nor a great preacher. There were times when he was provokingly diffident and retiring." He nevertheless discharged his duties as head of the Theological Faculty with exceptional ability until he finally retired after a service of twenty-five years. Dr. Swete always regarded himself as a pastor and teacher. It was characteristic of him that while always steadily working himself he was at the same time devising schemes for setting others to work. What an encouragement to aspiring scholars to have had such a leader and guide. "He not only loved to set a young man on to a big piece of work but he was willing to be himself the *corpus* of the experiment. I need not say how much such modesty about himself and generous confidence in them endeared him to younger students and encouraged them to do their best." For instance, he entrusted the preparation of a second edition of one of his most important works to one who had not given evidence of any special fitness for the task. He thought it would be a good training for him and he was not disappointed with the results. His spirit of serenity and his methods of thoroughness also exercised a very beneficial influence. We surely need more men of this type who help lesser men to stir up the gift in them and introduce them to fields of usefulness. The section on his Contribution to Theological Learning is a critical appreciation of his many writings, of particular interest to those who have made good use of them. There are also estimates of Dr. Swete as Lecturer and Preacher. He often used to remark that he missed the element of instruction in many modern sermons. He could not imagine the feature of teaching being dissociated from the insight which pastoral vocation

gives. "A man may be a pulpit orator without pastoral care, scarcely a good ordinary preacher." The Bibliography of his works covers thirty pages of this memoir. One of the writers says: "Any one of the larger books would be enough to establish securely its author's place in the highest rank of scholars. There is not a single article or paper in the long list which is not, for its purpose and scope, on the same high level of learning and scholarship and judgment, and of dignity and felicity of expression. It is an amazingly rich 'output' hardly, I suppose, to be equalled, in its volume and variety. And yet, so far as I can judge, Dr. Swete's contribution to theological learning is to be found quite as truly and as fully in the other spheres of his practical activities to which reference has been made. Warmly and gratefully as I have for many years appreciated his work and valued the privilege of association with so full and ripe a scholar and so precious a personality as his, I feel that the effort to see such a life's work as a whole reveals it as a gift of even greater proportions and more enduring worth than I had known it was. Merely to pass in review the achievements of a worker so fine and indefatigable as Dr. Swete is what we call a 'liberal education' in itself." When at the age of eighty-three he fell asleep it was the solemn ending of "a life of sanctified beauty and single-hearted devotion to his Master and his Church." It was in a deep sense a truly heroic life, sustained by faith in spite of the unusual number of adversities which overtook him and which might have wrecked men of a smaller mould. For this reason alone, this memoir has the merit of cheer, comfort and encouragement. He overcame in the sense of the martyrs of old, imparting strength to those who came in contact with him and leaving a rich legacy to the present generation in his writings and in the story of his Christ-filled life.

*Golden Silhouettes on Our Front.* By WILLIAM L. STIDGER. 12mo, pp. x+209. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, \$1.25, net.

*For Remembrance.* Soldier Poets who have Fallen in the War. By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK. 12mo, pp. 246. New York: Hodder and Stoughton. Price, cloth, \$2 net.

*The Sky Pilot in No Man's Land.* By RALPH CONNOR. 12mo, pp. 349. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, \$1.50 net.

These volumes have the fragrance of rosemary. The men whose work they chronicle will never be forgotten, and when much of the ephemeral literature called forth by the war is ignored these books are likely to be read and re-read. They celebrate the character and deeds of those who abandoned golden prospects for the future as soon as the war opened and who gave themselves to do the thing they loathed for the thing they loved. Stidger has written about the American boys, Adcock about the English, and Connor about the Canadian. It was the same spirit which animated them all, and what is written of one applies with equal point to the others. Stidger's volume is well called *Silhouettes*, for it

consists of vivid characterizations of what might be called the composite personality of the American soldier. We are confident that the spirit of devotion to an ideal shown by him in tackling the hard problem of war will not fail him in facing the problems of peace. This writer pictures him at his great moments when he forgot himself and rose to glorious heights, "just as he might do at home if the opportunity called." Stidger is a Methodist-preacher and his close contact with the men, as a Y. M. C. A. worker, enabled him to make observations of an unusual kind. Concerning his own experiences we read: "One of the favorite outdoor sports of this preacher for a month was to lie on his stomach on the front mud-guard of a big Pierce-Arrow through the war-zone roads, bumping over shell-holes, with a little pocket flash-light playing on the ground, searching out the shell-holes, and trying to help the driver keep in the road. It is a delightful occupation about two o'clock in the morning, with a blizzard blowing, and knowing that the big truck is rumbling along within sight and sound of the German big guns." There are many stirring and touching incidents in these chapters. In "Silhouettes of Service" we are introduced to Dale, who, when last seen, was gathering together a crowd of French children, trying to get them to a place of safety. Those who knew this noble American lad said unanimously when they heard of the incident: "That was just like Dale; he loved kids, and he was always talking about his own and showing us their pictures." Stidger's testimony to the work of the Y. M. C. A. men should silence the hypercriticism, which shows poor taste, to say the least. "One friend of mine stepped down into his cellar one morning, got a full breath of gas, and was dead in two minutes. Another I know stayed in his hut and served his men even though six shell fragments came through the hut while he was doing it. Another I know lived in a dugout for three months, under shell fire every day. One man whom I interviewed in Paris, a Baptist-clergyman, crawled four hundred yards at the Château-Thierry battle with a young lieutenant, dragging a litter with them across a stubble wheat-field under a rain of machine-gun bullets and shells, in plain view of the Germans, and rescued a wounded colonel. When they brought him back they had to crawl the four hundred yards again, pushing the litter before them inch by inch. It took them two hours to get across that field. A piece of shrapnel went through the secretary's shoulder. He is nearly sixty years of age, but he did not stop when a service called him that meant the almost certain loss of his own life." The loneliness of the American soldier was a serious matter, but it was his very love of home, between three thousand and seven thousand miles away, that made him so fearless in the fight, so impatient of restraint, so ready to take risks. He was eager to see it through so he could return to his loved ones. A great deal can be quoted from these *Silhouettes of Song, of Sacrifice, of Silence, of Sorrow, of Suffering, and the Silhouettes Spiritual*. Here is the conclusion: "War is grim. War is serious. War is full of hurt and hate and pain and heartache and loneliness and wounds, and mud and death and dearth; but the American soldier spends more time laughing

than he does crying; more time singing than he does moaning; more time playing than he does moping; more time shouting than he does whimpering; more time helping than he does despairing; and because of this effervescent spirit of sunshine and laughter his morale is the best morale that any army in the history of the world has ever shown." Adcock's volume is a discriminating panegyric in honor of some of the finest sons of England who gave their lives for patriotism, honor and liberty. One of them wrote to his mother from Oxford three weeks before his nineteenth birthday: "I have no wish to remain a civilian any longer; and, though the whole idea of war is against my conscience, I feel that in a time of national crisis like the present the individual has no right whatever to urge his views if they are contrary to the best and immediate interest of the State." After reviewing the poetic productions of Rupert Brooke, Ledwidge, Thomas, Freston, Streets, the Grenfell brothers, Julian and Gerald, Tennant, Sorley, Philipps, Todd, Craven, Stewart and many others, Adcock writes: "What finally emerges from the songs of all these dead singers is a gracious but unconquerable spirit of humanity—a sane, civilized spirit, common to them all that hated war with a hatred that was only strengthened and intensified by contact with the horrors and primeval barbarities of it. The burden of their singing is always that they fight, not for fighting's sake, but to break the last stronghold of ancient savagery, to enthrone Right above Might, to blaze a trail through the dark forest by which the men of to-morrow may find their way into a new and happier world where war shall be no more. From the heights of their idealism this was the hope, the promised land that they could see." The line from one of these poets expresses their spirit of dauntless courage: "O Liberty, at thy command, we challenge Death." What another wrote on Death is worth quoting:

"What is it? Though it come swiftly and sure  
Out of the dark womb of fate,  
What that a man cannot dare and endure,  
Level heart steady, eyes straight? . . .

The fight shall roll o'er us—a broad crimson tide,  
Feet stamp, shells wall, bullets hiss,  
And England be greater because we have died:  
What end can be finer than this?"

The ecstatic thrill of sacrifice is seen in the verse of yet another:

"The soul of life is in the will to give  
The best of life in willing sacrifice:  
Youth only reaches greatness when he dies  
In fullest prime that love and truth may live."

There are excellent photos of several of these valiants, with biographical sketches and estimates of their poetry. The book is one of the gems of the war. Ralph Connor, also known as Major Charles W. Gordon, Chaplain of the 43rd Cameron Highlanders, spreads out the story of heroism especially of the Canadian forces in a manner worthy of them.

He takes his reader from the outposts of civilization in the Great West to the war-zone on the Western Front. The narrative is in the form of fiction and this has the advantage of enabling a writer like Connor to present his facts with a picturesque impressiveness not possible to the ordinary chronicle. In Barry Osborne he has drawn a representative type of chaplain far superior to the half-cynical sort found in *A Padre in France* by George A. Birmingham. The man who is stubborn about what he thinks is his duty is apt to do it far better than Birmingham's type whose conscience was of the accommodating kind. Another of Connor's fine characters is Phyllis Vincent of the Voluntary Aid Detachment, a type of the wonderful women who served in so many indispensable ways at the Front and behind the lines. The pages are brimful of action with quick turns and surprises of sacrifice so characteristic of all the Allied Armies. We are also introduced to what Stidger so well calls the "services of supplies," that is the folks at home, without whom the war could not have been brought to so triumphant a victory.

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#### A READING COURSE

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*Originality. A Popular Study of the Creative Mind.* By T. SHARPER KNOWLSON. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$3.50, net.

THE subject of this book is exceedingly fascinating and the method of the author is attractive. He deals with abstract questions in a popular style, and carries the reader along with him as he develops his argument and draws his conclusions. His illustrations are taken from biography, history, science, philosophy, and literature, and they are always to the point. The value of the book is in its power of stimulus. The spirit of the writer is optimistic. Although he says a great deal about the past his interest is not in history, but in contemporary life. "We have ventured to offer counsel to men and women in the belief that if they would leave a wider margin for individuality, conventionalities need not be the less secure, and originalities of value might be multiplied. Whether we have justified ourselves in this enterprise must be left to the judgment of others. But that the social, commercial, and political conditions of the future call for a new emphasis on the creative function of the mind will not be disputed." The book appeals to all who are interested in ideas and their application in the interest of genuine progress. It is of particular value to the preacher. Before the war everybody went to Germany to study book psychology, but we have since discovered to our infinite cost that "although the Germans claimed to know more about the mental engine than anybody else, they know vastly less about men and nations—hence their errors in the field of practical psychology were colossal. They misjudged everybody and everything, and will become in future years a sad illustration of the difference be-



tween studying a subject and knowing the reality." Referring to newness this writer observes that "the only new thing we ever know is a new personality." That which separates one individual from another, in spite of many similarities, is "a way of speaking, a mental outlook, a charm of manner, a gift of control." As an illustration he notes that "the vital difference between Judaism and Christianity lies in the fact that Truth and Law are translated from a code into a living Person, and Christianity thus becomes the most original of all religions, having in its Founder, as Lecky puts it, 'an enduring principle of regeneration.'" What, then, is originality? "It is the expression of the individual self in relation to its environment; its significance does not lie in newness so much as in sincerity." "Originality may be defined as the thought-characteristic of the individual who expresses himself and not another; from which it follows that the more distinctive the individuality the higher will be the type of originality. An original mind is one which has a more than ordinary share in the joys of evolution, and in the felicity of furthering those processes of change that bring advantages, real and ideal." The natural reserve of people is one of the serious factors to be reckoned with. We seldom show our true selves because the hand of convention is too heavy on us. What bearing does this have on the value of autobiography, and how far are we to accept the estimates of men and women in their biographies mostly written by friends?

Section I on "The Natural History of Genius" takes up some of the problems of psychology which is really the science of mental behavior. As such it is of the greatest value to preachers, as we saw in the last issue of the *Review* when discussing Psychology and Preaching, by Gardner. Some pointed things are said on the lack of appreciation, which is always a sign of declining ability. It is a proof that the circle of interests has become narrowed, that new ideas are discountenanced and that the range of consciousness is restricted. Compare this with what is said on a later page on the secret of keeping young. It consists of sensitiveness to influences, "not challenge, not antagonism, but appreciation, valuation, the evocation of the greatness that lies in simple things, especially the overlooked and forgotten things." What we need is not the dogmatic attitude, but that expressed by Sir Thomas Browne: "I am of a constitution so general that it consorts and sympathiseth with all things." The man who is in such close touch with the Ideal that he is out of touch with the Real may be a metaphysician, but his consciousness is out of focus. What is written about the sub-conscious should be carefully studied (p. 63ff.). He rightly criticizes the familiar definition that genius is an infinite capacity to take pains, and points out that it is not even a half truth but a one third truth. The genius has a wider and deeper range of consciousness, and is able to comprehend and to compass more. Section II on "The Origin of New Ideas" is an unconventional discussion of the process and laws of inspiration. As this book is a discussion of mental development it does not enter the debatable field of religion. (a) One of the first conditions of inspiration is that a period of close inquiry and reflection should be followed either by a



change of subject or a period of mental inactivity. (b) Inspiration is governed by the process of intellectual rhythm. (c) The new idea is partly dependent for its birth on the action of the right external stimulus. (d) A closer study of the advent of new ideas proves that the employment of analogy, consciously or unconsciously, is a creative method. (e) When the mind is bent on a discovery, or otherwise set upon the realization of an idea, its energies may suddenly be side-tracked by a conception with few relationships to the immediate purpose; or it may make what is called a chance discovery of a totally different nature. (f) The most important condition of inspiration is, think for yourself. Study the interesting way in which these points are developed. When the gospel of work is preached so insistently it is good to be reminded of the need for meditation and the balanced development of thought, possible only in an atmosphere of leisure. Note some of the apparently eccentric stimuli which fostered the creative mood. For instance, Kant used a certain tower visible from his study window, and when the trees grew up and hid it he wrote to the City Fathers asking them to cut down the trees that he might once more see the tower *and think*. Shelley found that munching bread was helpful in composing; Dr. Johnson needed a purring cat and orange peel and tea within reach; Thomas Hardy, prior to beginning work, always removed his boots or slippers; Zola pulled down the blinds at midday because he found more stimulus in artificial light. Such peculiarities are not confined to the writing fraternity. The banker who discovered that to walk from Charing Cross to the city, whenever he had a problem to solve, was to see daylight, belongs to the same class as the literary profession. Section III on "Biological Factors" has two chapters on the relation respectively of age and sex to originality. It is not safe to strike an average and say that at a particular period in life the original mind produces its best work. We can, however, explain the achievements of original work after middle life as due to the work of preceding decades. Goethe issued *Faust* when quite an old man; *Don Quixote* was published when Cervantes was fifty-seven; *The Descent of Man* when Darwin was sixty-two; Samuel Richardson and William de Morgan, the novelists, "blossomed late." Equally baffling is the question of sex. "The one original difference between the masculine and the feminine mind is too much lost sight of; a woman's brain is quick to know and to decide on everything that furthers her interests as a woman, a wife, and a mother. Thus at an early age woman's mental faculty is in excess of man's; she has sown and reaped many crops of ideas long before man has even seen the land or begun to plow it. That is why a quite young woman often feels that men much older than herself are really 'such children.'"

Section IV deals with "Hindrances to Originality." Each chapter deals with one of them. The first is "The Sense of the Past" due to a mistaken conception that antiquity is authority. "The significance of life lies in its present and in its future, and without undervaluing the past we can only understand and solve our modern problems in the light of the best knowledge drawn from a study of facts as we know them to-

day." Compare this with Beaconsfield's remark that the practical man is "the man who practices the errors of his forefathers." Another hindrance is "Defective Home Training." Note what is said about the repressive tendencies due to the imposition of dogma by the parents and the over-plus of the father's influence with not enough of the mother's. One of the advantages for developing young life comes from new surroundings which bring freedom from the local environment. A third hindrance is "False Education." On this subject the author makes some pungent criticisms of conditions in Great Britain and in the United States. "We are too much engaged in drumming knowledge into children, with the result that when in maturer years we expect originality we get indifference or conformity. Modern education must both inform and inspire. It is the personal influence, intellectual, and moral, of the teacher that counts for most—even more than the best pedagogy ever conceived." Apply this to the Sunday school and to the work of the pastor-teacher and see how we might overcome some of our difficulties. A fourth hindrance is "The Lack of a Science of Reading." Has the multiplication of books made for more or for less originality? Has it developed the memory and weakened the judgment? Do people read for recreation and relaxation rather than for instruction and to reach new conclusions? A fifth hindrance is "Low Standards of Merit." Is there truth in the lines of the poet:

It sounds like stories from the land of spirits  
If any man obtain that which he merits,  
Or any merit that which he obtains.

Some men acquire a reputation for originality by turning a truth over on its back. Chesterton is one of these notable modern instances. No doubt attention is directed to a truth by stating it in a paradoxical fashion; but to what extent is it a mark of originality? There are others who, like G. B. Shaw, who make their mark by challenging accepted truths and denying them. Apart from the literary form, is this not a case of brilliance rather than balance? A sixth hindrance is "Incomplete Effort." This chapter is specially valuable because it deals with a condition that is far too prevalent. The lack of thoroughness is certainly deplorable, most of all in the pulpit where it is more inexcusable than anywhere else. A seventh hindrance comes from "The Professional Mind." Here is a sentence worth considering: "It is usually supposed that the priest has excelled all others in the art of preventing advances in science and civilization, but, although this may be true in some respects, we have to remember that lawyers, men of science, doctors, and politicians have looked askance at original thinkers, being blinded by the prejudice which the trained acceptance of received truth seems seldom able to evade." Here is another charge: "The jealousies of professional men shown towards a progressive brother form a very unpleasant chapter in the history of the progress of knowledge." To what extent is this true of the Christian ministry? Is it a sign of professionalism which is also a species of provincialism, and is there no cure for it?

